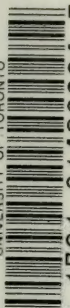


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ANTHOLOGIA POLYGLOTTA.

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# ANTHOLOGIA POLYGLOTTA.

A SELECTION

OF

VERSIONS IN VARIOUS LANGUAGES,

CHIEFLY FROM THE

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

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## PREFACE.

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THE introduction of a few Latin versions from the Greek Anthology into the "*Anthologia Oxoniensis*," and the success of that elegant work, suggested the idea that a more copious publication of similar specimens might second the laudable aim proposed by Mr. Linwood, of promoting, or rather, reviving the taste for Latin verse composition in the University. But the mixed nature of the materials of the Greek Anthology would seem to demand the aid of more than that one vehicle for their due exhibition, and it was thought that the addition of versions in the principal modern languages, whilst it rendered more conspicuous the varied beauties of the Greek originals, would place in an instructive contrast the genius of the classical and living tongues. At a moment too, when every encouragement is needed to the enlarged system of study adopted in this place, the novelty and interest of a selection in which so many writers of our own and other countries will be compared and estimated, according to the laws and principles of translation, might give occasion to much profitable and amusing enquiry. The reader is accordingly here presented not only with translations possessing all requisite fidelity and closeness, but with every variety of version which may reflect the letter, the spirit, the turn of phrase, the train of thought, and the peculiarities of the expression, or the sentiment, including imitations, and adaptations, in the way of parody or paraphrase, and even anticipations, (such as the parallel pas-

sages from Ovid, Tibullus and Petronius,) the object being to illustrate, even through its minor productions, the extensive connexion of Greek poetry with the study of literature in general.

A more limited selection, comprising nothing but the choicest gems, would doubtless have proved more acceptable to the common-place lounge. But every "Delectus" formed on that plan has been found to be comparatively unimproving: it spares the student all exercise of the judgment, and offers him no points of comparison; whereas it is only from a selection sufficiently copious and varied to tax his own faculties of observation and criticism that any useful inductions can be drawn. He is therefore requested to refrain from pronouncing upon the quality of any of the versions in this collection, until he has tested it by a careful reference to the original. The publication of versions unaccompanied by the text not only misleads the judgment of the reader, but has, in too many instances, encouraged a loose and vicious style of translation, of no lasting credit.

In lieu of such insipid though received modern specimens, as well as of those by mediæval scholars, the compiler has fortunately been enabled to introduce a large number of inedited and more chastened specimens. For these elegant proofs of taste and skill, and for much valuable advice and assistance, his most grateful acknowledgments are due to the friendship of those distinguished members of the University, the Rev. G. Booth, the Rev. J. W. Burgon, the Rev. G. F. De-Teissier, the Rev. E. Stokes, the Rev. G. C. Swaine, Goldwin Smith, Esq., and in an especial manner to a foreigner of the most eminent attainments in all branches of ancient and modern learning, Count Mortara, now residing among us. Not only have they contributed more exact versions of some of the most popular pieces, but brought forward many which had never been advantageously rendered. Most of the edited specimens with which these are intermixed, derive sufficient interest from their singularity, or from the celebrity of the writers, independently of their intrinsic worth, to justify their re-appearance before the public;



though a larger and better selection might have been formed, had there been leisure from other and graver occupations.

The text of the Anthology, which has been followed, is the Palatine, as exhibited in the Edition of Jacobs, Lips. 1813, 3 vols. 8vo., and in his *Delectus*, Lips. 1826, 8vo., with an occasional departure either at the request of some translator, or when all the versions followed the Planudean. Without access to the original MS. any improvements on the critical labours of Jacobs would be superfluous. No merit of that kind is here offered to the Greek scholar. To him the chief use of this volume will be to remind him of many favourites of his boyhood, perhaps to make him acquainted with new ones. To the general reader it may help to prove how largely at every period the literature of Europe has been indebted to the language of Greece; to that tongue "which has been held one of the best instruments for training the young mind; that tongue which, as the organ of Poetry and Oratory, is full of living force and fire, abounding in grace and sweetness, rich to overflowing, while for the uses of Philosophy it is a very model of clearness and precision; that tongue in which some of the noblest works of man's genius lie enshrined; works which may be seen reflected faintly in imitations and translations, but of which none can know the perfect beauty but he who can read the words themselves, as well as their interpretation." *Liddell and Scott's Lexicon*, p. iii.

NEW INN HALL,

JUNE, 1849.





# ANTHOLOGIA POLYGLOTTA.

## 1.

ΜΑΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

*Eis proástειον óνομαζόμενον Ἑρωτα, ἐν Ἀμασεΐα.*

Δεῦρ' ἴθι, βαιόν, ὀδῖτα, πεσὼν ὑπὸ δάσκιον ἄλσος,  
Ἄμπαυσον καμάτου γυῖα πολυπλανέος,  
Χλωρὸν ὅπου πλατάνων αὐτόρῳτον ἐς μέσον ὕδωρ  
Καλὰ πολυκρούνων ἐκπρορέει στομάτων  
Ὅππόθι πορφυρέης ὑπὲρ αὔλακος εἶαρι θάλλει  
Ἐγγρὸν ἶον ῥοδέῃ κιρνάμενον κάλυκι.  
Ἦνιδε πῶς δροσεροῖο πέδον λειμῶνος ἐρέψας  
Ἐκχυτον εὐχαίτης κισσὸς ἔπλεξε κόμην.  
Ἐνθάδε καὶ ποταμὸς λασίην παραμείβεται ὄχθην,  
Πέζαν ὑποξύνων αὐτοφύτοιο νάπης.  
Οὗτος Ἑρῶς. τί γὰρ ἄλλο καὶ ἔπρεπεν οὖνομα χώρῳ  
Πάντοθεν ἡμερτῶν πληθομένῳ Χαρίτων ;

MARIANI SCHOLASTICI.

Huc ades, et densa paullum sub fronde, viator,  
Membra leva longæ fessa labore viæ.  
Hic inter platanos, injusso lapsa meatu  
Fontibus e multis prosilit unda recens.  
Mollibus hic semper violis rosa mixta rubescit,  
Vere novo quoties picta renidet humus.  
Aspice ! serpentes hederæ per roscida prata  
Ut pulchrè effusas implicuere comas.  
Nec procul hirsutas dum ripas præfluit amnis,  
Nativi nemoris subtrahit usque solum.  
Hicce Amor est.—Alio num debet nomine dici,  
Gratia quem late compleat omnis, ager?

G. S.

Qua vieni, o passeggiar: tra l' ombre grate  
 Entra di questa selva, e dona alquanto  
 Di riposo a tue membra affaticate.  
 Qua de' platani in mezzo è un loco d' onde  
 L' acqua viva sgorgando, in vaga guisa  
 Per più zampilli intorno si diffonde;  
 E qua in purpurei strati l' odorose  
 Molli viole come a primavera  
 Fioriscon miste co' bocciuoi di rose.  
 Ve' come serpe da per tutto, e come  
 Distende su pel rugiadoso prato  
 L' edra le sue lussureggianti chiome.  
 Ed un fiume v' è pur, che s' apre il calle  
 Fra sterpi e bronchi, e degli alberi il piede  
 Rode in passar per la selvaggia valle.  
 Il loco AMOR si chiama: e qual potria  
 Nome aver più conveniente un loco  
 Che ovunque pien di cotai grazie sia?

M.

Komm hierher, o Wandrer, in grünender Haine Beschattung,  
 Gib dem ermüdeten Fuß Ruh von der irrenden Müß',  
 Hier, wo grünliches Wasser des Bachs mit ergiebiger Mündung  
 Reichlich dem Boden entquillt und die Platanen erfrischt;  
 Wo aus purpurnen Tüchern im Lenz feucht duftende Veilchen  
 Lächelnd erblühen, mit dem Kelch strahlender Rosen gemischt,  
 Sieh, wie ergießt und verschlingt sich das Haar reichlockigen Epheu's;  
 Und sein grünes Geflecht kränzet die Wiesen umher.  
 Still entgleitet der zögernde Fluß durch buschiges Ufer,  
 Leise benagend den Fuß blühender Bäume des Hains.  
 Groß heisset der Ort. Kein anderer Nahme gebührt dem,  
 Welchen, wohin du nur blickst, liebliche Charis erfüllt.

Jacobs.

Turn, Trav'ler, and beneath this wood's deep shade,  
 Awhile thy way-worn limbs to rest be laid!  
 Here the fresh native rill the planes between  
 Bright welling forth from many a source is seen;  
 Here on the flowery sod in springtide blows  
 The soft-leav'd violet blended with the rose.

Trail'd o'er the dewy mead with clust'ring leaves  
Her lavish tresses lo! the ivy weaves,  
While by their shaggy bank the waters shoot,  
And undermine the self-sown thickets' root.  
'Tis LOVE.—What other name befits the place,  
That teems in every part with every grace?

G. S.

II.

ΘΑΛΛΟΥ ΜΙΑΗΣΙΟΥ.

Ἄχλοερά πλατάνιστος ἴδ' ὡς ἔκρυνψε φιλεύντων  
"Οργία, τὰν ἱερὰν φυλλάδα τεινομένα.  
'Αμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀκρεμόνεσσιν εἰς κεχαρισμένος ὥραις  
'Ημερίδος λαρῆς βότρυς ἀποκρέμαται.  
Οὕτως, ὦ πλατάνιστε, φύοις' χλοερά δ' ἀπὸ σεῖο  
Φυλλὰς αἰεὶ κεύθοι τοὺς Παφίης ἐτάρους.

THALLI MILESII.

Hæc frondens platanus viden! ut bene celat amantum  
Delicias patulis officiosa comis,  
Cui ramos inter gravidis demissa racemis  
Indulget læto pampinus alma Jovi.  
Sic semper vigeas, viridi ut tua protegat umbrâ  
Frons Paphiæ socios, arbor amica, Deæ.

G. S.

Sieh, wie unter dem hehren Gezweig des verbreiteten Laubdachs  
Grünend der Platanos hier heimliche Liebe verbirgt!  
Ranken des Weinstocks schlingen sich an, und die Traube, der Hora  
Lust, süßschwellend von Most, hängt von den Zweigen herab.  
Schnürcke nur immer so grün dich, o Platanos! Immer verbirg auch  
Mit dem umschattenden Laub Paphiens süßes Gefos!

Jacobs

Wide-spreading plane tree, whose thick branches meet  
To form for lovers an obscure retreat,  
Whilst with thy foliage closely interwine  
The curling tendrils of the cluster'd vine,  
Still mayst thou flourish, in perennial green,  
To shade the vot'ries of the Paphian queen.

M. Sappinob.



## III.

Σ Α Π Φ Ο Υ Σ.

Τιμάδος ἄδε κόνις, τὰν δὴ πρὸ γάμοιο θανοῦσαν  
 Δέξατο Φερσεφόνας κυάνεος θάλαμος,  
 Ἴς καὶ ἀποφθιμένας πᾶσαι νεοθᾶγι σιδάρφ  
 "Αλικες ἱμερτὰν κρατὸς ἔθεντο κόμαν.

SAPPHUS.

Timadis hic pulvis, quæ dulces ante Hymenæos  
 Excepta est nigro Persephones thalamo.  
 Illius heu fato cunctæ de vertice amatam  
 Æquales ferro subsecuere comam.

Politianus.

Di Timade ecco il fral, di lei, che tolta  
 Di vita anzi le nozze, in fosco letto  
 Dalla cruda Persefone fu accolta.  
 Tutto il drappel delle compagne eletto  
 Al suo ratto sparir recise il caro  
 Del capo onor con affilato acciario.

Pagnini.

Aquí yace de Timas la ceniza,  
 A quien para sus bodas descendidas  
 Negro thalamo puso Proserpina,  
 Y á su finar cortaba duro hierro  
 De sus amigas las hermosas trenzas.

Conde

Timas's Staub ist dieß. Oh Hymens Fackel ihr strahlte,  
 Stieg sie zum dunkeln Gemach Persephoneiens hinab.  
 Als sie verblich, da schnitt mit geschliffenem Erze der Jungfrau  
 Chor von dem Haupt das Gelock über der Lieblichen Grab.

Jacobs

This dust was Timas : ere her bridal hour  
 She lies in Proserpina's gloomy bower :  
 Her virgin playmates from each lovely head  
 Clip with sharp steel their locks, the strewnments of the dead.

Elton.

## IV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

*Τῶν ἐν Θερμοπύλαις θανόντων  
 Εὐκλεῆς μὲν ἂ τύχα, καλὸς δ' ὁ πότμος,  
 Βωμὸς δ' ὁ τάφος, πρὸ γόων δὲ μνᾶστις, ὁ δ' οἶκτος ἔπαινος.  
 Ἐντάφιον δὲ τοιοῦτον οὔτ' εὐρὼς  
 Οὔθ' ὁ πανδαμάτωρ ἀμανρώσει χρόνος, ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν.  
 Ὅ δὲ σακὸς οἰκέταν εὐδοξίαν  
 Ἑλλάδος εἵλετο· μαρτυρεῖ δὲ Λεωνίδας  
 Ὅ Σπάρτας βασιλεὺς, ἀρετᾶς μέγαν λελοιπῶς  
 Κόσμον ἀέναόν τε κλέος.*

SIMONIDIS.

*Nomen iis Fortuna dedit sortemque decoram  
 Quæis ad Thermopylas occubuisse dedit.  
 Majorum virtus memor his fuit: ara sepulcrum est,  
 Næniæque, ad lacrymas commemorandus honor.  
 Atqui non tale involucrum sordere veterno,  
 Nec fas est longis cedere temporibus:  
 Namque et erant fortes; et sancto Græcia busto  
 Contulit, in dignos quicquid amoris habet.  
 Testis erit magnum, Spartane Leonida, nomen,  
 Mansurumque tuum, tempus in omne, decus.*

G. F. D. T.

*Of those who at Thermopylæ were slain,  
 Glorious the doom, and beautiful the lot;  
 Their tomb an altar: men from tears refrain  
 To honour them, and praise, but mourn them not.  
 Such sepulchre nor drear decay,  
 Nor all-destroying time shall waste; this right have they.  
 Within their grave the homebred glory  
 Of Greece was laid; this witness gives  
 Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story  
 A wreath of famous virtue ever lives.*

Sterling.

## V.

## N I K I O Y.

Αἰόλον ἱμεροθαλὲς ἔαρ φαίνουσα, μέλισσα  
 Ξουθά, ἐφ' ὥραλοις ἄνθεσι μαινομένα,  
 Χῶρον ἐφ' ἡδύπνοον πωτωμένα, ἔργα τίθεσσο,  
 Ὅφρα τεὸς πλήθῃ κηροπαγῆς θάλαμος.

## N I C I Æ.

O quæ perpetuo florum tentaris amore,  
 Flava renidentis nuntia veris, Apis !  
 Prata supervolitans bene olentia, pone quod hauris,  
 Ut domus ærias cerea portet opes !

Grotius.

Bräunliche Biene, Verkündigerin süßblühenden Frühlings,  
 Die sich mit taumelnder Lust unter den Blüthen berauscht ;  
 Fleuch nun hin zu der duftenden Au, und betriebe die Arbeit,  
 Daff dein mächt'ern Gemach schwebelle vom lieblichen Seim.

Jacobs.

Thou nimble yellow Bee, that bring'st the softly-blooming spring,  
 Thee the love of primy flowers is ever maddening,  
 Flutt'ring o'er sweetly-breathing fields, increase thy honied store,  
 Until the wax-compacted cell at length can hold no more.

Hay.

## VI.

## A Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς ἄρχοντα ἀνάξιον.

Οὐκ ἐθέλουσα Τύχη σε πρόγηγαγεν· ἀλλ' ἵνα δείξῃ,  
 Ὅτι μέχρ' ἰς σοῦ πάντα ποιεῖν δύναται.

## I N C E R T I.

Non Fortuna sibi te gratum tollit in altum ;  
 At docet, exemplo, vis sibi quanta, tuo.

Sam. Johnson.

Te, bone, non Fortuna libens evexit ; at omnes,  
 Te quoque, se dominam tollere posse docet.

G. B.

Fortuna t' innalzò, poichè credea  
 Non esser senza ciò, tenuta Dea.

Cerretti



Der Beförberte.

Nicht aus Günst erhob das Geschick dich, sondern zu zeigen,  
Dass es sogar aus dir etwas zu machen verstand.

Neub.

Nicht freiwillig erhob das Geschick dich; sondern zum Zeugniß,  
Dass es auch selbst aus dir Alles zu machen vermag.

Jacob.

Not of good-will Dame Fortune honoured you,  
But just to prove there's nothing she can't do.

G. B.

Fortune advanced you, merely to display,  
In doing it to you, her boundless sway.

W

VII.

Z Ω N A.

Ὀνερ, τῶν βαλάνων τὰν ματέρα φεῖδεο κόπτειν  
Φεῖδεο, γηραλέαν δ' ἐκκεράϊζε πίτυν,  
Ἡ πεύκαν, ἥ τάνδε πολυστέλεχον παλίουρον,  
Ἡ πρίνους, ἥ τὰν ἀναλέαν κόμαρον.  
Τηλόθι δ' ἴσχε δρυὸς πέλεκυν· κοκύναι γὰρ ἔλεξαν  
Ἀμῖν ὥς πρότεραι ματέρες ἐντὶ δρύες.

ZONÆ.

Matrem glandiferam, frondator, cædere quercum  
Parce: cadet melius falce senex abies.  
Aut tæda, aut multo qui stirpe virescens paliurus,  
Arbutus, aut ilex, arida ligna, cadat.  
Sed procul a quercu sit falx tua: quippe ferebant  
Et quercus proavi nos genuisse prius.

G. F. D. T.

Spare the parent of acorns, good wood-cutter, spare!  
Let the time-honour'd Fir feel the weight of your stroke,  
The many-stalk'd thorn, or Acanthus worn bare,  
Pine, Arbutus, Ilex—but touch not the Oak!  
Far hence be your axe, for our grandams have sung  
How the Oaks are the mothers from whom we all sprung.

Merivale.

## VIII.

## Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν.

Εἰς λουτρὸν ἐν Σμύρῃ.

Ἐνθάδε λουσαμένων Χαρίτων ποτέ, θέσκελα πέπλα  
 Βαῖος Ἔρως ἔκλεψε, καὶ ᾤχετο· τὰς δ' ἔλιπ' αὐτοῦ  
 Γυμνάς, αἰδομένας θυρέων ἔκτοσθε φανῆναι.

## INCERTI.

Hoc fonte quondam Gratiis lavantibus  
 Sacras pusillus surripit vestes Amor:  
 Ne prodeant usque obstitit nudis pudor.

G. F. D. T.

Bagnandosi le Grazie entro quest' onde,  
 Tolte lor vesti Amor, fuggissi altronde.  
 Quivi entro ignude abbandonolle, ed ora  
 Vergogna lor divieta uscirne fuora.

Pagnini.

Das Bad der Grazien.

Grazien badeten hier; hinzu schlich Amor, und haschte  
 Ihnen die Kleider; beschämt baden sie immer noch hier.

Herder.

Als die Chariten einst hier badeten, raubete heimlich  
 Ihnen die schönen Gewand' Eros der kleine hinweg.  
 Jene, zusammengeschmiegt, die göttlichen Reize verbergend,  
 Blieben zurück, vor Scham, nackt aus der Thüre zu gehn.

Voss.

*On a Bath at Smyrna.*

While the Graces were taking a bath here one day,  
 Little Love with their Goddess-ships' clothes made away,  
 Then took to his heels, and here left them all bare,  
 Ashamed out of doors to be seen as they were.

W.

*Inscribed on a beautiful Grotto near the Water.*

The Graces sought in yonder stream  
To cool the fervid day,  
When Love's malicious Godhead came,  
And stole their robes away.

Proud of the theft the little God  
Their robes bade Delia wear,  
While they, asham'd to stir abroad,  
Remain all naked here.

T. Warton

IX.

ΑΙΣΧΥΛΟΥ.

Αἰσχύλον Εὐφορίωνος Ἀθηναῖον τόδε κεύθει  
Μνήμα καταφθίμενον πυροφόροιο Γέλας·  
Ἀλκὴν δ' εὐδόκιμον Μαραθῶνιον ἄλσος ἄν εἴποι,  
Καὶ βαθυχαιτήεις Μήδος ἐπιστάμενος.

ÆSCHYLI.

Atticus hoc tegitur satus Euphorione sepulcro  
Æschylus, herbifera funera dante Gela.  
Dicere tu, Marathon, qualis fuit inclyta virtus,  
Testis et expertus, Mede comate, potes.

G. B.

Æschylos decket den Sohn des Euphorion, hier in dem Grabmal  
Gelas reiches Gefild, ihn der Erzeugten Athens.  
Seinem gefeyerten Muth zeugt Marathon, zeuget der Nieder  
Langumlocktes Geschlecht, welches ihn kampfend erfuhr.

Jacob

Athenian Æschylus, Euphorion's son,  
Buried in Gela's fields, these lines declare:  
His deeds are registered at Marathon,  
Known to the deep-hair'd Mede who met him there.

G. B.



## X.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Σῆμα καταφθιμένοιο Μεγακλέος εὖτ' ἂν ἴδωμαι,  
Οἰκτεῖρω σέ, τάλαν Καλλία, οἷ' ἔπαθες.

SIMONIDIS.

Ut tumulum specto Megaclis tibi, Callia, adempti,  
Me miseret, quantum passus es ipse, mali.

G. B.

Quando l' arca funerea di Megacle rimirò,  
Quanta pietade, o Callia, sento del tuo martiro !

M.

The tomb of Megacles whene'er I see,  
Unhappy Callias ! then I pity thee.

Storling

When on Megacles' tomb my eyes repose,  
Poor Callias ! I feel for all thy woes.

W.

## XI.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΑΕΝΤ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Θεοδωριάδος.

Ὅμματα μὲν κούρης μόλις ἢ γραφῖς, οὔτε δὲ χαίτην,  
Οὔτε σέλας χροιῆς ἄκρον ἀπεπλάσατο.  
Εἴ τις μαρμαρυγὴν δύναται φαιθοντίδα γράψαι,  
Μαρμαρυγὴν γράψει καὶ Θεοδωριάδος.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Nulla potest oculos ars efformare puellæ,  
Auratumve comam, purpureasve genas.  
Qui valet igniferi radios depingere Solis,  
Ille tui vultus pingat, amica, jubar.

Asterardus Medicus.

Her living glance, pure cheek, and golden hair,  
Alas, how dimly these are pictur'd there !  
When thou canst paint a sunbeam in the sky,  
Then hope to match my Helen's beaming eye.

J. W. B.

XII.

A Δ H Λ O N.

‘Οδῖτα μὴ πρόσσερπε πρὸς τὰ κλήματα,  
 Μηδ’ αὖ τὰ μῆλα, μηδ’ ὅπη τὰ μέσπιλα.  
 Τηνεὶ δὲ πρὸς τὴν σχοῖνον ἐξαμείβεο,  
 Ὡς μὴ τι θράξης τῶνδε, μηδ’ ἀποθρίσης,  
 Ἄ σὺν πόνῳ φυτουργὸς ἔκτεται Μίδων,  
 Ὃς καμὲ θῆκεν’ ἦν δέ μευ παρακλῆς,  
 Γνώσῃ τὸν Ἑρμῆν, ὥς κακοὺς ἀμείβομαι.

INCERTI.

Ad hos viator ne propinqua palmites,  
 Nec ito qua sunt mala, nec qua mespila :  
 Sed recta perge norma quam monstrat viam,  
 Sic nil ut horum demetas, nil vellices,  
 Quæ rustico labore quæsit Mido,  
 Meque hic locavit. Si nec audis, senties,  
 Quam sit scelestis Mercuri nomen grave.

GRÆC.

Stay passenger, come not too near  
 The tendrils of the young vines here :  
 Keep off from the apple-trees  
 And the medlars, if you please :  
 Where the rope is set, you see  
 Where your limit ought to be :  
 Lest you break or rend away  
 What cost labour many a day  
 To the vine-dresser Midon, who  
 Put me here to caution you.  
 But if my word you disobey  
 Hermes will shew you soon the way  
 For two at mischief's game to play.

G. C. S.

## XIII.

ΕΡΑΤΟΣΘΕΝΟΥΣ.

Οἶνός τοι πυρὶ ἴσον ἔχει μένος, εἴτ' ἂν ἐς ἄνδρα  
 Ἕλθῃ κυμαίνει δ' οἶα Λίβυσσαν ἄλα  
 Βορρῶς ἢ Νότος, τὰ δὲ καὶ κεκρυμμένα φαίνει  
 Βυσσόθεν, ἐκ δ' ἀνδρῶν πάντ' ἐτίναξε νόον.

ERATOSTHENIS.

Invadunt animum, velut ignis, vina; nec æstus  
 Majores Libyci concitat ira maris.  
 Ima patent penitus turbato pectora fundo,  
 Et mens præcipiti vortice rapta fugit.

G. S.

Il vino ha possa al fuoco ugual se in petto  
 Agli uomini discende. Iv' entro desta,  
 Qual Borea o Noto in grembo al mar tempesta.  
 Ogni pensiero, ogni nascoso affetto  
 Dall' intimo del sen dischiude e versa,  
 E su le menti e i cuor fiero imperversa.

Pagnani.

Wine enters in, a mighty fire,  
 'Tis like the Lybian sea,  
 When gales from North or South conspire  
 To stir it furiously:  
 The depths reveal each hidden thought;  
 Man's scattered senses come to nought.

W.

## XIV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Ἀέναον ΚΑΘΑΡΗΝ με παρερχομένοισιν ὁδίταις  
 Πηγὴν ἀμβλύζει γειτονέουσα νύπη  
 Πάντη δ' αὖ πλατάνοισι καὶ ἡμεροθιλέσι δάφναις  
 Ἔστεμμαι, σκιερὴν ψυχομένη κλισίην  
 Τοῦνεκα μή με θέρευσ παραμείβεο· δίψαν ἀλαλκῶν  
 Ἀμπαυσον παρ' ἐμοὶ καὶ κόπον ἡσυχίῃ.



INCERTI.

Quotquot iter facitis, vobis de colle propinquo  
 Perpetui fontis limpida manat aqua.  
 Hinc platanis, illinc laureti fronde coronor,  
 Textaque de ramis porticus umbra mihi est.  
 Ne me præter abi, quoties furit æstus: habebis  
 Unde leves fessum corpus et unde sitim.

Grotius

Hier dieß nimmer versiegende Räss des krySTALLenen Felsbachs  
 Sprudelt das nahe Gebirg durstigen Wandrern hervor.  
 GrüNende Lorbern umfränzen mich stets, und des Platanos Laubdach  
 Schatten mir. Kühlend zugleich breitet ein Lager sich aus.  
 Geh' nicht achtlos neben mir hin, und hast du des Durstes  
 Gluten gestilft, so verzieh ruhend im schattenden Sitz.

Jacobs

Pure welling from the glen hard by  
 An ever flowing fount am I  
 For all who this way fare.  
 With shady plane-trees all around  
 And gently-blooming laurels crown'd  
 A cool bed have I there!  
 Then pass me not, this summer's day,  
 But while I drive thy thirst away,  
 Let rest thy toil repair.

E S

XV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Παῖδες Ἀθηναίων Περσῶν στρατὸν ἐξολέσαντες  
 ἥρκεσαν ἀργαλέον πατρίδι δουλοσύνην.

SIMONIDIS.

Persarum cæsis hic millibus Attica proles  
 Depulit a patria flebile servitium.

G. F. D. T.

*On the Athenians fallen at Salamis.*

The sons of Athens here laid Persia low,  
 And saved their native land from slavery's woe.

Sterling

## XVI.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΥ.

‘Ο πρὶν ἐπ’ Ἀλφειῷ στεφανηφόρος, ὦ ’νερ, ὁ τὸ πρὶν  
 Δισσάκι κηρυχθεὶς Κασταλῆς παρ’ ὕδωρ,  
 ‘Ο πρὶν ἐγὼ Νεμέῃ βεβοημένος, ὁ πρὶν ἐπ’ Ἴσθμῳ  
 Πῶλος, ὁ πρὶν πτηνοῖς ἴσα δραμῶν ἀνέμοις,  
 Νῦν ὅτε γηραιός, γυροδρόμον ἡνίδε πέτρον  
 Δινεύω, στεφάνων ὕβρις, ἐλαυνόμενος.

ARCHIÆ, VEL LEONTII.

Ille ego Piseæ merui qui præmia palmæ;  
 Ille ego Castaliam his prope victor aquam;  
 Ille ego jam Nemea, bimari jam clarus in Isthmo;  
 Ille ruens volucris par Zephyro sonipes;  
 Nunc, postquam senui, viden’ ut versatile in orbem  
 Saxum hoc, palmarum dedecus, hospes, ago.

Cunicius.

Io che l’onor della palestra Achea  
 Con mille serti al crin sostenni altero,  
 Io che col piè balzante il suol premea  
 Come un alato Zeffiro leggero,  
 Or d’anni carco, macilente, e lasso,  
 Cammino intorno raggirando un sasso.

R. Meani

Der ich am Alpheus einst, der am Castalischen Quell einst  
 Doppelten Siegesruf, doppelte Kränze bekam,  
 Und in Nemea noch und einst am schallenden Isthmus  
 Schneller als Winde, flog hin zum beneideten Ziel;  
 Jetzt veraltet und schwach, zum schweren Steine verdammt,  
 Treib’ ich die Mühle; Such, Griechen, zur ewigen Schmach.

H. v. der

Beside Alpheus victor was I named,  
 And by Castalia’s waters twice proclaimed,  
 Known to the Nemean and the Isthmian course—  
 Not the wing’d wind could match the favourite horse.  
 Now, in my age, I turn this circling stone,  
 And shame the glory of each youthful crown.

G. S.

## XVII.

M N A Σ A Λ K O Y.

Οὐκέτι δὴ πτερύγεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισιν αἰεΐσεις,  
 Ἀκρί, κατ' εὐκάρπους αὐλακας ἐξομένα,  
 Οὐδέ με κεκλιμένον σκιερὴν ὑπὸ φυλλάδα τέρψεις,  
 Ξουθᾶν ἐκ πτερύγων ἡδὺν κρέκουσα μέλος.

MNASALCÆ.

Ergo non recines argutis amplius alis,  
 Nec te jam capiet sulcus opimus agri,  
 Nec me lenibis viridi sub fronde supinum,  
 Stridula quæ pennis dulcè, cicada, crepas !

G. F. D. T.

Nicht mehr tönest du nun mit den schwirrenden Flügeln, Cicade ;  
 Zirpst nicht mehr wie vordem, sitzend in gründer Flur.  
 Auch nicht wirst du hinfort mich den Rußenden unter des Laubdachs  
 Schatten erfreun mit Gesang, der von den Hittichen rauscht.

Jacobs.

Oh ! never more, thou locust, shalt thou, with shrilly wing,  
 Along the fertile furrows sit, and thy glad some carols sing.  
 Oh ! never more thy nimble wings shall cheer this heart of mine,  
 With sweetest melody, while I beneath the trees recline.

## XVIII.

Π A Λ Λ A Δ A.

Παύλῳ κωμωδῶ κατ' ὄναρ στὰς εἶπε Μένανδρος·  
 Οὐδὲν ἐγὼ κατὰ σοῦ, καὶ σὺ κακῶς με λέγεις.

PALLADÆ.

Comædo visus Paulo de nocte Menander,  
 Cur me, ait, infamas, qui tibi nil nocui ?

Grotius.

*On a celebrated actor.*

Once, in a fearful vision of the night,  
 Lothario seem'd Rowe's frowning ghost to see.  
 "I never wrong'd thee" cried the laurel'd sprite,  
 "O why, Lothario, dost thou murder me?"

Merivale

## XIX.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

Εὐστάθιε, γλυκερὸν μὲν ἔχεις τύπον· ἀλλὰ σε κηρὸν  
 Δέρκομαι, οὐδ' ἔτι σοι κείνο τὸ λαρὸν ἔπος  
 "Εἴξεται ἐν στομάτεσσι· τεῖ δ' εὐάνθεμος ἦβη,  
 Αἶ, αἶ, μαψιδίη νῦν χθονός ἐστι κόνις.  
 Πέμπτον καὶ δεκάτον γὰρ ἐπιψάυσας ἐνιαυτοῦ  
 Τετράκις ἐξ μούνους ἔδρακες ἡελίου.  
 Οὐδὲ τεοῦ πάππου θρόνος ἤρκεσεν, οὐ γενετῆρος  
 "Ολβος. πᾶς δὲ τεῖν εἰκόνα δερκόμενος  
 Τὴν ἄδικον Μοῖραν καταμέμφεται, οὐνεκα τοίην,  
 Ἄ μέγα νηλεὲς, ἔσβεσεν ἀγλαίην.

AGATHIÆ.

Forma quidem, Eustathie, est dulcis tibi, blandula sed non,  
 Ceu prius, in labris illa loquela sedet.  
 Te cerâ pictum video, et de flore juventæ  
 Irritus heu! superest pulvis et umbra tuæ.  
 Quartus enim et decimus modo jam tibi cœperat annus,  
 Et soles tantum sex quater inde vides.  
 Nec te juvit avi solium, tantæve parentis  
 Divitiæ. Effigies cui tua cunque tamen  
 Visa unquam fuerit, Paream is culpabit iniquam,  
 Sæva quod heu! tantum perdidit illa decus.

Sweet, dear Eustathius, is the form I see;  
 Yet 'tis of wax—no phrase of boyish glee  
 Sits on those lips: thy tender prime is fled,  
 And dust, mere dust, remains to us instead  
 Of all thou wert! Scarce of thy fifteenth year  
 Four little weeks had run their brief career;  
 Nor aught avail'd thee, or thy grandsire's throne  
 Or wealth paternal. All, to whom is shewn  
 This thy mere bust, tax Fate's unjust decree,  
 Which merciless could crush such grace in thee!

Wrangham.



## XX.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Φιλοκτήτου.

Οἶδα Φιλοκτήτην ὁρώων ὅτι πᾶσι φαίνει  
 "Αλγος ἑόν, καὶ τοῖς τηλόθι δερκομένοις.  
 "Αγρία μὲν κομόωσαν ἔχει τρίχα· δεῦρ' ἴδε κόρσης  
 Χαίτην τρηχαλέοις χρώμασιν αὖσταλέην.  
 Δέρμα κατεσκληρὸς δὲ φέρει καὶ ῥικνὸν ιδέσθαι,  
 Καὶ τάχα καρφαλέον χερσὶν ἐφαπτομέναις.  
 Δάκρυα δὲ ξηροῖσιν ὑπὸ βλεφάροισι παγέντα  
 "Ισταται, ἀγρύπνου σῆμα δυηπαθίης.

JULIANI.

Ecce Philoctetem cerno : satis omnibus, etsi  
 Sis procul, ærumnas indicat ille suas.  
 Aspicias? impexi fluitant per tempora crines :  
 Cæsariem incultam prodit et ipse color.  
 Corpore tum duras toto cutis arida rugas  
 Contrahit ; appositas ureret illa manus.  
 Et quæ luminibus subter stat lachryma siccis  
 Testatur, somno quam vacet iste dolor.

G S

Za ich fenne dich, Armer, dem ersten Blicke verräthst du,  
 Leidender Philoctet, deinen inwendigen Schmerz.  
 Wie sich das Haar ihm sträubt ! wie von der Scheitel die Locke  
 Wilde=verwirret fällt ! auch in der Farbe noch wild.  
 Und voll Furchen des Grams umkleidet dürre die Haut ihn  
 Trocknen, als fühletest du, selber im Blicke sie hart.  
 Sieh und im düstern Auge, da hangen geronnene Thränen  
 Starrend, sie zeigen ach ! seinen unendlichen Schmerz.

Herder

'Tis Philoctetes' self ! To all how well  
 Does he, though seen from far, his sorrows tell.  
 Wild o'er his forehead waves the matted hair :  
 How dry and rough, its faded hues declare.  
 In the parched skin is many a furrow seen,  
 And, touched, it burns with feverish glow, I ween.  
 Tearless the eye, but many a tear below  
 Hath left its trace—sure sign of sleepless woe.

G S

## XXI.

Γ Λ Α Υ Κ Ο Υ.

Εἰς εἰκόκα Φιλοκτήτου.

Καὶ τὸν ἀπὸ Τρηχῖνος ἴδ' ὥς πολυνώδυνον ἦρω,  
 Τόνδε Φιλοκτῆτην ἔγραφε Παρράσιος·  
 Ἐν τε γὰρ ὀφθαλμοῖς ἐσκληρόσι κωφὸν ὑποικεῖ  
 Δάκρυ, καὶ ὁ τρύχων ἐντὸς ἔνεστι πόνος.  
 Ζωογράφων ὦ λῶστέ, σὺ μὲν σοφός, ἀλλ' ἀναπαῦσαι  
 Ἄνδρα πόνων ἤδη τὸν πολύδακρυν ἔδει.

GLAUCI.

Vidit et hunc credo miserum Pæante creatum  
 Parrhasius: forma est tam bene picta viri.  
 Quippe subest oculis arentibus abdita quædam  
 Lachryma, seque dolor tam ferus intus agit.  
 Eximium nemo te, pictor, in arte negabit:  
 Desinere illius sed mala tempus erat.

Grotius.

*On the Picture of Philoctetes by Parrhasius.*

Your art, ingenious painter, can renew  
 The hero's sorrows and his death-like hue;  
 Trace in the hollow eye the lingering tear,  
 That speaks in silence all his inward care.  
 Cease, artist, tho' thy skill we all commend:  
 Must Philoctetes' misery never end?

Ph. Smyth

## XXII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Πανὸς ἐπὶ πηγῆς ἱστάμενον.

Ἐρχεο, καὶ κατ' ἐμὴν ἴξεν πίτυν, ἃ τὸ μελιχρὸν  
 Πρὸς μαλακοὺς ἡχεῖ κεκλιμένα Ζεφύρους.  
 Ἦνιδε καὶ κρούνισμα μελισταγές, ἔνθα μελίσδων  
 Ἥδὺν ἐρημαίοις ὕπνον ἄγω καλάμοις.

## INCERTI.

Hæc mea te pinus monet hic residere, viator,  
 Quæ blandum Zephyro leniter acta sonat ;  
 Et qui tam gratum fons murmurat, et mea somnum  
 Quæ dabit in solis fistula docta locis.

Grotius.

Vièni : riposati,  
 O peregrino,  
 All' ombra placida  
 Di questo pino,  
 Che al dolce sibilo  
 D' aura leggièra  
 Risponde, ed agita  
 La cima altera.

Limpido e garrulo  
 Tra sponda e sponda,  
 Il rio, che mormora,  
 Increspa l' onda :  
 E Pan capripede  
 Del luogo donno,  
 Con rozza fistola  
 Invita al sonno.

Felici.

Rest here beneath my shady pine reclin'd,  
 Whose tall top sweetly murmurs to the wind ;  
 Here too a brook mellifluous flows along,  
 And woos me with its ever gurgling song ;  
 Here on my solitary pipe I play,  
 Or sweetly sleep the tranquil hours away.

Fawkes.

Come sit by the shadowy pine  
 That covers my sylvan retreat,  
 And see how the branches incline  
 The breathing of Zephyr to meet.

See the fountain that flowing diffuses  
 Around me a glittering spray ;  
 By its brink as the traveller muses,  
 I soothe him to sleep with my lay.

M. More.

Come stretch thy limbs beneath these shady trees,  
 That wave their branches to the western breeze,  
 Where, by yon limpid stream that gently flows,  
 My rustic pipe shall soothe thee to repose.

W. Shepherd.

## XXIII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Ἰητρὸς Κρατέας, καὶ Δάμων ἑνταφιαστὴς  
 Κοινὴν ἀλλήλοις θέντο συνωμοσίην.  
 Καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν οὖς κλέπτεσκεν ἀπ' ἑνταφίων τελαμῶνας  
 Εἰς ἐπιδεσμεύειν πέμπε φίλῳ Κρατέᾳ·  
 Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος Κρατέας εἰς ἑνταφιάζειν  
 Πέμπεν ὅλους αὐτῷ τοὺς θεραπευομένους.

INCERTI.

Cum medico Cratea pollinctor Damo ligarunt  
 Inter se pacti religione fidem.  
 Hic quas fasciolas tumulis rapiebat ab ipsis,  
 Has Crateæ, læsis vincla futura, dabat.  
 Qui referens Damoni vicem mittebat ad ipsum  
 Ægrotos, posset quos sepelire, suos.

Col becchino Damon cotale avea  
 Patto conchiuso il medico Cratea :  
 Quegli le bende a' tumuli rapite  
 Spediva a questo per fasciar ferite ;  
 Questi in compenso a quel tutti mandava  
 A seppelir gl' infermi che curava.

Le médecin Cratès, Damon le fossoyeur  
 Entre eux font plaisamment métier de pourvoyeur.  
 Damon vole les draps de tous ceux qu'il enterre,  
 Et pour ses pansemens à Cratès en fait don.  
 Tous ceux que Cratès panse, il les met dans la bière,  
 Et pour les enterrer les envoie à Damon.

L. G. Saint Simon.

## Die Amtsgesülfen.

Damon und Pythias, der Todtengräber und Doctor,  
 Helfen in ihrer Kunst treulich einander sich aus ;  
 Damon stiehlt dem Begrab'nen die Leichenhemde zu Pflastern  
 Für den Doctor, und Er schafft ihm die Kranken in's Grab.

Horder.



*Art-Union.*

A sexton and a grave physician  
 Once made a gainful coalition.  
 The sexton gave his friend the garment  
 Of each corpse brought him for interment ;  
 The doctor all his patients hurried  
 Off to the sexton to be buried.

W. Shepherd.

## XXIV.

ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΑΡΧΙΟΥ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Ἑσιόδου.

Αὐτὰι ποιμαίνοντα μεσαμβρινὰ μῆλά σε Μοῦσαι  
 Ἐδρακον ἐν κραναοῖς οὔρεσιν, Ἑσίοδε,  
 Καί σοι καλλιπέτηλον, ἐρυσσάμεναι περὶ πᾶσαι,  
 Ὄρεξαν δάφνας ἱερὸν ἀκρέμονα.  
 Δῶκαν δὲ κρίνας Ἑλικωνίδος ἔνθεον ὕδωρ,  
 Τὸ πτανοῦ πώλου πρόσθεν ἔκοψεν ὄνυξ,  
 Οὗ σὺ κορεσσάμενος μακάρων γένος, ἔργα τε μολπαῖς  
 Καὶ γένος ἀρχαίων ἔγραφες ἡμιθέων.

ASCLEPIADIS, VEL ARCHIÆ.

Pascentem te forte pecus per pascua Musæ  
 Videre e summis montibus, Hesiode.  
 Et decerpentes frondentem ex arbore ramum  
 Laurea temporibus sarta dedere tuis.  
 Delapsumque Helicone suo tribuere liquorem,  
 Bellerophonteus quem pede fecit equus.  
 Hoc madidus, Divumque genus, terræque labores,  
 Claraque priscorum concinis acta virum.

Petrus Franciscus.

The Muses, Hesiod, on the mountain steep  
 Themselves at noon thy flocks beheld thee keep.  
 The bright-leaved bay they pluck'd, and all the Nine  
 Placed in thy hand at once the branch divine.  
 Then their own Helicon's inspiring wave,  
 From where the wing'd steed smote the ground, they gave.  
 Which deeply quaffed, thy verse the lineage told  
 Of Gods, and Husbandry, and Heroes old.

G. S.

## XXV.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἑρμοῦ ἐν Κήπῳ.

A. Κράμβης ἄψωμαι, Κυλλήνιε; B. Μή, παροδίτα.

A. Τίς φθόνος ἐκ λαχάνων; B. Οὐ φθόνος, ἀλλὰ νόμος,  
'Αλλοτριῶν ἀπέχειν κλοπίμους χέρας. A. Ὡ παραδόξου,  
Μὴ κλέπτειν Ἑρμῆς καινὸν ἔθηκε νόμον.

PHILIPPI.

Arripio cramben, Cyllenie.—Parce viator.—

Quæ, precor, invidia est?—Non vetat invidia,  
Sed lex, alterius rem tangere.—Lex nova, quam fert  
Mercurius, furto vivere ne liceat.

Grotius

A. Toccar mi lice un cavolo?

B. No, passegger, non puoi.

A. Volgare erbaggio ignobile  
Invidiar mi vuoi?

B. È legge, e non invidia,

Che i furti qui corregge.

A. Ridiamo; oggi Mercurio  
Impone ai furti legge.

Felici

A. May I just take a cabbage-plant,  
Cyllenius? B. No Sir, you sha'nt.A. What, grudge a cabbage? B. 'Tis not grudge,  
But there's a law the thief to judge.A. Oh miracle beyond belief,  
When Hermes preaches down a thief.

G. G. S.

## XXVI.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΛΙΟΥ.

Πολλὰ τὸ δαιμόνιον δύναται, κὰν ᾗ παράδοξα  
Τοὺς μικροὺς ἀνάγει, τοὺς μεγάλους κατὰγει.

Καὶ σοῦ τὴν ὀφρὺν καὶ τὸν τῦφον καταπαύσει,

Κὰν ποταμὸς χρυσοῦ νάματά σοι παρέχῃ.

Οὐ θρόνον, οὐ μαλάκην ἄνεμός ποτε, τὰς δὲ μεγίστας

'Ἡ δρύας, ἣ πλατάνους οἶδε χαμαὶ κατάργειν.

## LUCILLII.

Multa potest, inopina licet, Fortuna novatrix :  
 Ima levat ; contra, si placet, alta premit.  
 Illa supercilium et fastus cohibebit inanes,  
 Det tibi vel rutilas aurifer amnis aquas.  
 Non humilem gravior malvam juncumque sed altam  
 Sternere vis quercum scit platanumve Noti.

G. B.

Fortune peut beaucoup, voire l'inespérée,  
 Elle abaisse les grands, et hausse les petit ;  
 Elle rend promptement toute audace atterrée,  
 Ores qu'un fleuve d'or courut en ton logis :  
 Elle est comme le vent lequel tient à mespris  
 D'abattre les rouseaux, et les petites herbes ;  
 Mais il est coustumier de sa fureur épris,  
 Renverser les hautz pins et les chesnes superbes.

Thunister

God's providence brings much to pass that's strange,  
 Making the small and great their lot exchange.  
 He'll tame thy haughty brow and swelling pride,  
 Tho' wealth pour on thee with a golden tide.  
 Winds o'er the reed and mallow sweep in vain,  
 But level the tall oak and spreading plane.

## XXVII.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἡ γρῆς Νικῶ Μελίτης τάφον ἐστεφάνωσε  
 Παρθενικῆς. Ἀἶδῃ, τοῦθ' ὁσίως κέκρικας ;

PHILIPPI, VEL SIMONIDIS.

Marcida anus Nico Melites dat certa sepulchro  
 Virginis. Hoc ne æquum est, hoc placet, Orce, tibi ?

Grætius

These garlands aged Nico hung upon the maiden tomb  
 Of Melite,—and call'st thou this, o Grave, a righteous doom ?

W.

## XXVIII.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

Πέμπω σοι, Ῥοδόκλεια, τόδε στέφος, ἄνθεσι καλοῖς  
 Αὐτὸς ὑφ' ἡμετέραις πλεξάμενος παλάμαις.  
 Ἔστι κρίνον, ῥοδὴ τέ κάλυξ, νοτερή τ' ἀνεμώνη,  
 Καὶ νάρκισσος ὑγρὸς καὶ κυανανγὲς Ἴον·  
 Ταῦτα στεψαμένη, λήξον μέγалаυχος ἐοῦσα·  
 Ἀνθεῖς καὶ λήγεις καὶ σὺ καὶ ὁ στέφανος.

RUFINI.

Hanc tibi Rufinus mittit, Rodoclea, coronam,  
 Has tibi decerpens texerat ipse rosas ;  
 Est viola, est anemone, est suave-rubens hyacinthus,  
 Mistaque Narcisso lutea caltha suo :  
 Sume ; sed aspiciens, ah, fidere desine formæ ;  
 Qui pinxit, brevis est, sartaque teque, color.

Th. Gray

Mitto tibi hæc, Rodoclea, virentia sarta virenti :  
 Texuit hæc solo docta ab Amore manus,  
 Narcissumque rosamque legens, mollemque anemonem, et  
 Candida cæruleis lilia cum violis.  
 Indue et hæc, et mitem animum. Florem esse memento,  
 Pulerior his qui sit, forsitan et brevior.

J. G. D. T.

Floribus, in pratis legi quos ipse, coronam  
 Contextam variis do, Rodoclea, tibi :  
 Hic anemone humet, confert narcissus odores  
 Cum violis ; spirant lilia mista rosas.  
 His redimita comas, mores deponere superbos,  
 Hæc peritura nitent ; tu peritura nites !

Sam. J. G. D. T.

Floribus hanc opifex mitto, Rodoclea, venustis  
 Quæ faciat capiti nexa corona tuo.  
 Lilia sunt nascensque rosa, et rorans anemone,  
 Narcissi molles, purpureæ violæ.  
 His redimita breves fastus dimitte : corona  
 Florida non aliter quam Rodoclea perit.

G. F. D. T.



Di cletti fior che di mia man coglica,  
 T' invio questa ghirlanda, o Rodoclea.  
 È l' anemone quivi, il fiordaliso,  
 L' azzurra violetta, mezzo ascosa  
 Nel suo bocciuol la rosa,  
 Ed il molle narciso.  
 Ne cingi il crine, e cessa  
 D'esser superba; chè se or tu com'essa  
 Di beltà ornata vai,  
 Tu pur com'essa in breve sfiorirai.

M.

Nimm, Rhodoclea, den Kranz von den zierlichsten Blumen gewoben,  
 Den ich mit eigener Hand sorglich geflochten für dich.  
 Lilien hab' ich mit Rosen gepaart, Anemonen und dunkle  
 Veilchen, und allen zuletzt feuchte Narcissen vereint.  
 Schmücke die duftenden Schläfe damit, und entsage dem Hochmuth.  
 Wie dieß Blumengelecht blüht du und welkest dahin.

Jacobs

I send thee, my fair one, this garland of flowers,  
 And wove it myself for you :  
 There are lilies, and buds from the rosy bowers,  
 And the wind-flower steep'd in dew,  
 And the languid Narciss, and the purple shine  
 Of the violet of the glade :  
 So wear them, and cease to be haughty and fine,  
 For thou bloom'st, as the wreath, to fade.

G. F. D. T.

## XXIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

*Χαίρει τις, Θεόδωρος ἐπεὶ θάνον ἄλλος ἐπ' αὐτῷ  
 Χαρήσειν θανάτῳ πάντες ὀφειλόμεθα.*

SIMONIDIS.

Quod Theodorus obi, gaudet quis, et alter ob ipsum  
 Gaudebit: morti debita turba sumus.

Grotius.

I Theodorus dying pleased my foe,  
 Whose death will please a third: thus all must go.

Sterling

## XXX.

## ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Μελέαγρος, μέλλοντος βοὸς θύεσθαι τῷ Διὶ, καὶ μυκωμένου.  
 Αὐτὸς ὁ βοῦς ἰκέτης ἐπιβώμιος, αἰθέριε Ζεῦ,  
 Μυκᾶται, ψυχὴν ῥνόμενος θανάτου.  
 Ἄλλα μέθες, Κρονίδη, τὸν ἀροτρεά· καὶ σὺ γὰρ αὐτὸς  
 Πορθμεὺς Εὐρώπης ταῦρος, ἄναξ, ἐγένου.

## MELEAGRI.

Ecce tuam supplex taurus moriturus ad aram  
 Mugitu, ut vivat, Jupiter alte, rogat.  
 Parce, et arare sinas. Et tu, Saturnie, quondam  
 Europam advectans per mare, taurus eras.

Ammardus Medicus.

Questo presso l' altar torello aita  
 Chiede muggiando, e per pietà la vita.  
 Deh tu, Giove immortal, che tutto puoi,  
 Arator lo ritorna ai solchi suoi.  
 Tu pur forma di toro allor pigliasti  
 Che con Europa in dorso il mar solcasti.

Pagnini.

Selber der Stier, o himmlischer Zeus, steht stehend am Altar;  
 Rettung sucht er bey dir, brüllend, vom drohenden Tod.  
 Lass ihn frey, Kronide, den Pflügenden; hast du Europeen  
 Ginst doch selber entführt, König, in Stieres Gestalt.

J. J. J.

The suppliant Bull, to Jove's high altar led,  
 Bellows a prayer for his devoted head.  
 Spare him, Saturnius!—His the form you wore  
 When fair Europa through the waves you bore.

Merivale

## XXXI.

## ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Τύμβος Ἀχιλλῆος ῥήξήνορος, ὃν ποτ' Ἀχαιοὶ  
 Δώμησαν, Τρώων δεῖμα καὶ ἐσσομένων·  
 Αἰγιαλῷ δὲ νένευκεν, ἵνα στοναχῇσι θαλάσσης  
 Κυδαίνοιτο πᾶις τῆς ἁλίας Θέτιδος.

INCERTI.

Hic est Pelidæ tumulus, quem struxerat olim  
Terrorem seris Græcia Dardanidis.  
Litore in Iliaco jacet heros; æquor ubi illum  
Plangit, et ipsa suis mater honorat aquis.

Festus Francini.

Questa è la tomba del pugnace Achille,  
Che i Greci edificaro, alto spavento  
A' Teuceri ancor dopo cent' anni e mille.  
Su questo lido siede incontro al vento,  
Perchè il marino faccia alto fragore  
Della marina Teti al figlio onore.

Pagnini.

Dies ist Achilles Grab: den künftigen Troja zum Schrecken  
Setzten die Griechen es hier an den Trojanischen Strand.  
Sohn der Meeres-Göttin, du liegst am Ufer begraben,  
Dass dir die Welle des Meers rausche dein ewiges Lob.

Herder.

The tomb of brave Achilles, this! which Greeks beside the sea  
Rear'd up in ancient days to scare the Trojans yet to be.  
The son of Ocean-Thetis sleeps where Ocean's sleepless surge  
May pour for him all lovingly an everlasting dirge.

J. W. B.

XXXII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Εἰς Πρίαμον.

"*Ἡρώος Πριάμου βαυὸς τάφος, οὐχ ὅτι τοίου*  
*"Αξιος, ἀλλ' ἐχθρῶν χερσὶν ἐχωννύμεθα.*

ANTIPATRI.

Exiguum en! Priami monumentum; haud ille meretur  
Quale, sed hostiles quale dedere manus.

Sead. Johnson

Klein ist Priamos Grab; nicht weil er des grössern nicht werth war;  
Aber von feindlicher Hand wurde der Hügel gebaut.

Sead. J.

See Priam's lowly tomb! Not such a grave  
As he deserv'd, but—as his foemen gave!

J. W. B.

## XXXIII.

## ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Τὰν ἔλαφον, Λάδωνα καὶ ἀμφ' Ἐρυμάνθιον ὕδωρ  
 Νώτά τε θηρονόμου φερβομένην Φολόας,  
 Παῖς ὁ Θεαρίδew Λασιώνιος εἴλε Λυκόρμας,  
 Πλήξας ῥομβωτῶ δούρατος οὐριάχῳ·  
 Δέρμα δὲ καὶ δικέριον ἀπὸ στόρθυγγα μετώπων  
 Σπασσάμενος κούρα θῆκε παρ' ἀγρότιδι.

## ANTIPATRI.

Cervam quæ Pholoës dorso Ladonaque circum,  
 Atque Erymantheas propter agebat aquas,  
 Patre Thearide Lasionius ille Lycormas  
 Cepit, ab hastili cum foret icta suo.  
 At pellem celsæque simul duo cornua frontis  
 Silvarum dominæ donat habere Deæ.

*Geop. 1. 1. 2.*

Diesen gewaltigen Hirsch, der am Strom Erymanthes und Ladon,  
 Oder auf Pholoe's Hohl' öfters sein Futter gesucht,  
 Traf Lycormas, der Sohn des Thearides, Lasions Bürger;  
 Tödtend mit scharfem Geschoss' rauschenden Speeres das Wild,  
 Aber die Haut und das Doppelgeweih von der mächtigen Stirn ihm  
 Streifend, beschenkt er damit, Artemis, deinen Altar.

*Lucan. 1. 1. 2.*

By Erymanthus' wave and Ladon's mead  
 And Pholoe's forest ridge this hind did feed,  
 Which, with his spear-butt struck, Lycormas, son  
 Of old Thearides from Lasium, won.  
 The horns he tore from off the brow, and flayed  
 The skin, an offering to the Huntress Maid.

*Geop. 1. 1. 2.*

## XXXIV.

## ΟΙΝΟΜΑΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἐρωτα ἐν Κανκίῳ γεγλυμμένον.

Ἐν κνάθῳ τὸν Ἐρωτα. τίνος χάριν; ἀρκετὸν οἶνω  
 Αἰθεσθαι κραδίην. μὴ πυρὶ πῦρ ἔπαγε.



OENOMAI.

In cyatho cur sculptus Amor? Vino ardeat ut cor  
Est satis. Ignem igni quis furor adjicere est?

Grotius.

Perchè Amor sovr' un nappo? Arde sì poco  
Il vin, ch' è d' uopo aggiunger foco al foco?

M

Amor im Becher.

Kypriens Sohn im Becher? Wozu? Nützt Wein zu der Herzen  
Brande nicht schon? Wer bringt Feuer zum Feuer hinzu?

Jacobi.

Love on a Goblet? Ah why so? Inspire  
With wine thy heart; but add not fire to fire.

E. S.

XXXV.

ANYTHΣ.

Ξεῖν' ὑπὸ τὰν πέτραν τετρυμένα γυῖ' ἀνάπαισον  
'Αδύ τοι ἐν χλωροῖς πνεῦμα θροεῖ πετάλοις.  
Πίδακά τ' ἐκ παγᾶς ψυχρὸν πίε· δὴ γὰρ οἰδίταις  
"Αμπαυμ' ἐν θερμῷ καύματι τοῦτο φίλον.

ANYTES.

Fessa sub hanc rupem declina membra viator:  
Dulce sub hac Zephyri fronde virente sonant.  
Et laticem bibe fontis. Iter facientibus hæc est  
Æstatis calido tempore grata quies.

Grotius

Unter dem schattenden Fels, o Fremdling, ruh' von Ermüdung.  
Hier in dem grünen Gezweig plaudern die Lüfte so süß.  
Trink aus kühlem Quell das erquickende Wasser; dem Wanderer  
Ist in kührender Glut dieses die freundlichste Raft.

Jacobs.

*On the entrance to a Cavern.*

Stranger, beneath this rock thy limbs bestow—  
Sweet, 'mid the green leaves, breezes whisper here:  
Drink the cool wave, while noontide fervors glow;  
For such the rest to wearied pilgrim dear.

Anon. Bland's Collect.

## XXXVI.

ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ.

Χαῖρέ μοι ἄβρὲ κύπασσι, τὸν Ὀμφάλη, ἥ ποτε Λυδίη,  
 Λυσαμένη φιλότῃτ' ἦλθεν ἐς Ἑρακλέους·  
 Ὀλβιος ἦσθα, κύπασσι, καὶ ὥς τότε καὶ πάλιν, ὃς νῦν  
 Χρύσειον Ἀρτέμιδος τοῦτ' ἐπέβης μέλαθρον.

DIOTIMI.

Zona, mihi salve! Nam te regina solutâ  
 Lydia in Alcidis dicitur isse torum.  
 O felix olim, neque nunc minus, aurea quod te  
 Dianæ hæc recipit, zona beata, domus.

G. S.

Seh mir, zarte Kypassis, begrüßst, die sich Omphale lösend,  
 Lydiens Fürstin einst, Herakles Liebe genoss.  
 Glücklich warst du, Kypassis, vordem, und auch jetzt noch glücklich,  
 Da dich strahlend von Gold Artemis Tempel bewahrt.

Jacobs.

Hail, pretty Virgin-girdle, hail!  
 From her of Lydia unlaced—  
 From Omphale, (so goes the tale)  
 By loving Hercules embraced.  
 Blest girdle then! blest now again,  
 Here laid in Dian's golden fane.

V.

## XXXVII.

ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ.

Ψυχὴ μοι προλέγει φεύγειν πόθον Ἑλιοδώρας,  
 Δάκρυα καὶ ζήλους τοὺς πρὶν ἐπισταμένη.  
 Φησὶ μὲν· ἀλλὰ φυγεῖν οὐ μοι σθένος· ἡ γὰρ ἀναιδὴς  
 Αὐτὴ καὶ προλέγει, καὶ προλέγουσα φιλεῖ.

PHILODEMI.

Mens ab amore mihi caveam monet Heliodoræ,  
 Conscia quos æstus senserit et lacrymas.  
 Recta monet: sed nulla fuga est: namque absque pudore,  
 Et monet, et contra quam monet ipsa facit.

G. S.

"Fliehe, sprichst du mein Herz, flieh' der Xenophila Liebe!  
 Denk', Unglücklicher, denk' an die vergangene Quaal,  
 An die vorigen Thränen." So sprichst du, meine Prophetin;  
 Aber wohin denn fliehn? liebst du, Prophetin, nicht selbst?

Homer

Long school'd by sorrow and alarm  
 My Soul forewarns me, "Flee the charm  
 Of Heliodora's smile."—  
 She bids, but I've no strength to fly,  
 For she herself, unblushingly,  
 Forewarns, yet loves the while.

W.

## XXXVIII.

ΧΡΗΣΜΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΠΥΘΙΑΣ.

Ἀγνὸς εἰς τέμενος καθαρὸν, ξένε, δαίμονος ἔρχου  
 Ψυχὴν, νυμφαίου νόματος ἀψάμενος·  
 Ὡς ἀγαθοῖς κείται βαινὴ λιβάς· ἄνδρα δὲ φαῦλον  
 Οὐδ' ἂν ὁ πᾶς νίψαι νόμασιν Ὠκεανός.

ORACULUM PYTHIÆ.

Mente piâ sancti lustratus Numinis, hospes,  
 Templâ subi, castæ flumine tactus aquæ.  
 Gutta bono satis una viro; non ipsa sed omnis  
 Oceani maculas eluet unda malo.

G. B.

Rein nur nahe dem Tempel, o Freund, und der heiligen Gottheit  
 Schranken, nachdem du das Fass reinen Gewässers berührt.  
 Weniges Wasser genügt für den redlichen; aber den Freuler  
 Wüsche mit sämtlicher Fluth selber der Ocean nicht.

Jacobs

Enter the pure God's Temple sanctified  
 In soul, with virgin water purified.  
 One drop will cleanse the good; the Ocean wave  
 Suffices not the guilty-soul to lave.

W.

## XXXIX.

## ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

*Eis tēn 'Αφροδίτην, ἀνερχομένην ἀπὸ θαλάττης.*

*Τὰν ἀναδυσσόμεναν ἀπὸ μητέρος ἄρτι θαλάσσας  
 Κύπριν, Ἀπελλεῖον μόχθον ὄρα γραφίδος,  
 Ὡς χερὶ συμμάρψασα διάβροχον ὕδατι χαίταν  
 Ἐκθλίβει νοτερῶν ἀφρὸν ἀπὸ πλοκάμων.  
 Αὐταὶ νῦν ἐρέουσιν Ἀθηναίῃ τε καὶ Ἥρῃ  
 Οὐκέτι σοὶ μορφῆς εἰς ἔριν ἐρχόμεθα.*

## ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

*Emersam pelagi nuper genitalibus undis  
 Cypri Apellæi cerue laboris opus :  
 Ut complexa manu madidos salis æquore crines,  
 Humidulis spumas stringit utraque comis.  
 Jam tibi nos, Cypri, Juno inquit, et innuba Pallas,  
 Cedimus, et formæ præmia deferimus.*

*Ausonius.*

*Fuor dell' onde del mar che vita dielle,  
 Ecco la pur testè sorta Ciprigna,  
 Gentil fatica del pennel d' Apelle.  
 Ve' come il crin pregno di salsi umori  
 Ella distigne con sua mano, e spreme  
 La schiuma dalle trecce umide fuori.  
 Pallade stessa e la stessa Giunone  
 Diran ora : A contender di bellezze  
 Non venghiam no più teco al paragone.*

*Homæi.*

*Triumph and boast of Grecian painter's art,  
 From Ocean's foam see new-born Venus start.  
 Oh, with what grace she waves her hand of pearl  
 And wrings the dew from ev'ry clustering curl !  
 Let Pallas now and Juno's self confess  
 'Twere vain contending with such loveliness.*

*J. W. B.*

## XI.

## ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ.

Οὔτε ῥόδον στεφάνων ἐπιδεύεται, οὔτε σὺ πέπλων,  
 Οὔτε λιθοβλήτων, πότνια, κεκρυφάλων.  
 Μάργατα σῆς χροῖης ἀπολείπεται, οὐδὲ κομίζει  
 Χρυσὸς ἀπεκτῆτου σῆς τριχὸς ἀγλαΐην·  
 Ἰνδὴ δ' ὑάκινθος ἔχει χάριν αἴθοπος αἴγλης,  
 Ἀλλὰ τεῶν λογάδων πολλὸν ἀφαιροτέρην.  
 Χεῖλεα δὲ δροσέοντα, καὶ ἡ μελίφυρτος ἐκείνη  
 Ἦθεος ἀρμονίη, κεστὸς ἔφυ Παφίης.  
 Τούτοις πᾶσιν ἐγὼ καταδάμναμαι ὄμμασι μούνοις  
 Θέλωγομαι, οἷς ἐλπὶς μελίχρος ἐνδιάει.

## PAULI SILENTIARII.

Nec sertis rosa dulcis eget : nec veste decora  
 Gemmiferis opus est nec tibi reticulis.  
 Candidior rubri bacca tu littoris : aurum  
 Provocat impexæ gratia flava comæ.  
 Ardentes spargit radios hyacinthus, ab Indis  
 Qui venit : est oculis sed minor ille tuis.  
 Corporis ætheream compagem et roscida labra,  
 Hæc Veneris cestum, si voco, jure voco.  
 Omnibus his pereō, sed enim solantur ocelli :  
 Constituit sedem spes ubi blanda suam.

Grotius

No wreath the rose doth need to grace her brow,  
 No brodered robe nor jewelled head-dress thou.  
 Not whitest pearl can with thy skin compare,  
 No gold so bright as thy loose flowing hair ;  
 The loveliest hyacinth of Indian fields,  
 To thy full-beaming pupil's lustre yields.  
 That dewy lip ; that form of melting mould—  
 Thy magic girdle, Venus, here behold.  
 All these undo me ; only in thine eyes  
 Comfort I find ; there sweet hope ever lies.

G. S.



## XLI.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ.

Οὐδὲ νέκυς, ναυηγὸς ἐπὶ χθόνα Θῆρις ἔλασθεῖς  
 Κύμασιν, ἀγρύπνων λήσομαι ἡϊόνων.  
 Ἥ γὰρ ἀλιρρήκτοις ὑπὸ δειράσιν, ἀγχόθι πόιτου  
 Δυσμενέος, ξείνου χερσὶν ἔκυσσα τάφου.  
 Αἰεὶ δὲ βρομέοντα καὶ ἐν νεκύεσσι θαλάσσης  
 Ὅ τλήμων αἶψα δοῦπον ἀπεχθόμενον.  
 Μόχθων οὐδ' Ἀΐδης με κατεύνασεν, ἡνίκα μόνος  
 Οὐδὲ θανὼν λείη κέκλιμαι ἡσυχίῃ.

ARCHIÆ.

Theris ego, fracta projectum puppe cadaver,  
 Insomni nunquam gurgite liber ero.  
 Hic etenim, scopulis ubi frangitur unda, propinquum  
 Condidit invis hospita dextra fretis.  
 Sic, vel luce carens, pelagi resonantia semper  
 Murmura sollicita, ecce prius, aure bibo.  
 Nec requiem luctus mors attulit ipsa, quod uni  
 Defuncto pacem sors mihi dura negat.

G. S.

I Theris, wreck'd and cast a corse on shore,  
 Still shudder at old Ocean's ceaseless roar;  
 For here beneath the cliffs, where breakers foam,  
 Close on its marge lone strangers dug my tomb.  
 Hence still its roaring, reft of life, I hear;  
 Its hateful surge still thunders in my ear,  
 For me alone by Fate unrespited,  
 Remains no rest to soothe me—even though dead!

Wrangham.

## XLII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ.

Πάντα καθ' ἱστορίην ὀρχούμενος, ἐν τὸ μέγιστον  
 Τῶν ἔργων παριδὼν ἡνιάσας μεγάλως.  
 Τὴν μὲν γὰρ Νιόβην ὀρχούμενος, ὡς λίθος ἔστης,  
 Καὶ πάλιν ὦν Καπανεύς, ἐξαπίνης ἔπεσες.  
 Ἄλλ' ἐπὶ τῆς Κανάκης ἀφυῶς, ὅτι καὶ ξίφος ἦν σοι,  
 Καὶ ζῶν ἐξῆλθες τοῦτο παρ' ἱστορίην.

LUCILLII.

*In Saltatorem ineptum.*

Deceptæ felix casus se miscuit arti.

Histrion, saltavit qui Capanea, ruit.

Idem, qui Nioben saltavit, saxeus, ut tum

Spectator veram crediderit Nioben.

In Canace, visus multo felicior ipsa ;

Quod non hic gladio viscera dissecuit.

Ausonius

Historias gestu bene qui simulare solebas,

Unum, miramur, sed grave crimen habes.

Saltabas Nioben, stabas ut saxeus : idem

Es collapsus, agis dum Capanea ducem.

Sed male processit Canace ; tibi cum foret ensis,

Vivis adhuc, hoc non convenit historiæ.

Grotius.

In historical ballets it's great want of tact

To neglect sticking closely to matter of fact.

In the Niobe dance you stood just like a rock,

And your tumble in Capaneus came with a shock,

But in Canace's part I am forc'd to object,

That to march off *alive*, sword in hand, 's incorrect.

W.

XLIII.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ, οἱ δὲ ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ.

Πάντες ἅπαξ τρώγουσιν ὅταν δὲ τρέφῃ Σαλαμῖνος,

Οἷκαδ' ἀριστῶμεν δεύτερον ἐρχόμενοι.

PALLADÆ, VEL MACEDONII.

Mos semel est prandere, vocat nisi cum Salaminus ;

Altera tunc facimus prandia namque domi.

Grotius.

One dinner's thought enough ; but when I've dined

With Salaminus,

I dine again at home, or else I find

That I am minus.

W.

## XLIV.

M E L E A Γ Ρ Ο Υ.

Ἄκρίς, ἐμῶν ἀπάτημα πόθων, παραμύθιον ὕπνου,  
 Ἄκρίς, ἀρουραίη Μοῦσα, λιγυπτέρυγε,  
 Αὐτοφνὺς μίμημα λύρας, κρέκε μοί τι ποθεινόν,  
 Ἐγκρούουσα φίλοις ποσσὶ λάλους πτέρυγας,  
 Ὡς με πόνων ῥύσαιο παναγρύπνοιο μερίμνης,  
 Ἄκρί, μιτωσαμένη φθόγγον ἔρωτοπλάνου.  
 Δῶρα δέ σοι γήτειον ἀειθαλὲς ὀρθρινὰ δῶσω,  
 Καὶ δροσερὰς στόμασι σχιζομένης ψακάδας.

M E L E A G R I.

O mihi lenimen curæ, somnique creatrix,  
 Rustica nativa prædita Musa lyrâ,  
 Nunc alas pedibus percurre, Cicada, canoras,  
 Dulce aliquid fidibus nunc modulare tuis.  
 Auspice te, vigiles sic possim fallere curas,  
 Auspice te, noster sic requiescat amor.  
 At tibi mane feram gratus viridantia porra,  
 Roris et apta ori frusta minuta tuo.

G. S.

De mis tristes amores,  
 De mis ansias alivio,  
 De mis dolores sueño,  
 Ven, apacible Grillo,  
 Dulce cantor del valle,  
 Que alhagas el oído  
 Del que los campos ara  
 Con tu grigri divino :  
 Tus alitas resuenan  
 Imitando el sonido  
 De la suave lyra,  
 Y nadie te lo ha dicho.

Cántame un dulce tono  
 Bullicioso y festivo,  
 Agitando tus alas,  
 Y tus pies tiernecitos ;  
 Y si mis crudos males,  
 Y los amores míos  
 Con blando sueño curas,  
 Y das al dulce olvido,  
 En pago te prometo  
 El mas dulce rocío  
 Que la rosada Aurora  
 En flores ha vertido.

Cend.

## Die Grille

Gute Grille, die mich um meine sehnenden Sorgen

Oft schon täuschte, mir oft brachte den tröstenden Schlaf,

Ländliche Muse, wohlauf! Schlag' an die hallenden Flügel,

Werd' eine Leyer dir selbst, singe was Liebliches mir,

Das den Kummer verjage, der mir so lange den Schlaf raubt ;

Huf! und erwecke den Ton, der mir das Sehnen entnimmt,

Meiner Liebe Sehnen.—Ich will auch mit grünenden Knospen

Dich beschenken ; dich soll tränken der zarteste Thau.

Horner

Thou locust, soother of my love, whose music slumber brings,

Thou locust, minstrel of the fields, endow'd with shrilly wings ;

Thou artless mimic of the lyre, some song of beauty sing,

By striking with thy pliant feet each music-speaking wing.

Thou locust, trill me from thy chords a love-releasing strain,

That thus thou may'st remove my care, my ever-wakeful pain.

And I'll the evergreens to thee as morning gifts assign,

And the dew-drops split in parts to fit that little mouth of thine.

Hay.

Meadow-cricket, with shrill wing

Whiling sorrow slumb'rously :

Meadow-cricket, that dost fling

Music blithely o'er the lea ;

Trill me something fond and sweet ;

Nature's harp thou art to me ;

With thy prattling wings and feet

Strike up some dear melody.

Thus thou may'st avert the pain

Of my ever-sleepless care ;

Ply me then a native strain,

Some sweet love-beguiling air :

So the freshly-springing leek

Shall be thine at early dawn,

And to suit thy tiny check

Cloven dew-drops of the morn.

G. F. D. T

## XLV.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ.

Πέτρης ἐκ δισσῆς ψυχρὸν καταπάλμενον ὕδωρ,  
 Χαίροις, καὶ Νυμφέων ποιμενικὰ ξόανα,  
 Πέτραι τε κρηνέων, καὶ ἐν ὕδασι κόσμια ταῦτα  
 Ὑμέων, ὦ κοῦραι, μυρία τεγγόμενα,  
 Χαίρετ'. Ἀριστοκλῆς δ' ἔδ', ὁδοιπόρος ᾧπερ ἀπῶσα  
 Δίψαν βαψάμενος, τοῦτο δίδωμι κέρας.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Unda vale, bifidæ saliens de vertice rupis,  
 Et sibi quas finxit rustica dextra, Deæ.  
 Et fontes, et saxa, et quas circum undique, Nymphæ,  
 Vos sacra veneres mille lavatis aqua.  
 Hoc dat Aristoclees vobis cornu ecce viator,  
 Quo sua demisso est ante levata satis.

G. S.

Der du herab dich ergießt von dem doppelten Felsen, o Kühltorn,  
 Heil dir! Nymphen auch euch, ländlicher Hände Gebild.  
 Ihr auch, Felsen am Quell, und der freundlichen Ufer umgebung,  
 Welche mit ewigem Nass süßes Gewässer bespült,  
 Seyd mir gegrüßt! Euch weiht Aristoteles, welcher den Durst hier  
 Wandernd gestillet, das Horn, das er zum Schöpfen gebraucht.

JAC. GR.

Farewell, cool rills, that from the cleft rock start,  
 And fountain-heads, and carved by rustic art  
 Your forms, sweet maiden Nymphs, who own this wave,  
 Adieu! th' unnumber'd charms your waters lave!  
 The cup of horn, he dipp'd there to relieve  
 His thirst, from Aristoclees receive.

W

## XLVI.

ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ.

Τὸν γαίης καὶ πόντου ἀμειφθείσαισι κελεύθοις,  
 Ναύτην ἠπείρου, πεζοπόρον πελάγους,  
 Ἐν τρισσαῖς δοράτων ἑκατοντάσιν ἔστεγεν ἄρης  
 Σπάρτης· αἰσχύνησθ' οὔρεα καὶ πελάγη.



## PARMENIONIS.

Qui mutare vias ausus terræque marisque,  
 Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,  
 Xerxi tercentum Spartæ Mars obstitit acris  
 Militibus; terris sit pelagoque pudor!

Sam. Johnson

Qui mare, qui terram mutato more viarum  
 Transiit, in terra nauta, pedesque mari;  
 Obstitit huic hastis Lacedæmon sola trecentis:  
 Montibus æternum sit pelagoque pudor!

G. B.

Que' che con novo ardir poteo varcare  
 In nave i monti e a piede asciutto il mare,  
 Da trecento Spartan fu rotto in guerra.  
 Oh vergogna dell' acqua e della terra!

Pagnini

Him who revers'd the laws great nature gave,  
 Sail'd o'er the continent and walk'd the wave,  
 Three hundred spears from Sparta's iron plain  
 Have stopp'd. Oh blush ye mountains, and thou main!

Merivale

That wondrous path-changer of sea and land,  
 Who sailed through hills, and marched from strand to strand,  
 Sparta with her three hundred lances braves.  
 Hide your diminished heads, mountains and waves!

W

## XLVII.

## ΑΠΟΛΛΙΝΑΡΙΟΥ.

Ἄν μὲν ἀπόντα λέγῃς με κακῶς, οὐδέν μ' ἀδικεῖς σύ·  
 Ἄν δὲ παρόντα καλῶς, ἴσθι κακῶς με λέγων.

## APOLLINARII.

Si de me absenti loqueris male, nil nocet: at si  
 Præsentem laudas, te male scito loqui.

Grotius.

Wenn ich nicht da bin, Thrax, so tadl' und schelte mich immer:  
 Nur verbitt' ich mir auch, ein ich zugegen, dein Lob.

Herder.

You harm me not whom absent you traduce:  
 Praise in my presence is the true abuse.

E. S.

## XLVIII.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ.

Ἀνέρα λυσσητῇρι κυνὸς βεβωλημένον ἰδὼ  
 Ὑδασι θηρείην εἰκόνα φασὶ βλέπειν.  
 Λυσσῶων τάχα πικρὸν Ἔρως ἐνέπηξεν ὀδόντα  
 Εἰς ἐμέ, καὶ μανίαις θυμὸν ἐληΐσατο.  
 Σὴν γὰρ ἐμοὶ καὶ πόντος ἐπήρατον εἰκόνα φαίνει,  
 Καὶ ποταμῶν δῖναι, καὶ δέπας οἰνοχόων.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Qui rabido, fert fama, canis sunt dente petiti,  
 His in aquis sese monstrat imago canis.  
 Credo, furens in me crudeli dente venenum  
 Exspuit, atque animo me spoliavit Amor.  
 Quippe tuos vultus referunt mihi pontus et amnes,  
 Et quæ vite sato pocula rore madent.

Grotius.

Chi da rabbioso can morso sia stato  
 Dicon che ognora dentro l'acqua vede  
 L'immagin di quel can che l'ha piagato.  
 Forse preso da rabbia Amore anch' esso  
 Ha me col suo crudel dente trafitto,  
 E il mio cervel tutto a soqquadro messo;  
 Poich' io pur, Dori, il volto tuo divino  
 Veggo in mare, ne' vortici de' fiumi,  
 E persin ne' bicchier colui di vino.

M.

They say that one who hath chanced to suffer  
 The venomous bite of a rabid hound,  
 Will see a creature of horrible feature  
 Imaged on all the waters round :  
 So me hath rabid Cupid bitten,  
 And smitten my soul with his raging bane ;  
 And an image I trace on the river's face,  
 In the glistening wine, on the level main ;  
 But the image which wakens my soul's distress  
 Is an image of exquisite loveliness.

G. C. S.

## XLIX.

## ΚΛΕΟΒΟΥΛΟΥ ΑΙΝΙΓΜΑ.

Εἰς ὁ πατήρ, παῖδες δυοκαίδεκα· τῶν δέ θ' ἐκάστῳ  
 Παῖδες τριήκοντα διάνδιχα εἶδος ἔχουσιν·  
 Αἱ μὲν λευκαὶ ἔασιν ἰδεῖν, αἱ δ' αὖτε μέλαιναί·  
 Ἀθάνατοι δέ τ' εἶδ' ἔσθαι, ἀποφθινύθουσιν ἅπασαι.

## CLEOBULI ÆNIGMA.

Est unus genitor, cujus sunt pignora bis sex ;  
 His quoque triginta natæ, sed dispare formâ,  
 Aspectu hinc niveæ, nigris sunt vultibus inde :  
 Sunt immortales omnes moriuntur et omnes.

Jacobus Pontanus

Dodici figli ha un solo padre, e ognuno  
 Di lor ne ha trenta d'inequal colore,  
 In viso parte bianco e parte bruno :  
 Tutti questi hanno fine, e nessun muore.

Ραῖνιμι

*L' Enigme de Cleobule.*

Un père douze enfans porte,  
 Qui en ont trente chacun,  
 Tous de différente sorte ;  
 Si l'un est blanc, l'autre est brun ;  
 On les voit tous un à un,  
 Jamais deux ni trois ensemble ;  
 Et sans qu'il en meure aucun,  
 Tous les jours meurent, ce semble.

Jean Doublet

*Cleobulus's Enigma.*

Twelve sons there are, whose father is but one,  
 And sixty are the daughters of each son,  
 Of twofold aspect to the eye,  
 Half of them dark, the other thirty fair ;  
 And though immortal each and all they are,  
 Yet, each and all they fade and die.

G. F. D. T.

## L.

## ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΥΠΑΤ.

*Δάφνις ὁ συρικτὰς τρομερῶ περὶ γήραϊ κάμνων,  
 Χειρὸς ἀεργηλᾶς τάνδε βαρυνομένης  
 Πανὶ φιλαγραύλῳ νομίαν ἀνέθηκε κορύναν,  
 Γήραϊ ποιμενίων παυσάμενος καμάτων.  
 Εἰσέτι γὰρ σύριγγι μελίσδομαι, εἰσέτι φωνᾷ  
 Ἄτρομος ἐν τρομερῶ σώματι ναιετάει.  
 Ἀλλὰ λύκοις σίντησιν ἀν' οὔρεα μή τις ἐμείῳ  
 Αἰπόλος ἀγγείλῃ γήραος ἀδρανίην.*

## MACEDONII.

*Daphnis amans calami, confecta gravantibus annis  
 Membra tremunt quoniam, deficiuntque manus,  
 Pastorale pedum, quo jam non amplius utar,  
 Custodi dono ruris habere Deo.  
 Fistula sed notum reddit melos, et mea, ut olim,  
 Vox, licet infirmo corpore, firma manet.  
 At ne forte gravi me sic torpere senectâ  
 Audiat ex illo monte, bubulce, lupo.*

G. S.

*Offre a Pan Dafnide  
 L' antica clava,  
 Che d' anni logoro  
 Troppo or lo grava.  
 Ritien la cetera;  
 Chè serba ancora*

*In membra fievoli  
 Voce canora.  
 Ah de' famelici  
 Lupi all' orecchio  
 Rumor non penetri  
 Che Dafni è vecchio.*

Felici.

*Daphnis the piper trembling 'neath the load  
 Of years this crook, his feeble hand no more  
 Had force to wield, to Pan the shepherd's god  
 Here offers up—his shepherd labours o'er.  
 His pipe he still can sweetly sound, and still  
 Strong is his voice, although his body's weak.  
 But look ye, swains, yon wolves upon the hill  
 Ne'er of my feebleness o'erhear ye speak.*

G. S.

LI.

ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΥ.

Οὐ χεῖμα Νικόφημον, οὐκ ἄστρον δύσις  
 Ἄλδς Λιβύσσης κύμασιν κατέκλυσεν  
 Ἄλλ' ἐν γαλήνῃ, φεῦ τάλας, ἀννέμῳ  
 Πλόῳ πεδηθεῖς, ἐφρύγη δίψευς ὕπο.  
 Καὶ τοῦτ' ἀήτεων ἔργον· ἃ πόσον κακὸν  
 Ναύταισιν, ἦ πνέοντες, ἦ μεμυκότες.

ISIDORUS ÆGEATES.

Hunc Nicophemum non hyems, non siderum  
 Occasus, Afri non furor mersit sali;  
 Sed per serenam (quis putet?) pellaciam  
 In nave captus arsit insana siti.  
 Et hoc patravit ventus. Is nautis malum  
 Immane seu flat, sive sopitus silet.

Græcius

Non hiems gravis, et cadens Orion  
 Merse runt sale Nicophemon Afro;  
 Omni sed male destitutus aura  
 In puppi miser est siti peremptus.  
 Ventorum hoc etiam est opus: frementes  
 Nautis fata ferunt, ferunt silentes.

Cunichius

Non spinto in mar da turbini furenti,  
 Ma per troppa quiete,  
 In sulla poppa Alcon perì di sete:  
 Tutta vostr' opra, o venti;  
 Fatali se fremete,  
 Fatali se tacete.

Roncalli

No equinoctial gales, no tempest high  
 Whelm'd Nicophemus in the Libyan tide:  
 Poor wretch! becalm'd beneath a breathless sky,  
 A parching thirst came o'er him, and he died.  
 Ye winds, woe worth your luckless gales, that e'er  
 In sleep, or strength, such ills to sailors bear.

T. P. R.



## LII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Δυσκώφῳ δύσκωφος ἐκρίνετο· καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον  
 Ἦν ὁ κριτῆς τούτων τῶν δύο κωφότερος·  
 Ὡν ὁ μὲν ἀντέλεγεν τὸ ἐνοίκιον αὐτὸν ὀφείλειν  
 Μηνῶν πένθ'· ὁ δ' ἔφη νυκτὸς ἀλληλεκέναι·  
 Ἐμβλέψας δ' αὐτοῖς ὁ κριτῆς λέγει· ἐς τί μάχεσθε ;  
 Μήτηρ ἐσθ' ὑμῶν ἀμφοτέροι τρέφετε.

NICARCHI.

Lis erat inter se surdis sub judice surdo ;  
 Actor se memorat tecta locasse sua ;  
 Mercedemque petit menses in quinque, sed omnem  
 Respondet noctem se moluisse reus.  
 At judex, "Facilis sententia," dixit, "alenda  
 "Est vobis pariter, cum sit utrique, parens."

Grotius.

Un sourd fit un sourd ajourner  
 Devant un sourd en un village,  
 Et puis s'en vint haut entonner  
 Qu'il avoit volé son fromage :  
 L'autre répond du labourage.  
 Le juge étant sur ce suspens,  
 Declara bon le mariage,  
 Et les renvoya sans dépens.

Pellisson.

A deaf man cited his deaf neighbour  
 Before a judge as deaf, to ground  
 A debt unpaid for quarter's labour.  
 Defendant swore, so far from sound,  
 That mites were swarming in the cheese.  
 The judge, whose mind suspended stood,  
 At last decreed the marriage good,  
 And then dismiss'd them both, to pay the fees.

Bland

Defendant and plaintiff were deaf as a post,  
And the judge in the cause was deafer almost ;  
The plaintiff he sued for a five-month's rent ;  
The defendant thought something different meant,  
And answer'd, " By night I did grind the corn ;"  
And the judge he decided with anger and scorn,  
" The woman's the mother of both—why then,  
" Maintain her between you, undutiful men."

G C S

LIII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Εἰς Βαλανεῖον ἐν Βυζαντίῳ.

Λωτὸν ἐρεπτομένους προτέρων οὐ ψεύσατο μῦθος·  
Πίστιν ἀληθείης τοῦτο τὸ λουτρὸν ἔχει.  
Εἰ γὰρ ἅπαξ καθαροῖσι λοέσσεται ὕδασιν ἀνὴρ,  
Οὐ ποθέει πάτρην, οὐκ ἐθέλει γενέτας.

INCERTI.

Non est falsa vetus gustatæ fabula loti :  
Balnea fecerunt vatibus ista fidem.  
Non meminit patriam, nec avet spectare parentes,  
Membra semel puris qui madefecit aquis.

Grætius.

Ciò che del loto antica voce attesta,  
Non è menzogna ; e prova manifesta  
N' è questo bagno, ove chi dentro stia  
E patrio suolo e genitori obblia.

Pagnini

The tasted lotus is no fabled lore ;  
This bath confirms its truth, we doubt no more.  
Plunge but in these clear streams, and you'll forget  
Your native land, nor parents dear regret.

W

## LIV.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Μεμφομένη Βορέην ἐπεπωτώμην ὑπὲρ ἄλμης  
 Πνεῖ γὰρ ἐμοὶ Θρήκης ἥπιος οὐδ' ἄνεμος.  
 Ἀλλὰ με τὴν μελίγηρυν ἀηδόνα δέξατο νότοις  
 Δελφίν, καὶ πτηνὴν πόντιος ἡνιόχει.  
 Πιστοτάτῳ δ' ἐρέτῃ πορθμευομένη, τὸν ἄκωπον  
 Ναύτην τῇ στομάτων θέλγον ἐγὼ κιθάρῃ,  
 Εἰρεσίην δελφίνες αἰεὶ Μούσῃσιν ἄμισθον  
 Ἦνυσαν. οὐ ψεύστης μῦθος Ἀριόνιος.

PHILIPPI THESSALON.

Causabar Boream, volitans super æquora salsa :  
 Nam mihi nec ventos Thracia dat faciles.  
 Tergore sed Delphin philomelam suavè canentem  
 Excipit æquoreus, fertque natans volucrum.  
 Remige sic fido sine remis acta per undas  
 Ipsa meæ nautam mulceo voce lyrae.  
 Navita fit Delphin nulla mercede Camœnis,  
 Fabula ne cui sit nomen Arioneum.

G. F. D. T.

Boreas Stürme zu fliehn entschwang ich mich über die Meerfluth ;  
 Denn aus Thrazien wehn nimmer die Lüfte mir mild.  
 Sieh, da erbot der Delphin Philomelen sich freundlich zum Fahrzeug,  
 Und der Bewohner des Meers trug die Genossin der Luft.  
 Während ich also die Fluth durchsegelte, ohne des Ruders  
 Beystand, lohnte Gesang flötend dem treuen Pilot.  
 Stets vollbrachten die Fahrt auf dem Meer Delphine den Mäusen  
 Goldlos. Unwahr nicht zeigt sich Arions Geschick.

Jacobs

Blaming Boreas, o'er the sea  
 I was flying slowly,  
 For the wind of Thrace to me  
 Is a thing unholy,  
 When his back a dolphin showed  
 Bending with devotion,  
 And the child of æther rode  
 On the child of ocean.

I am that sweet-chaunting bird  
Whom the night doth smile at ;  
And like one that kept his word  
Proved my dolphin pilot.

As he glided onward still  
With his oarless rowing,  
With the lute within my bill  
I would cheer his going.

Dolphins never ply for hire  
But for love and glory,  
When the sons of song require :  
Trust Arion's story.

G. C. S.

LV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

*Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες, Παφίαι δύο, καὶ δέκα Μοῦσαι·  
Δερκυλὶς ἐν πάσαις Μοῦσα, Χάρις, Παφίη.*

INCERTI.

Bina Venus, Musæque decem, bis Gratia bina ;  
Dercylis est etenim, Gratia, Musa, Venus.

Grotius.

Quattro le Grazie son, le Muse diece,  
E le Veneri due. Dercili in tutte  
E Grazia e Musa e Venere si fece.

Pompei.

Vier sind Grazien, zwey Amathusen, zehn Pierinnen ;  
Grazie, Paphia, Mus', jegliche, Doris, bist Du.

Erichson

Two Goddesses now must Cyprus adore ;  
The Muses are ten, the Graces are four :  
Stella's wit is so charming, so sweet her fair face ;  
She shines a new Venus, a Muse, and a Grace.

Jonathan Swift

Cyprus must now two Venuses adore ;  
Ten are the Muses ; and the Graces four :  
So charming Flavia's wit, so sweet her face,  
She's a new Muse, a Venus, and a Grace.

Anon. Lond. Mag. 1737.

## LVI.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

*Εἶπας, "ἦΑΙΕ ΧΑΪΡΕ, Κλεόμβροτος ὦ `μβρακιώτης  
 "Ἢλατ' ἀφ' ὑψηλοῦ τείχεος εἰς Ἀἶδαν,  
 "Ἀξιον οὐδέν ἰδὼν θανάτου κακόν, ἢ τὸ Πλάτωνος  
 "Ἐν, τὸ περὶ ψυχῆς, γράμμ' ἀναλεξάμενος.*

CALLIMACHI.

*Jusso sole valere Cleombrotus Ambraciota  
 Mœnibus e summis in Styga desiliit,  
 Dignum morte nihil passus : sed nempe Platonis  
 De natura animi legerat ille librum.*

Grotius.

*Ambraciota, "Vale, lux alma," Cleombrotus inquit,  
 Et saltu e muro Ditis opaca petit :  
 Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis  
 Scripta legens, solâ vivere mente cupit.*

Sam. Johnson.

*Addio, Sol, disse, e giù da un alto muro  
 Cleombroto lanciai entro l' oscuro  
 Regno di Pluto. Ad affrettar sua morte  
 Non lui spinse rigor d' avversa sorte,  
 Ma d' alma non mortal sublime idea,  
 Che da' libri di Plato appresa avea.*

Pagnini.

*'Farewell thou Sun !' Cleombrotus, the bold Ambraciot, cried,  
 And he hurled himself, impetuous, from the lofty rampart's side :  
 Yet nought there was on all the earth to urge him to the deed,  
 Save Plato's matchless 'Phædon' which 'twas known he lov'd to read.*

J W. B.



## LVII.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ.

Ὁ πλόος ὥραϊος· καὶ γὰρ λαλαγεῦσα χελιδὼν

Ἦδη μέμβλωκεν, χῶ χαρίεις Ζέφυρος·

Δειμῶνες δ' ἀνθεῦσι, σεσίγηκεν δὲ θάλασσα

Κύμασι καὶ τρηχεῖ πνεύματι βρασσομένη.

Ἀγκύρας ἀνέλοιο, καὶ ἐκλύσαιο γύαια,

Ναυτίλε, καὶ πλώοις πᾶσαν ἐφείς ὀθόνην.

Ταῦθ' ὁ Πρίηπος ἐγὼν ἐπιτέλλομαι, ὁ λιμενίτας,

Ἀνθρῳφ, ὡς πλώοις πᾶσαν ἐπ' ἐμπορίην.

L E O N I D Æ.

Hora vocat navem : jam garrula venit hirundo,

Blandaue jam Zephyris mollibus aura tepet.

Purpleis rident vestiti floribus agri,

Horrida nec turbant flabra, nec unda mare.

Littore decedat jam funis et anchora fundo :

Et quot habes plenos, navita, tende sinus.

Hæc ego do, portus custos, præcepta Priapus,

Qui merces alio quæris in orbe, tibi.

† Protius

Alles beruft zur Fahrt ; schon tönet der plaudernden Schwalbe

Früher Gesang ; schon weht lieblich des Zephyros Hauch.

Düftende Blumen entsprossen der Au ; und es schweigt die Meerfluth,

Die von Orkanen gepeitscht, schäumende Wellen erhob.

Windet die Anker denn auf und enstrickt, o Schiffer, das Tauwerk ;

Richtet die Masten empor, gebet die Segel dem Wind.

Solches ermahnet euch hier der Beschützer des Hafens Priapos,

Dass ihr sicher die Fahrt lenket zu frohem Gewinn.

Jacobs

'Tis time to sail. Soft blows the breeze,

The twittering swallow now is heard,

The fields are green, and still the seas

By no rough blast or billow stirred.

Cut cable ! Mariner, aboard !

Weigh anchor, set thy canvass free.

Priapus bids, the harbour's lord ;

Off, off, with every argosy.

G S

G

## LVIII.

Λ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Ν Ο Υ.

Πλοῦτος ὁ τῆς ψυχῆς πλοῦτος μόνος ἐστὶν ἀληθής.

Τᾶλλα δ' ἔχει λύπην πλείονα τῶν κτεάνων.

Τὸν δὲ πολυκτέανον καὶ πλούσιόν ἐστι δίκαιον

Κλῆζειν, ὃς χρῆσθαι τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς δύναται.

Εἰ δέ τις ἐν ψήφοις κατατήκεται, ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ

Σωρεύειν αἰεὶ πλοῦτον ἐπειγόμενος,

Οὗτος ὅποια μέλισσα πολυτρήτοις ἐνὶ σίμβλοις

Μοχθήσει, ἐτέρων δρεπτομένων τὸ μέλι.

LUCIANI.

Divitias mentis solas pete; cætera curas

Majores lucro qualiacunque ferunt.

Audiet hic vere dives, sapienter opimis

Qui didicit rebus, dum sinit hora, frui.

Calculus at si quem vexat sine fine paratis

Instantem nummos accumulare novos,

Luditur ille, cavas multo ceu vana labore

Fingit apis cellas, mella ferunt alii.

G. S.

Nur Reichthümer des Geistes, o Freund, sind wirklicher Reichthum;

Weniger Lust als Schmerz bieten die übrigen dar.

Reich fürwahr und Güter bezagt heißt einer mit Recht nur,

Wenn er die Gaben des Glücks recht zu gebrauchen versteht.

Aber wer selbst sich verzehrend nur quält, und zählt und rechnet,

Haufen auf Haufen nur thürmt, Schätze zu Schätzen gesellt,

Diesen vergleich' ich der Biene, die stets in den zelligen Waben

Emsig bereitet den Seim, dessen sich andre erfreuen.

Jacobs.

Only the riches of the mind I prize

As real riches. All the rest are nought;

Cares to the worldly; follies to the wise.

Him only rich, him only lord of aught,

We justly term, who knows to use his store

As one who having much, is worthy more;

Whilst he who wears his aged eyes away

'Mid dusty ledgers, heaping night and day

Thousands on thousands in his reckonings vain,  
Is like the bee, who gathers to the hive  
The honied store—the busiest fool alive—  
That wiser drones the luscious hoard may drain.

Herwald

The riches of the mind alone are true :

All other wealth only more trouble brings.  
To him the title of a rich man's due

Who's able to make use of his good things ;  
But whoso's mind on calculations dwells,  
Intent on heaping money upon money,  
He, like the bee, adds to the hive new cells,  
Out of which others will extract the honey.

W

## LIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

*Μνήσομαι, οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν ἀνώνυμον ἐνθάδ' Ἀρχεναύτεω  
Κεῖσθαι θανούσαν ἀγλαὰν ἄκοιτιν,  
Ξανθίππην Περιάνδρου ἀπέκγονον, ὅς ποθ' ὑψιπύργου  
Σήμαινε λαοῖς τέρμ' ἔχων Κορίνθου.*

SIMONIDIS.

Commemoro, obscuram nec enim decet Archenautes istic  
Jacere claram conjugem sepultam,  
Xanthippen, Periandro ortum genus, imperabat olim  
Qui summus altæ turribus Corinthi.

G. B

Deiner gedenkt mein Lied ; nicht ziemt es sich, daß du, Archonautes  
Glorreiche Gattin, ruhmlos liegst im Grabe.  
Du Periandros Tochter Xanthippion, der des hochgethürmten  
Korinths Völker fest in Macht gegründet.

Jacobs

I will record,—for 'twere no seemly doom  
Had Archenautes' wife a nameless tomb,—  
Xanthippe, sprung from Periander's race,  
Who held 'mid Corinth's towers the ruler's place.

Sterling.

## LX.

ΣΤΑΤΥΛΛΙΟΥ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἐρωτα κοιμώμενον.

Εὐδεις ἀγρύπνους ἐπάγων θνητοῖσι μερίμνας,  
 Εὐδεις ἀτηρῆς, ἃ τέκος Ἀφρογενοῦς,  
 Οὐ πεύκην πυρόεσσαν ἐπηρμένος, οὐδ' ἀφύλακτον  
 Ἐκ κέραος ψάλλων ἀντιτόνοιο βέλος.  
 Ἄλλοι θαρσεύωσαν ἐγὼ δ', ἀγέρωχε, δέδοικα,  
 Μή μοι καὶ κνώσσω πικρὸν ὕνειρον ἴδης.

STATYLLII FLACCI.

*In amorem dormientem.*

Docte puer vigiles mortalibus addere curas,  
 Anne potest in te somnus habere locum?  
 Laxi juxta arcus, et fax suspensa quiescit,  
 Dormit et in pharetrâ clausa sagitta suâ;  
 Longè mater abest; longè Cythereia turba:  
 Verùm ausint alii te prope ferre pedem,  
 Non ego: nam metui valdè, mihi, perfide, quiddam  
 Forsan et in somnis ne meditare mali.

Th. Gray.

Der schlummernde Amor

Schläfst du, Amor? o du, der sterblichen Menschen den Schlummer  
 Raubet und ihnen so oft Nächte voll Sorgen gewährt;  
 Schläfst du?—Nein! ich rühre nicht an die brennende Fackel,  
 Rühre den Bogen nicht an und den gefiederten Pfeil.  
 Wag' es ein anderer; ich scheu' auch den schlummernden Amor,  
 Wenn er im Traum auch nur meiner unfreundlich gedenkt.

Herder.

And thou, that bid'st us mortals wake to weep,  
 Fell child of sea-born Venus, dost thou sleep?  
 No torch flames in thy hand; upon thy string  
 No fatal arrow now is quivering.  
 Others may courage take. Dread boy, for me  
 E'en in thy sleep some dream of woe thou'lt see.

G. S.

## LXI.

## ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ.

Εἰμὶ μὲν οὐ φιλόοινος· ὅταν δ' ἐθέλῃς με μεθύσσαι,  
 Πρῶτα σὺ γενομένη πρόσφερε, καὶ δέχομαι  
 Εἰ γὰρ ἐπιψαύσεις τοῖς χείλεσιν, οὐκέτι νήφειν  
 Εὐμαρές, οὐδὲ φυγεῖν τὸν γλυκὺν οἶνοχόον·  
 Πορθμεύει γὰρ ἔμοιγε κύλιξ παρὰ σοῦ τὸ φίλημα,  
 Καί μοι ἀπαγγέλλει τὴν χάριν, ἣν ἔλαβεν.

## AGATHIÆ.

Non sum vinosus. Si vis tamen ebrius ut sim,  
 Da mihi, sed labris pocula tacta tuis.  
 Hoc tu si facias, non possum sobrius esse,  
 Nec fugere est adeo dulce ministerium.  
 Namque accepta mihi de te fert basia, quæque  
 Gaudia decerpsit, nuntiat ista calix.

Grotius.

Wenig nur trink' ich des Weins; doch willst du mich etwa berauscht sehn,  
 Golde, so reiche zuerst nippend den Becher mir dar.  
 Hat dein Mund ihn berührt mit den rosiggen Lippen, so ist's mir  
 Nicht leicht, nüchtern zu sehn, und den Verführer zu fliehn.  
 Denn mir bringt ja von dir der Pokal den begeisternden Kuss zu,  
 Und selbst froh im Genuß reicht er mir, was er empfing.

Jacobs.

I love not wine, but thou hast power  
 To make me drunk at any hour;  
 But touch the cup with thy red lip,  
 Then hand it up for me to sip,  
 And Temperance at once gives way;  
 My sweet cup-bearer wins the day.  
 That cup's a boat that ferries over  
 Thy kiss in safety to thy lover,  
 And tells by its delicious savour,  
 How much it glories in thy favour.

G C S



## LXII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Κύματα καὶ τρηχὺς με κλύδων ἐπὶ χέρσον ἔσυρεν  
 Δελφίνα, ξείνης καινὸν ὄραμα τύχης.  
 Ἄλλ' ἐπὶ μὲν γαίης ἔλέω τόπος· οἱ γὰρ ἰδόντες  
 Εὐθύ με πρὸς τύμβους ἔστεφον εὐσεβέες·  
 Ἡ δὲ τεκοῦσα θάλασσα διώλεσε. τίς παρὰ πόντῳ  
 Πίστις, ὃς οὐδ' ἰδίης φείσατο συντροφίης ;

ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

Me delphina, novi exemplum miserabile casus,  
 Admovit terræ tristis hyems pelagi.  
 Sed miserata tamen terra est, pietasque videntum  
 Actutum mota me tumulavit humo.  
 Nulla fides pelago : genitrix me perdidit unda,  
 Parcere quæ generi nescit acerba suo.

LXXIII.

Me Delfino in terra spinsero  
 Onde irate e nembi fieri ;  
 Insepolto io fui spettacolo  
 Di fortuna ai passeggeri.  
 Ma cortese e nobil animo  
 Sul mio caso lagrimò ;  
 Ricopersemi d' un tumulo,  
 E di fior mi coronò.  
 Mi dier vita, e poi m' uccisero  
 L' onde barbare ed infide.  
 Or chi al mar sarà più credulo,  
 S' anche i figli il mare uccide ?

F. Ricci

Sturm und brausender Wellen Gewalt trieb hier zu dem Festland  
 Mich, den lebenden Delfin, seltenen Geschickes ein Spiel,  
 Mitleid ward mir zu Theil auf dem Land ; denn freundliche Menschen,  
 Als sie am Ufer mich sahn, deckten mit Erde mich zu.  
 Ach nicht mütterlich war mir das Meer ! Wer möchte dem Meer wohl  
 Traun, das Schonung selbst seinem Erzeugten versagt ?

Jacobs.

Here by rude waves and wintry blast  
 A Dolphin I, strange lot! was cast,  
 And here found pity, in the sand  
 Straightway entombed by pious hand.  
 To trust the sea who now may dare,  
 That would not its own offspring spare?

G. S

LXIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Εὐκλέας αἶα κέκευθε, Λεωνίδα, οἷ μετὰ σείῳ  
 Τῇδ' ἔθανον, Σπάρτης εὐρυχόρου βασιλεῦ,  
 Πλείστων δὴ τόξων τε καὶ ὠκυπόδων σθένος ἵππων  
 Μηδείων τ' ἀνδρῶν δεξάμενοι πολέμῳ.

SIMONIDIS.

Qui tecum hinc claram, Spartane Leonida, mortem  
 Oppetiere, viros inclyta terra tegit.  
 Innumeros arcus, celerumque hi robur equorum  
 Medorum et bello sustinere manus.

G. F. D. T.

Ruhmvoll stiegen zum Grab, o Leonidas, deine Genossen,  
 König der spartischen Flur, kämpfend in blutiger Schlacht.  
 Denn sie bestanden der Pfeile Gewölk, schnellfüßiger Kasse  
 Sturmkraft, und die Gewalt mediischer Männer mit Muth.

Jacobs.

*On those who fell with Leonidas.*

This, O Leonidas! the glorious grave  
 Of those who fell with thee wide Sparta's king,  
 'Gainst countless shafts and rushing horses brave  
 Of Media's host they stood unwavering.

Sterling

## LXIV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν.

Σωφροσύνη καὶ Ἔρως κατεναντίον ἀλλήλοισιν  
 Ἐλθόντες ψυχὰς ὤλεσαν ἀμφοτέροι.  
 Φαίδρην μὲν κτείνειν πυρόεις πόθος Ἴππολύτῳ  
 Ἴππόλυτον δ' ἀγνὴ πέφνε σαοφροσύνη.

INCERTI.

Absumsere duas, ineunt dum praelia, vitas,  
 Hâc Amor, hâc Pudor, heu ! durus uterque Deus.  
 Fervidus incesto Phædræ abstulit igne Cupido ;  
 Hippolytum castus perdidit ipse Pudor.

G. F. D. T.

*D' Amour et Chasteté.*

En mesme instant Amour et Chasteté  
 Se recontrans en contrariété,  
 Dans les enfers deux ames envoyèrent :  
 D' Amour cruel les brulantes ardeurs,  
 La pauvre Phèdre, et les trop chastes meurs  
 Leur Hippolyt diversement tuerent.

Bauff.

Once Love and Virtue stood opposed in fight,  
 And either fell before the other's might.  
 Fond Phædra died, Hippolytus, for thee—  
 A victim, thou, to thine own chastity !

R. C. C.

## LXV.

Σ Ι Μ Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ .

Αἰδὼς καὶ Κλεόδημον ἐπὶ προχοῇσι Θεαίρου  
 Ἀενάου στονόεντ' ἤγαγεν εἰς θάνατον.  
 Ὀρηϊκίῳ κύρσαντα λόχῳ πατρὸς δὲ κλεινὸν  
 Διφίλου αἰχμητῆς υἱὸς ἔθηκ' ὄνομα.

## SIMONIDIS.

Occubuit rigui Cleodemus ad ora Theæri,  
 Ingenuus vetuit quem dare terga pudor,  
 Obvius insidiis Thracum: bellantis honestum,  
 Diphile, de nati nomine nomen habes.

G. B.

By shame of flight was Cleodemus led  
 At deep Theærus' mouth to mournful doom,  
 Surprised by ambushed Thracians; so he spread  
 His fame to Diphilus, his father's, tomb.

Sterling

## LXVI.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠ. ΑΙΓ.

*A.* Ἀγρίος ἐστι Χάρων. *B.* πλέον ἥπιος. *A.* ἤρπασεν ἤδη  
 Τὸν νέον. *B.* ἀλλὰ νόφ τοῖς πολιοῖσιν ἔσον.  
*A.* Τερπωλῆς δ' ἀπέπαυσεν. *B.* ἀπεστυφέλιξε δὲ μόχθων.  
*A.* Οὐκ ἐνόησε γάμους. *B.* οὐδὲ γάμων ὀδύνας.

## JULIANI.

Non fera, sed mitis potius mors: scilicet annis  
 Ille puer, sed mens vel sene digna fuit.  
 Gaudia rapta simul vitæ, vitæque dolores,  
 Nec fuerat notus, nec male notus Hymen.

G. S.

*A.* Crudo è Caronte. *B.* Anzi umano è. *A.* Rapito  
 Ha un giovin. *B.* Ma però giovine ch' era  
 Egual di senno ad uomo incanutito.  
*A.* I piacer gli troncò. *B.* Ma lungi pure  
 Dagli stenti il sospinse. *A.* Non conobbe  
 Egli Imeneo. *B.* Nè d' Imenco le cure.

Pompeii

Cruel is Death? Nay kind. He that is ta'en  
 Was old in wisdom, though his years were few.  
 Life's pleasure hath he lost—escaped life's pain—  
 Nor wedded joys—nor wedded sorrows knew.

G. S.

## LXVII.

E Y T O Λ M I O Y.

Υἱός ὤκυμόρου θάνατον πενθοῦσα Μενίππη  
 Κωκυτῷ μεγάλῳ πνεῦμα συνεξέχεεν  
 Οὐδ' ἔσχευ παλίνορσον ἀναπνεύσασα γοῇσαι,  
 Ἄλλ' ἅμα καὶ θρήνου παύσατο καὶ βιότου.

EUTOLMI.

Nati fata sui dum luget acerba Menippe,  
 Dum grave suspirat, spiritus ipse fugit.  
 Nec revocare animam potuit, lugeret ut ultra,  
 Sed defecerunt vita dolorque simul.

Grotius.

Piangea Menippa il caro figlio estinto ;  
 E fuor lo spirto per gran doglia spinto  
 Dal petto, eterna fe' da lei partita :  
 Così in un punto finì pianto e vita.

Fagnini

Menippé watch'd her darling infant die,  
 Then pour'd her soul in one heart-rending sigh :  
 Nor sorrow'd more ! that burst of inward strife  
 Ended at once her anguish and her life.

J. W. B.

## LXVIII.

A N T I Π A T P O Y.

Εὐκόλος Ἑρμείας, ὦ ποιμένες, ἔν δὲ γάλακτι  
 Χαίρων, καὶ δρυῖνφ σπενδόμενος μέλιτι  
 Ἄλλ' οὐχ Ἑρακλέης· ἕνα δὲ κτίλον ἢ παχὺν ἄρνα  
 Αἰτεῖ, καὶ πάντως ἐν θύος ἐκλέγεται.  
 Ἀλλὰ λύκους εἵργει. τί δὲ τὸ πλεόν, εἰ τὸ φυλαχθὲν  
 Ὀλλυται εἴτε λύκοις, εἴθ' ὑπὸ τοῦ φύλακος ;

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Mercurius, pueri, minimo placabilis. Ille  
 Lacte, vel agresti melle litatus erit.  
 Non sic Alcides. Aries, aut agnus opimus  
 Poscitur, aut aliquo de grege lecta pecus.  
 Dicis : At ille lupos arcet ; quasi referat, utrum  
 Custos, anne rapax perdat ovile lopus.

Jos. J. Scaliger.



Dono a Mercurio ben accetto e grato  
 È latte e mel di querce a lui libato.  
 Ercole un gran montone e un pingue agnello  
 Vuole e quanto la mandra ha di più bello.  
 Ei caccia i lupi; ma che val che il gregge  
 Si divorino i lupi, o chi 'l protegge?

Pignini.

Un peu de miel, un peu de lait  
 Rendent Mercure favorable.  
 Hercule est bien plus cher, il est moins traitable :  
 Sans deux agneaux par jour il n'est point satisfait.  
 On dit qu'à mes moutons ce Dieu sera propice ;  
 Qu'il soit béni : mais, entre nous,  
 C'est un peu trop en sacrifice :  
 Qu'importe qui les mange, ou d'Hercule ou des loups?

Voltaire

## Das Hirtenopfer.

Leicht wird Hermes gespeis't: er nimmt, ihr Hirten, mit wenig  
 Süßer Milch und des Baums rinnendem Honig verlieb.  
 Aber Herakles nicht! den stattlichsten Widder der Heerde,  
 Oder das fetteste Lamm wählt sich der Lektre zum Schmaus.  
 "Über den Wolf verscheucht er!"—was frommet es, wenn das Bewachte  
 Umkommt, ob es der Wolf, ob's der Bewachende raubt?

Voss.

*Imitation.*

When hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold  
 And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told;  
 "Call in Alcides," said a crafty priest;  
 "Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest."  
 No! said the shepherd, if the Fates decree,  
 By ravaging my flock to ruin me,  
 To their commands I willingly resign,  
 Power is their character, and patience mine;  
 Though, troth! to me there seems but little odds,  
 Who prove the greatest robbers, wolves or gods!

Prior.

## LXIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Εἰ τὸ καλῶς θνήσκειν ἀρετῆς μέρος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,  
 Ἡμῖν ἐκ πάντων τούτ' ἀπένειμε Τύχη·  
 Ἑλλάδι γὰρ σπεύδοντες ἐλευθερίαν περιθεῖναι  
 Κείμεθ' ἀγηράντῳ χρώμενοι εὐλογίῃ.

SIMONIDIS.

Maxima virtutis si pars, bene ponere vitam,  
 Nobis præcipuum fata dedere decus.  
 Dum properamus enim, fieret ne Græcia serva,  
 Hic sumus æterna non sine laude siti.

Grotius.

Ist ein rühmlicher Tod das erhabenste Erbe der Tugend,  
 So hat uns das Geschick dieses vor allen gewährt.  
 Eifernd im Kampf das Hellenische Land zu befränzen mit Freyheit,  
 Starben wir; aber uns schmückt nimmer veraltender Ruhm.

Jacobs.

If well to die be valour's noblest part,  
 In this with us no mortal men may vie:  
 Freedom for Greece we sought with fearless heart,  
 And here in undecaying fame we lie.

Sterling

If nobly dying man fulfils  
 The highest lot that valour wills,  
 To us above all human kind  
 Fate surely hath this meed assigned:  
 For as we fought with heart and hand  
 For freedom to the Grecian land  
 We fell—and now in death we lie  
 Begirt with fame that ne'er shall die.

T P R

If to perish gloriously  
 Valour's consummation be,  
 Then to us of all mankind  
 Fortune hath the prize assigned—  
 Oh deathless eulogy!—to die  
 Striving for Greece's liberty.

W.

## LXX.

Μ Ε Λ Ε Α Γ Ρ Ο Υ .

Λίσσομ' Ἔρως, τὸν ἄγρυπνον ἐμοὶ πόθον Ἡλιοδώρας  
 Κοίμισον, αἰδεσθεὶς Μοῦσαν ἐμὴν ἰκέτιν.  
 Ναὶ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σὰ τόξα, τὰ μὴ δεδιδαγμένα βάλλειν  
 Ἄλλον, αἰεὶ δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ πτηνὰ χέοντα βέλη,  
 Εἰ καὶ με κτείναις, λείψω φωνὴν προιέντα  
 Γράμματ'. Ἐρωτος ὄρα, ξεῖνε, μαιφιφονίην.

Μ Ε Λ Ε Α Γ Ρ Ι .

*Ad Amorem.*

Te per ego nostræ supplex rogo carmina Musæ,  
 Heliodora, meo pectore cedat Amor.  
 Perque tuos arcus, qui jam petiere nec ullum,  
 Tantum in me dociles mittere tela sua.  
 Si pereo, vocem testantia carmina linquam :  
 Aspicias, ut morti me dedit, hospes, Amor.

Jos. Scaliger.

Paulisper vigiles, oro, compesce dolores,  
 Respue nec musæ supplicis aure preces ;  
 Oro brevem lacrymis veniam, requiemque furori :  
 Ah, ego non possum vulnera tanta pati !  
 Intima flamma, vides, miseros depascitur artus,  
 Surgit et extremis spiritus in labiis :  
 Quòd si tam tenuem cordi est exsolvere vitam,  
 Stabit in opprobrium sculpta querela tuum.  
 Juro perque faces istas, arcumque sonantem,  
 Spiculaque hoc unum figere docta jecur ;  
 Heu fuge crudelem puerum, sævasque sagittas !  
 Huic fuit exitii causa, viator, Amor.

Th. Gray.

Spare, Cupid, spare for shame my suppliant muse,  
 And give my love for Heliodora rest.  
 For by thy bow, whose winged shaft pursues  
 No other quarry now but this poor breast,  
 Die if I must—I'll leave a line to say,  
 Stranger, this man did felon Cupid slay.

G. S.

## LXXI.

M A P I A N O Υ Σ Χ Ο Λ Α Σ Τ Ι Κ Ο Υ .

Τᾷδ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατάνους ἀπαλῶ τετρυμένος ὕπνω  
 Εὐδεν' Ἔρως, Νύμφαις λαμπάδα παρθέμενος.  
 Νύμφαι δ' ἀλλήλησι, τί μέλλομεν; αἶθε δὲ τούτῳ  
 Σβέσσαμεν, εἶπον, ὁμοῦ πῦρ κραδίης μερόπων.  
 Λαμπὰς δ' ὥς ἔφλεξε καὶ ὕδατα, θερμὸν ἐκείθεν  
 Νύμφαι Ἐρωτιάδες λουτροχοεῦσιν ὕδωρ.

M A R I A N I S C H O L A S T I C I .

*In balneum, quod vocabatur Cupido.*

Has subter platanos molli dans membra sopori  
 Tradiderat Nymphis lampada parvus Amor.  
 Una facem rapiens, Quin hanc extinguiamus, inquit,  
 Cedat ut ex hominum pectore flamma vorax.  
 Traxerunt etiam latices incendia. Nymphæ  
 Hinc fundunt calidas munus Amoris aquas.

Grotius.

*In Fontem aquæ calidæ.*

Sub platanis puer Idalius prope fluminis undam  
 Dormiit, in ripâ deposuitque facem.  
 Tempus adest, sociæ, Nympharum audentior una,  
 Tempus adest; ultra quid dubitamus? ait.  
 Illicet incurrit, pestem ut divûmque hominumque  
 Lampada collectis exanimaret aquis:  
 Demens! nam nequît sævam restinguere flammam  
 Nympha, sed ipsa ignes traxit, et inde calet.

Th. Gray

Sopito in dolce sonno Amor giacea  
 A piè di questi platani, e la face  
 Alle Ninfe in balia lasciata avea.  
 Queste dicean: Che più s'indugia? Ah spento  
 Sia quel degli uman cuor foco vorace  
 In seno all' onde! E l' onde in un momento  
 La face infiammò sì che di là fuore  
 Versano ognor le Ninfe un caldo umore.

F. G. L. L. I.

Unter dem Ahorn hier lag einst im lieblichen Schlummer  
 Amor: die Fackel lag neben die Quelle gesenkt.  
 Siehe, da sprachen die Nymphen: "was sollen wir thun mit der Fackel?  
 Löschen wollen wir sie! kühlen der Sterblichen Herz!"  
 Und sie tauchten sie nieder; da mischten sich Wellen und Liebe;  
 Liebende Nymphen ihr strömt selber nun wallende Bluth.

Horder.

The little love-god lying once asleep,  
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep  
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand  
 The fairest votary took up that fire  
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;  
 And so the general of hot desire  
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,  
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
 For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

Shakespeare

LXXII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν.

Ἡλθες ἐμῆς ζωῆς γλυκερώτερος, ὅς μ' ἀπέλυσας  
 Νούσων, καὶ καμάτων, καὶ μογερᾶς ποδάγρας.

INCERTI.

Venisti tandem vita mihi dulcior, et me  
 Solvisti morbis tristibus, et podagra.

Sirmondus

O vitâ mutata meâ bene, quæ mihi morbi  
 Luctûsque, et podagræ perfugium, alma, venis.

G. S.

*To Death.*

Sweeter than life thou com'st, who from disease,  
 From painful gout, and trouble giv'st me ease.

W



## LXXIII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς εἰκόνα ῥήτορος ἀφυσῶς.

Τὺς σέ τὸν οὐ λαλέοντα τύπων ῥητῆρος ἔγραψε ;

Συγᾶς, οὐ λαλείς, οὐδὲν ὁμοιότερον.

INCERTI.

Elinguem quis te dicentis imagine pinxit ?

Dic mihi, Rufe : taces : nil tibi tam simile est.

Ansonius.

Che bel ritratto ! È proprio somigliante :

Ha un sol difetto ; d' essere parlante.

Pauanti

*Of the Picture of a vaine Rhetorician.*

This Rufe his table is ;

Can nothing be more true :

If Rufus holde his peace, this peece

And hee are one to vewe.

Turberile

## LXXIV.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Μαρίνου ῥήτορος.

Εἰκόνες ἀνθρώποισι φίλον γέρας· ἀλλὰ Μαρίνον

"Υβρις, ἐλεγχομένης εἶδος ἀπρεπής.

INCERTI.

Id quod honos aliis, infamia magna Marino est :

Nesciri quam sit turpis imago vetat.

Grotius

A tutt' altri, o Marin, decoro e pregio

I lor ritratti o simulacri danno ;

Ma i tuoi recano a te scorno e dispregio,

Perch' essi fe' di tua bruttezza fanno.

Fagnini.

Grato onore è un ritratto, ma è un' offesa

A Marin, che sì brutto l' appalesa.

VV

Portraits bring honour, or, like thine, disgrace :

The proof's as plain, Marinus, as thy face.

VV.

## LXXV.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Δράγματά σοι χώρου μικραύλακος, ὦ φιλόπυρε  
 Διοῖ, Σώσικλέης θῆκεν ἀρουροπόνος,  
 Εὐσταχυν ἀμήσας τὸν νῦν σπόρον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὶς  
 Ἐκ καλαμητομῆς ἀμβλὺν φέροι δρέπανον.

PHILIPPI.

Hæc tibi, magna Ceres, Daphnis jam messe peractâ  
 Affixit foribus spicea dona tuis.  
 Tu, Dea, fac illi jacto de semine rursus  
 Falcem hebetent validâ gramina secta manu.

F. M. M. M.

Hunc tibi, parva soli genuit quem gleba, manipulum  
 Sosiclees ruris dat sator, alma Ceres;  
 Messe recens facta; sed tu, Dea, sæpius illi  
 Fac hebetet falcem spicea secta seges.

Gr. Linc.

Questi manipoli  
 Che in mano serra,  
 Sosicle povero  
 Cultor di terra,  
 In dono recati,  
 Cerere bionda,  
 Poichè il suo piccolo  
 Campo ne abbonda.

Tu, Dea, concedigli  
 Che un' altra volta  
 Stanco dal mietere  
 Lunga raccolta,  
 Con falce logora  
 A' tuoi onori  
 Ritorni, e rechiti  
 Doni maggiori.

F. M. M.

Garben des engumgrenzten Gefilds, Fruchtgeberin Deo,  
 Emsiger Mühen Ertrag widmet Sosiklees dir,  
 Viel abmähend der Frucht von dem Feld. O brächt' er die Sichel  
 Doch auch fünffig, wie jetzt, stumpf von dem Meiser zurück.

J. A. C. M.

Take, from Sosiclees, who till'd this field,  
 Ceres! the samples its small furrows yield.  
 Rich was the harvest! may he bear again  
 His sickle blunted with like crops of grain.

F. M. M.

## LXXVI.

ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ.

Καὶ κλαῖε, καὶ στέναζε, συσφίγγων χεροῖν  
 Τένοντας, ὧ 'πίβουλε' τοῖά τοι πρέπει.  
 Οὐκ ἔσθ' ὁ λύσων· μὴ 'λεεῖν' ὑπόβλεπε.  
 Αὐτὸς γὰρ ἄλλων ἐκ μὲν ὀμμάτων δάκρυ  
 Ἔθλιψας, ἐν δὲ πικρὰ καρδίᾳ βέλη  
 Πήξας, ἀφύκτων ἰὸν ἔσταξας πόθων,  
 Ἔρωσ' τὰ θνητῶν δ' ἐστί σοι γέλως ἄχῃ.  
 Πέπονθας οἶ' ἔρεξας. ἘΣΘΛΟΝ Ἡ ΔΙΚΗ.

CRINAGORÆ.

Emitte fletus, et geme, et torque manus :  
 Sunt digna factis ista, fraudator, tuis.  
 Tuêre quamvis triste, te nemo eruet.  
 Tu namque multis excitasti lacrymas  
 Ex ore, multis tela fixisti fera  
 In corde, miscens virus insanabile,  
 Cupido, ridens in malis mortalium,  
 Quæ perpetrasti patere. Jus, res optima est.

CRINAGORÆ.

Ja, weine nur und seufze ; ringe kläglich nur  
 Die Hände, Dreuler ! Solche Strafen ziemen dir.  
 Kein Netter löst dich. Schaue nicht nach Mitleid auf.  
 Denn selber hast du andrer Augen Thränen oft  
 Erpreßt, und bitter Pfeile mit dir Liebe Gift  
 Getränkt, unfehlend, andern in die Brust gesenkt.  
 Der Menschen Jammer, Groß, ist dir Lust und Scherz.  
 Du büßest, was du selbst verbrachst. Heil, Ditt, dir !

CRINAGORÆ.

Perfidious wretch, you now may cry,  
 And wring your hands, and sob and sigh :  
 Who now your advocate will be ?  
 Who now from chains will set you free ?  
 You oft, by causeless doubts and fears,  
 From others' eyes have forc'd the tears,

And, by your bitter-biting darts,  
 Instill'd love's poison into hearts.  
 O Love, who laugh'd at human bail,  
 Now all your arts elusive fail,  
 And justice will at last prevail.

Fawkes.

Ay weep, and moan, and wring thy hands,  
 Hand-cuffs befit thee charmingly,  
 Sly urchin: none shall loose thy bands—  
 Nay look not up beseechingly.  
 Tears thou hast wrung from others' eyes,  
 While from thy piercing shafts exprest  
 Sure venom strikes each love-sick breast;  
 Thy pastime in men's tortures lies.  
 Love! if thy sufferings be cruel,  
 So were thy deeds:—"Fair play's a jewel."

## LXXVII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

*Ἀνθεα πολλὰ γένοιτο νεοδμήτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ,  
 Μὴ βάτος αὐχμηρή, μὴ κακὸν αἰγίπυρον,  
 Ἄλλ' ἴα, καὶ σάμψυχα, καὶ ὕδατινὴ νάρκισσος,  
 Οὐίβιε, καὶ περὶ σοῦ πάντα γένοιτο ῥόδα.*

INCERTI.

Plurimus hunc tumulum flos induat, inque recentem  
 Haud rubi horrentes, ægipyrusque mala,  
 Sed properent violæque, et amaracus, et narcissus,  
 Vibi, atque omnis humus te prope jam rosa sit.

Scip. Maffei

May many a flower, o Vibius, bedeck thy burial-place,  
 Nor bramble rude, nor hurtful weed the chosen spot deface,  
 But may the soft narcissus bloom upon the new-raised mound,  
 With marjoram, and violets, and roses all around.

vv

## LXXVIII.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ ἢ ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Τὸν τριετὴ παίζοντα περὶ φρέαρ Ἀρχιάνακτα  
 Εἶδωλον μορφᾶς κωφὸν ἐπεσπάσατο.  
 Ἐκ δ' ὕδατος τὸν παῖδα διάβροχον ἄρπασε μήτηρ,  
 Σκεπτομένα ζωᾶς εἴ τινα μοῖραν ἔχει.  
 Νύμφας δ' οὐκ ἐμίγηεν ὁ νήπιος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γούνων  
 Ματρὸς κοιμαθεὶς τὸν βαθὺν ὕπνον ἔχει.

POSIDIPPI, VEL CALLIMACHI.

Trimulus Astyanax putci ludebat in ora,  
 Cum miserum formæ traxit imago suæ.  
 Educit sed mater aquis, et scire laborat  
 Anxia, pars vitæ num foret ulla super.  
 Atque ita vos, Nymphæ, non polluit ille, soporem  
 Sed longum matris dormiit in genibus.

Grotius

Perspicui puerum ludentem in margine rivi  
 Immersit vitreæ limpidus error aquæ :  
 At gelido ut mater moribundum e flumine traxit  
 Credula, et amplexu funus inane foveit ;  
 Paulatim puer in dilecto pectore, somno  
 Languidus, æternum lumina composuit.

R. W. F.

Hier am Brunn'n erschah Archianax spielend des stummen  
 Bildes Gestalt, und folgt kindisch dem lieblichen Bild.  
 Aber die Mutter entreißt den befeuchteten Knaben dem Wasser,  
 Schauend, ob irgend ein Rest blühenden Lebens ihm blieb.  
 Keine Befleckung brachte das Kind dem Gewässer der Nymphen ;  
 Sondern der Mutter im Schooß schlief es den ewigen Schlaf.

Jacobs.

Archianax was three years old,  
 When playing round a well,  
 Lured by his lifeless image there  
 He on its bosom fell.  
 The mother snatch'd her drowning child  
 From out the ruthless wave :



If some light sign of life might be,  
 E'en yet her boy to save.  
 Oh! he would not,—that infant child—  
 The Nymphs' fair homes defile :  
 But slumbering on his mother's knees  
 He slept in death the while.

T. I R

LXXIX.

ΙΟΥΔΑΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ.

*A. Κλεινὸς Ἰωάννης· B. θνητός, λέγε. A. γαμβρὸς ἀνάσσης.  
 B. Θνητὸς ὅμως. A. γενεῆς ἄνθος Ἀναστασίου.  
 B. Θνητοῦ κακείου. A. βίον ἔνδικος. B. οὐκέτι τοῦτο  
 Θνητὸν ἔφη. ἀρεταὶ κρείσσονές εἰσι μόρου.*

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

*De Johanne genero Euphemiæ uxoris Justinī.*

Clarus Joannes.—Mortalis die tamen.—Idem  
 Et gener Augustæ, stirps et Anastasii.—  
 Mortales sed et hi.—Vita justissimus.—Hoc non  
 Mortale est : virtus nam negat una mori.

Gr ting

Clarus Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto  
 Sanguine Anastasii ; cuncta sepulta jacent ;  
 Et pius et recti cultor : non illa jacere  
 Dicam ; stat virtus non subigenda neci.

Sam. Johnson

Cy git l' illustre Jean.—Dites Jean le mortel.  
 —Prince du Sang.—Mortel malgré ce rang suprême.  
 —Rejeton d' un grand roi.—Qui fut mortel lui-même.  
 —Il fut bon.—Je me tais. Le juste est éternel.

Poan-Saint-Simon

*A. John the illustrious. B. John the mortal, say.  
 A. The son-in-law to the Queen's Highness. B. Nay,  
 Mortal again. A. Of Anastasius  
 Descendant prime. B. Mortal like all of us.  
 A. Of virtuous life. B. Ay, this doth never die ;  
 Virtue is mightier than mortality.*

## LXXX.

Γ Λ Α Υ Κ Ο Υ.

Οὐ κόνις, οὐδ' ὀλίγον πέτρης βάρος, ἀλλ' Ἐρασίππου  
 Ἦν ἐσορᾶς αὕτη πᾶσα θάλασσα τάφος.  
 Ὡλετο γὰρ σὺν νηϊ· τὰ δ' ὅστέα ποῦ ποτ' ἐκείνου  
 Πύθεται, αἰθυίαις γνωστὰ μόναίς ἐνέπειν.

G L A U C I.

Pulvere non, saxi tegitur neque pondere parvo,  
 Sed mare pro tumulo totum Erasippus habet.  
 Cum rate nam periit: nunc illius ossa sub undâ  
 Putrescunt—mergus fors tibi dicat, ubi.

G S.

È ad Erasippo tumulo

Non polve, non di pietra il lieve peso,  
 Bensì il mar tutto che quì vedi steso.  
 Ei perè col navigio;  
 Ma dove a marcir sien l' ossa, potranno  
 Sol dir gli smerghi, ch' essi soli il sanno.

W

No dust, no paltry marble for his grave  
 Has Erasippus, but the wide sea wave.  
 For with his ship he sank. His bones decay—  
 But where, the cormorant alone can say.

G S

## LXXXI.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν.

Καὶ πενίη καὶ ἔρως δύο μοι κακά· καὶ τὸ μὲν οἶσω  
 Κούφως· πῦρ δὲ φέρειν Κύπριδος οὐ δύναμαι.

I N C E R T I.

Paupertas me sæva domat, dirusque Cupido:  
 Sed toleranda fames, non tolerandus amor.

Claudianus

Esuriens pauper telis incendor Amoris:  
 Inter utrumque malum diligo pauperiem.

Claudianus

Due mali, Povertade e Amor, ho addosso :  
 L' uno di leggier tollero,  
 Ma il fuoco sopportar d' Amor non posso.

M

La dura povertade e il crudo amore  
 Hanno le forze mie già vinte e dome :  
 Quella soffrir si può, ma non amore.

Bianconi

Two evils, Want and Love, my spirits tame ;  
 The hunger I can bear, but not the flame.

vv.

## LXXXII.

Σ Ι Μ Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ .

*Κρῆς γενεὰν Βρόταχος Γορτύνιος ἐνθάδε κείμει,  
 Οὐ κατὰ τοῦτ' ἐλθὼν, ἀλλὰ κατ' ἐμπορίην.*

S I M O N I D I S .

Cres genus, hac jaceo Brotachus Gortynius ora :  
 Non fuit hoc, merces sed mihi causa via.

G. B.

Here I, Gortynian Brotachus, am laid  
 In death, for which I came not, but for trade.

Sterling

## LXXXIII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Η Ο Τ Ο Ν .

*Ὅντως δὴ Χαρίτων λουτρὸν τόδε· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἄλλους  
 Πλείους χωρῆσαι τοῦτο τριῶν δύναται.*

I N C E R T I .

Huicce suum merito nomen dat Gratia trina  
 Balneolo : plures non capit unda tribus.

G. S.

Il Bagno delle Grazie  
 Chiamasi questo, e bene,  
 Chè per non più di tre, posto contiene.

w.

This is the Graces' Bath ; for, see,  
 It has no room for more than three.

w

## LXXXIV.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς ἐλαίαν βαστάζουσαν ἄμπελον.

Παλλάδος εἰμὶ φυτόν· Βρομίου τί με θλίβετε κλῶνες ;  
 Ἄρατε τοὺς βότρυας· παρθένος οὐ μεθύω.

INCERTI.

Quid me implicatis, palmites,  
 Plantam Minervæ, non Bromii?  
 Procul racemos tollite,  
 Ne virgo dicar ebria.

P. NITTIUS.

Cur me onerant Bacchi frondes? Sum Palladis arbor.  
 Hinc uvæ este procul: non bibo virgo merum.

GOMMIRI.

L' *Ulivo*.

Sono di Pallade :	Lungi quei grappoli
Or coll' ingrate	Da casta Diva :
Viti di Bromio	Austera vergine
Che m' intrecciate?	Di Bacco è schiva.

FELICI.

Pourquoi, seps vineux, et toi treille aussi,  
 Venez-vous charger mes branches ainsi?  
 Je suis de Pallas la plante sacrée;  
 Otez-moi d' ici vostre ente pamprée,  
 Esloignez de moi sa grappe enyvrant;  
 La pucelle au vin son plaisir ne prend;  
 L' olive aussi bien sans vin se conserve;  
 Et bien ne s' accouple à Bacchus Minerve.

ANTH. MAC.

Pallas Stande bin ich: was schlingt ihr, trunkene Trauben  
 Euch um die Jungfrau? Ich flieh' auch im Wilde den Aush.

HERDER.

I am Minerva's sacred plant,  
 Press me no more, intruding vine!  
 Unwreath your wanton arms! Avaunt!  
 A modest maiden loves not wine.

MERIVALE.

LXXXV.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ .

Ξεῖνε, Συρακόσιός τοι ἀνὴρ τόδ' ἐφίεται Ὀρθων,  
 Χειμερίας μεθύων μηδαμὰ νυκτὸς ἴοις·  
 Καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τοιοῦτον ἔχω μόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ πολλῆς  
 Πατρίδος, ὀθνεῖαν κεῖμαι ἐφεσσύμενος.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Præcipit hoc Orthon Siculus : ne forte viator  
 Ebrius hybernæ tempore noctis eas :  
 Namque ego sic jaceo : pro pulvere nempe paterno  
 Externa peregre contumulatus humo.

Dan. Heinsius.

O forestier, il Siracusio Ortone  
 T' esorta a osservar questa ammonizione.  
 Nel verno nottetempo, ove tu sia  
 Cotto dal vin, mai non ti porre in via ;  
 Chè fu mia morte, ond' or lungi mi serra  
 Dalla gran patria mia straniera terra.

M.

Höre den Rath, o Wandrer, des Syrakusanischen Orthon :  
 Niemals wandle von Wein trunken in stürmischer Nacht.  
 Denn dieß gab mir den Tod. Nun lieg ich im Grabe, der Heimath  
 Räumigen Fluren so fern hier in der Fremden Gebiet.

Jacob.

*Orthon's Epitaph.*

To every toping traveller that lives,  
 Orthon of Syracuse this warning gives ;  
 With wine o'erheated, and depriv'd of light,  
 Forbear to travel on a winter's night ;  
 This was my fate ; and for my native land  
 I now lie buried on a foreign strand.

Fawkes.

Stranger, the Syracusan Orthon prays  
 You walk not forth drunk in the night ; but says  
 That he by such misfortune was undone,  
 And sleeps in death beneath a foreign stone.

Ed. Mon.



## LXXXVI.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Ἑρμογένην τὸν ἱατρὸν ὃ ἀστρολόγος Διόφαντος  
 Εἶπε μόνους ζωῆς ἐννέα μῆνας ἔχειν.  
 Κακείνος γελάσας, τί μὲν ὃ Κρόνος ἐννέα μηνῶν,  
 Φησί, λέγει; σὺ νόει· τὰμὰ δὲ σύντομά σοι·  
 Εἶπε, καὶ ἐκτείνας μόνον ἤψατο, καὶ Διόφαντος  
 Ἄλλον ἀπελπίζων, αὐτὸς ἀπεσκήρισεν.

NICARCHI.

Languenti Marco dixit Diodorus haruspex,  
 Ad vitam non plus sex superesse dies.  
 Sed medicus Divis fatisque potentior Alcon,  
 Falsum convicit illico haruspicium:  
 Tractavitque manum victuri, ni tetigisset,  
 Illico nam Marco sex periere dies.

AUSPICIUM.

IMITACION.

*De un Médico, y un Adivino.*

Seis dias un adivino  
 Daba de vida á un enfermo,  
 Y un médico hacia apuesta  
 A' que erraba en el agüero.  
 Y á fe la hubiera ganado;  
 Pues con un medicamento  
 Le envió ántes de tres dias  
 A' la region de los muertos.

ARROGANT.

Nur neun Monden zu leben, gestand Diophantos, der Sterne  
 Kundiger Deuter, dem Arzt, unserm Hermogenes, zu.  
 Lächelnd versetzte der Arzt: Das nenn' ich was Rechtes, wenn Kronos  
 So viel Monden sich seht! Kürzer verfahr' ich mit dir.  
 Sprach's, und rührt mit dem Finger ihn an, und sieh, Diophantos,  
 Welcher dem andern gedroht, zittert und rebell und stirbt.

AUSPICIUM.

*Of a Phisition and a Soothsayer.*

Marcke fealt himselfe discaide,  
 The Soothsayer sayd : There bee  
 Sixe yet remaynder daies of life  
 No mo (friend Marcke) to thee.  
 Then skilfull Alcon came,  
 He felt the pulses beate :  
 And out of hande this Marcus dide,  
 There Phisick wrought his feate.  
 This showes Phisition doth  
 The Soothsayer farre exceede :  
 For th' one can make a short dispatch,  
 When th' other makes no speede.

T. 1. 1. 1.

## LXXXVII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Μνήμα τόδε κλεινοῖο Μεγιστία, ὃν ποτε Μῆδοι  
 Σπερχεῖδὸν ποταμὸν κτεῖναν ἀμειψάμενοι,  
 Μάντιος, ὃς τότε Κῆρας ἐπερχομένας σάφα εἰδὼς,  
 Οὐκ ἔτλη Σπάρτης ἡγεμόνας προλιπεῖν.

SIMONIDIS.

Inelytus imposita jacet hic sub mole Megistias  
 Thessala quem leto cis vada Persa dedit.  
 Tristia qui vates instantia fata monebat,  
 Noluit et Spartæ deseruisse duces.

G. B.

Hier ruht herrlich gepriesen Megistias, welchen der Meder,  
 Als er Spercheios Gestad kämpfend beschritten, erschlug.  
 Klar wohl kannte der Seher die drohenden Loose der Schicksals;  
 Doch nicht mied er den Kampf und das spartanische Heer.

Jacobus

Of famed Megistias here behold the tomb,  
 Him on this side Spercheus slew the Medes;  
 A seer who well foresaw his coming doom,  
 But would not lose his share in Sparta's deeds.

S. 1. 1. 1.

## LXXXVIII.

ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΔΟΥ.

Ἄπισχ', ἄπισχε χεῖρας, ὦ γεωπώνε,  
 Μηδ' ἀμφίταμνε τὰν ἐν ἡρίῳ κόνιν.  
 Αὐτὰ κέκλανται βῶλος· ἐκ κεκλανμένης δ'  
 Οὗτοι κοματὰς ἀναθαλήσεται στάχυν.

HERACLIDIS.

Ab hac, arator, abstine terra manum,  
 Nec, quos sepulchrum condit hoc, cineres seca.  
 Hæc terra fletu maduit, at nunquam seges  
 De lachrymata sustulit terra comam.

Grotius

Die Grabstätte.

Halte' ein, o Pflügender, halte' ein den Pflug  
 Und wühle nicht des Grabes Asche' hinauf.  
 Mit Thränen ist die Erde hier bethaut,  
 Und aus betheürter Erde wächst dir  
 Kein glücklicher, kein abrennender Halm.

H. J. J.

Stay, ploughman ! stay thy hand !  
 In severing the dust that moulders there,  
 Thou plougest through a grave.  
 Tears have bedewed that land :  
 And o'er the sorrow-moisten'd glebe may ne'er  
 The joyous harvest wave.

## LXXXIX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἰς Αἶαντα.

Ἐκτῶρ Αἶαντι ξίφος ὥπασεν Ἐκτορι δ' Αἶας  
 Ζωστήρ· ἀμφοτέρων ἡ χάρις εἰς θάνατος.

INCERTI.

Ajax Priamidæ cinctum dedit, Hector at illi  
 Ensem : causa necis munus utrique fuit.

Hector dat gladium Ajaci, dat balteum et Ajax  
Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.

Simonides

Ettorre un brando diè ad Ajace, e questi  
Un cinto a Ettor; doni ad ambo funesti.

Id.

Hector bestow'd on Telamon the brave  
A sword; the Greek to god-like Hector gave  
A radiant belt: each gift was stamp'd with woe,  
And prov'd alike destructive to the foe.

Franklin.

XC.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Δίρφυος ἐδμήθημεν ὑπὸ πτυχί, σῆμα δ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν  
Ἐγγύθεν Εὐρίπου δημοσίᾳ κέχυται,  
Οὐκ ἀδίκως· ἐρατὴν γὰρ ἀπώλεσαμεν νεότητα,  
Τρηχείαν πολέμου δεξάμενοι νεφέλην.

SIMONIDIS.

Dirphyos occidimus subter juga, bustaque nobis  
Non procul Euripo publica cura dedit:  
Et merito: periit nobis nam nostra juvenus,  
Horrida dum belli nubila sponte subit.

Grotius

Unter des Dirphys Schluchten erlagen wir; aber ein Denkmål  
Steht am Euripus uns nach der Gemeinde Beschluß;  
Wahrlich mit Recht! uns ward der Genuß holdblühender Jugend  
Durch feindseligen Kriegs grausende Stürme geraubt.

Jacobs

At Dirphys' foot we fell; and o'er us here  
Beside Euripus' shore this mound was piled;  
Not undeserved; for youth to us was dear;  
And that we lost in battle's tempest wild.

Scaliger

## XCI.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤ.

Χαίρε μοι, ὦ ναυηγέ, καὶ εἰς Ἀῖδαο περήσας  
 Μέμφεο μὴ πόντου κύμασιν, ἀλλ' ἀνέμοις.  
 Κεῖνοι μὲν σ' ἐδάμασσαν· ἄλως δέ σε μείλιχον ὕδωρ  
 Ἐς χθόνα καὶ πατέρων ἐξεκύλισε τάφους.

JULIANI.

Nauta, vale ! Ditisque domos ubi veneris, unda  
 Omissâ in meritos crimina verte Notos.  
 Exitium ventus, terram patriumque sepulchrum  
 Huc maris advecto mitior unda dedit.

Naufrago, salve. Infra le morte genti  
 Non del mar P' onda accusar dei, ma i venti.  
 Questi tua morte fur : P' onda cortese  
 Te al patrio suolo, al patrio avello rese.

Sei mir im Staube gegrüßt, Schiffbrückiger ! Kommst du zum Ais,  
 Nicht die Wogen des Meers tadele, sondern den Wind.  
 Nur des Windes Gewalt entseelte dich ; aber die Meerfluth  
 Hat, wo die Deinigen ruhn, freundlich an's Land dich gespüßt.

Hail, shipwreck'd corse ! accuse not from the grave,  
 The ocean, but the winds, that wrought thy doom :  
 They wreck'd thee ; while the gentle salt-sea wave  
 Bore thee to land, to thy parental tomb.

## XCII.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος, καὶ παίγνιον· ἢ μάθε παίζειν,  
 Τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθεῖς, ἢ φέρε τὰς ὀδύνας.

PALLADE.

Vita hominum scena est lususque : aut ludere discas,  
 Sepositis curis, aut miseraunda feras.

J. Securus



Vita omnis scena est ludusque: aut lulare discas  
 Seria seponens, aut mala dura pati.

Scena e scherzo è la vita.  
 O tu a scherzare impara,  
 Ogni grave da te cura sbandita;  
 O a mille doglie e affanni il cor prepara.

Σειὸν τίς ὡς κὼμῶν καὶ Σκηνῶν. Μαρτυρεῖ, τίς κὼμῶν  
 Σπῆλαις ὅςτις οὐ γὰρ: Σκηνῶν καὶ Σκηνῶν δὲ παρ.

Since life is a scene, and we players at best;  
 Either suffer like men, or give into the jest.

## XCIII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εἰ τὸ τρέφειν πώγωνα δοκεῖ σοφίαν περιποιεῖν,  
 Καὶ τράγος εὐπώγων εὖστοχός ἐστι Πλάτων.

LUCIANI.

Si promissa facit sapientem barba, quid obstat  
 Barbatus possit quin caper esse Plato?

Se lunga barba è segno  
 Di sapere e d'ingegno,  
 Un barbuto caprone  
 Può tenersi un Platone.

Si nourrir grand' barbe au menton  
 Nous fait philosophes paroître.  
 Un bouc barbu pourroit bien être  
 Par ce moyen quelque Platon.

If beards long and bushy true wisdom denote,  
 Then Plato must bow to a hairy he-goat.

## XCIV.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

"Αρτι λοχευομένην σε μελισσοτόκων ἔαρ ὕμνων,  
 "Αρτι δὲ κυκνείῳ φθεγγομένην στόματι,  
 "Ἦλασεν εἰς Ἀχέροντα διὰ πλατὺ κῦμα καμόντων  
 Μοῖρα, λινοκλώστου δεσπότης ἡλακάτας·  
 Σὸς δ' ἐπέων, "Ἠρωνα, καλὸς πόνος οὐ σε γεγωνεῖ  
 Φθίσθαι, ἔχειν δὲ χοροὺς ἄμμιγα Πιερίσιν.

INCERTI.

Dum paris æternum mellitis carminibus ver,  
 Fundit olorinos dum tua lingua sonos,  
 Regna per umbrarum te fert Acherontis ad undas  
 Parca colus vitæ pensa trahentis hera.  
 Sed doctus labor ille tuus te vivere clamat,  
 Erinna, et Musas inter habere choros.

Grotius.

Während du, Biene der MUSEN, den Lenzschmuck süßer Gesänge  
 Bildetest, während du noch töntest den Schwanengesang,  
 Trich dich Spindelregierend die Hand der gewaltigen Moira  
 Durch die Lethäische Fluth unter die Töden hinab.  
 Doch entreißt dein Süßes Bemühen dich, Grinne, dem Hades;  
 Und mit den MUSEN vereint schreitest du tanzend einher.

Jägerskiöld.

The strains of swan-like song were on thy tongue,  
 And in thy heart with honied flowers had sprung  
 The sweet spring-tide of poesy:  
 When Fate—dread sovereign of life's distaff thread—  
 Forth drove thee o'er the wide stream of the dead  
 Afar to sullen Acheron.  
 Yet thee, Erinna, thy sweet toils declare  
 Not dead, but leading with the Muses there  
 The dance in mingling revelry.

E. P. R.

## XCV.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ.

*Ναυτίλοι, ἐγγὺς ἀλὸς τί με θάπτετε ; πολλὸν ἄνευθε  
 Χῶσαι ναηγοῦ τλήμονα τύμβον ἔδει.  
 Φρίσσω κύματος ἤχον, ἐμὸν μόρον. ἀλλὰ καὶ οὕτως  
 Χαίρετε, Νικήτην οἵτινες οἰκτίρετε.*

POSIDIPPI.

*Quid prope me pelagus nautæ sepelitis ? ab undis  
 Debueram longe naufragus esse situs.  
 Horresco mea fata, sonum maris ; attamen et sic  
 Quis Niceta fui cura, valere volo.*

*Perchè sî presso al mare,  
 Nocchier, vi piace a me la tomba alzare ?  
 Lungi di qua vorria  
 Un naufrago giacer : troppo ho in orrore  
 Del pelago il fragore,  
 Che fu la morte mia.  
 Pure a voi prego ore serene e liete  
 Per la pietà che di Niceta avete.*

Pagnini

*Schiffer, weshalb so nah bey dem Meer hier ? Fern von der Salzfluth  
 Bauct dem Armen das Grab, welchen die Wellen ertränkt.  
 Hier ach ! beb' ich dem Wogengeräusch.—Doch danket Nifetas  
 Euch auch dieses Geschenk, das ihr erbarmend ihm gabt.*

Jacobs.

*Why, sailors, bury me so near the shore ?  
 The shipwreck'd mariner's sad grave should be  
 Far from the echoing breakers ; in their roar  
 Shudd'ring I hear my fate : yet oh ! all ye,  
 Farewell, and blessings for your pity take,  
 Who even this have done for poor Nicetas' sake.*

▽

## XCVI.

Π Α Λ Λ Α Δ Α.

Δακρυχέων γενόμην, καὶ δακρύσας ἀποθνήσκω  
 Δάκρυσι δ' ἐν πολλοῖς τὸν βίον εὖρον ὅλον.  
 ὦ γένος ἀνθρώπων πολυδάκρυτον, ἀσθενές, οἰκτρόν,  
 Συρόμενον κατὰ γῆς, καὶ διαλυόμενον.

PALLADÆ.

Natus eram lachrymans, lachrymans e luce recedo :  
 Sunt quibus a lachrymis vix vacat ulla dies.  
 Tale hominum genus est, infirmum, triste, misellum,  
 Quod mors in cineres solvit, et abdit humo.

Sam. J. M. u.

Weinend betrat ich die Erde zuerst, und verlasse sie weinend ;  
 Nichts auf irdischer Bahn fand ich als Thränen und Schmerz.  
 Thränenbegabtes Geschlecht, so Jammerbelastet und kraftlos  
 Steigst du nieder zur Gruft, wo du in Asche zerfällst.

J. M. u.

Tears were my birth-right ; born in tears,  
 In tears too must I die ;  
 And mine has been, through life's long years,  
 A tearful destiny !  
 Such is the state of man ! from birth  
 To death all comfortless :  
 Then swept away beneath the earth,  
 In utter nothingness !

E. S.

## XCVII.

Λ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Ν Ο Υ.

Ἀνθρώπους μὲν ἴσως λήσεις, ἄτοπὸν τι ποιήσας.  
 Οὐ λήσεις δὲ Θεός, οὐδὲ λογιζόμενος.

LUCIANI.

Impia facta patrans, homines fortasse latebis ;  
 Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Sam. J. M. u.

Oprando cosa rea, forse ti puoi  
 Agli uomini celar, ma nol potresti  
 Ai Numi già, nè pur co' pensier tuoi.

Pompei.

Glaubst du Freuler, du könnst mit Thaten dem Auge der Menschen  
 Fliehn? Den Gedanken an sie schauen die Götter in dir.

Herder

Sterblichen Blicken entziehst du vielleicht die Thaten der Bosheit,  
 Göttlichen Augen verbirgt selbst der Gedanke sich nicht.

Jacobs

Man may not see thee do some impious *deed*;  
 But God thy very inmost *thought* can read.

J. W. B.

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XCVIII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες· ποτὶ γὰρ μία ταῖς τρισὶ κείναις  
 Ἄρτι ποτεπλάσθη, κῆτι μύροισι νοτεῖ  
 Εὐαίων ἐν πάσιν ἀρίσταλος Βερενίκα,  
 Ἄς ἄτερ οὐδ' αὐταὶ ταὶ Χάριτες Χάριτες.

CALLIMACHI.

Tres quæ fuerunt, quatuor sunt Gratiae;  
 Accessit etenim odoribus madens adhuc  
 Berenice ad illas, mulierum pulcherrima,  
 Sine qua fuissent Gratiae non Gratiae.

G S

Quattro sono le Grazie; or s'è creata  
 Oltre le prime tre Grazia novella  
 Rugiadosa d'unguenti. Oh fortunata  
 E a tutte invidia Berenice bella,  
 Chè le Grazie non son Grazie senz'ella.

Ug. Foscolo.

The Graces, three erewhile, are three no more:  
 A fourth is come, with perfume sprinkled o'er.  
 'Tis Berenice blest and fair; were she  
 Away, the Graces would no Graces be.

G. S



## XCIX.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ .

Οὐκ ἐμὰ ταῦτα λάφυρα· τίς ὁ θριγκοῖσιν ἀνάψας

Ἄρῃος ταύταν τὰν ἄχαριν χάριτα ;

Ἄκλαστοι μὲν κῶνοι, ἀναίμακτοι δὲ γανῶσαι

Ἄσπιδες, ἄκλαστοι δ' αἱ κλαδαραὶ κάμακες.

Αἰδοῖ πάντα πρόσωπ' ἐρυθαίνομαι, ἐκ δὲ μετώπου

Ἰδρὼς πιδύων στήθος ἐπισταλάει.

Παστάδα τις τοιοῖσδε, καὶ ἀνδρειῶνα, καὶ αὐλὰν

Κοσμεῖτω, καὶ τὸν νυμφίδιον θάλαμον·

Ἄρευσ δ' αἱματόεντα διωξίπποιο λάφυρα

Νηὸν κοσμοίη· τοῖς γὰρ ἀρεσκόμεθα.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Non mea sunt spolia ista: quis, ad fastigia Martis

Figere cum vellet grata, molesta dedit?

Firmus enim galeis conus, lita sanguine nullo

Scuta nitent; fragilis, firma sed hasta manet.

Tota pudore rubet facies mihi, fronte calenti

Pectora proruptus sudor anhela rigat.

Talibus aut decoret quisquam conclave, vel aulam,

Vestibulum, aut thalamum, molle cubile nurus.

Martis at aurigæ spolia uncta cruoribus ædem,

Apta viris, decorent: hæc mihi dona placent.

G. B.

Nicht mein ist dieß Waffengeräth! Wer heftete solch' ein

Unverdanktes Geschenk hier an die Pfosten des Mars?

Glänzende Schilde, von Blut nicht befleckt, und die Helme von keinem

Streiche verletzt, und des Speers nimmer beschädigten Schaft.

Schaamroth glüht mir das ganze Gesicht, und es strömt von der heißen

Stirn abrieselnd der Schweiß bis zu dir Brust mir herab.

Schmücket das Speisegemach und die bräutliche Kammer mit solchem

Glänzenden Spielwerk aus, oder die Hallen des Hofes.

Aber dem Hofsantreiber gebührt und den Tempeln des Mars

Blutige Zier. Nur die mag ich mit Freude beschau'n.

L. G. C.

These are no spoils of mine ! Who dares to place  
 Such offerings here, and thinks this fane to grace ?  
 Unbroken is each helmet's crest, and clear  
 Each bloodless shield, unscathed each fragile spear.  
 With shame my face is fired, and from my brow  
 Down to my breast big drops of anger flow.  
 Hence ! With such trophies deck thy porch, thy hall,  
 The courtyard of thy house, thy chamber wall ;  
 But Mars—besprent with gore the arms must be  
 That deck his temple : such are dear to me !

G. S.

C.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Τῶνδε δι' ἀνθρώπων ἀρετὰν οὐχ ἵκετο καπνὸς  
 Αἰθέρα, δαιομένης εὐρυχόρου Τεγέης,  
 Οἳ βούλονται πόλιν μὲν ἐλευθερίᾳ τεθαλυῖαν  
 Παισὶ λιπεῖν, αὐτοὶ δ' ἐν προμάχοισι θανεῖν.

SIMONIDIS.

Fumus ab his erat ut vacuas non ired in auras,  
 Nec latum Tegeæ flamma forum caperet.  
 Scilicet hi patriam voluere relinquere natis  
 Liberam, et in mediis hostibus oppetere.

G. E. D. T.

Dank' es der Kampfsenden Muth, o Tegea, dass sich von deinen  
 Zinnen der wirbelnde Rauch nicht zu dem Aether erhob ;  
 Blühend in Freyheit wollten die Stadt sie den Kindern verlassen,  
 Selber mit Ruhme geschmückt fallend im vordersten Glied.

Jacobs.

*Inscription for those who saved Tegea.*

Through these men's valour into stainless air  
 The smoke of Tegea's ruin did not burst :  
 They chose their sons should dwell in freedom there,  
 And they themselves should fall amid the first.

Sterling

## CI.

Σ Α Π Φ Ο Υ Σ.

*Τῷ γριπεῖ Πελάγωνι πατὴρ ἀνέθηκε Μενίσκος  
Κύρτον καὶ κώπαν, μνᾶμα κακοζοΐας.*

SAPPHUS.

Fiscellam remumque pater Pelagoni Meniscus  
Ponit, ei fuerit quam mala vita docens.

Grotius.

Al morto Pelagone pescatore  
Nassa e remo Menisco il genitore  
Per ricordo ponca  
Della misera vita ch' ei traea.

M.

A Pelagon el pescador, Menisco  
Su caro padre puso en el sepulcro  
La nasa, y redes, el garlito y cañas,  
De su misero afan triste memoria.

G. n. 10.

Dessus le monument du pescheur Pelagon  
A esté apposé par Menisque son père,  
Une nasse, un filé, un petit aviron,  
Marques de son mestier, pauvre et plein de misère.

T. 10. 1. 10.

Pelagon, dir auf das Grab hat hier dein Vater Menískos  
Ruder und Netzen gestellt, dürftigen Lebens Symbol.

J. 10. 1. 10.

Meniscus, mourning for his hapless son,  
The toil-experienc'd fisher, Pelagon,  
Has plac'd upon his tomb a net and oar,  
The badges of a painful life and poor.

F. 10. 1. 10.

## CII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Η Ο Τ Ο Ν .

*Εἴ τις ἄπαξ γήμας πάλι δεύτερα λέκτρα διώκει,  
Ναυηγὸς πλώει δις βυθὸν ἀργαλέον.*

INCERTI.

Qui capit uxorem, defunctâ uxore, secundam,  
Naufragus in tumido bis natat ille freto.

L. 10. 1. 10.

Quisquis adit lectos elata uxore secundos,  
 Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

*Spem d. h. c.*

He that hath lost a wedded wife,  
 Yet fain would wed again,  
 Like sailor wrecked, twice tempts the strife  
 Of storms upon the main.

*T. P. R.*

CIII.

ΠΑΓΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ.

Ἐκ πυρὸς ὁ ῥαιστήρ, καὶ ὁ καρκίνος, ἥ τε πυράγρη  
 Ἄγκεινθ' Ἠφαίστῳ, δῶρα Πολυκράτεος,  
 Ὡ πυκνὸν κροτέων ὑπὲρ ἄκμονος εὔρετο παισὶν  
 Ὀλβον, δῖζυρὴν ὠσάμενος πενίην.

PANCRATIS.

Malleus hic, cancer, forcepsque, Polycrate dante,  
 Ignipotens, tibi sunt ecce dicata, pater.  
 Illo sæpe super feriens incude, fugavit  
 Pauperiem, et natis arte paravit opes.

*Grotius*

Martel, tanaglie e forcepe ha sacrato  
 Policrate a Vulcan; con che indefesso  
 Travagliando all'incude, in fuga ha messo  
 Povertade, e agi ai figli ha procacciato.

*M*

*The Blacksmith's Offering.*

These tongs and pincers, and this hammer stout,  
 Polycrates in Vulcan's temple lays;  
 Toiling with which, he barr'd grim hunger out,  
 Nor vainly strove his children's lot to raise.

*C. Merivale*

Tongs from the forge, hammer and pincers, these  
 Are gifts to Vulcan from Polycrates.  
 With these he plied his anvil many a day,  
 To feed his babes, and drive grim want away.

*W*

## CIV.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εἰς ἀφύλακτον οἶκον τωθαστί.

Κερδαλέους δίξεσθε δόμους, ληΐστορες, ἄλλους·  
 Τοῖσδε γάρ ἐστι φύλαξ ἔμπεδος ἢ πενή.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Ite aliò, fures, nulla hîc occasio lucri;  
 Nam fida est custos addita, pauperies.

Politianus.

Latrones, alibi locupletum quærite tecta;  
 Assidet huic custos strenua pauperies.

S. J. L. 11. 11.

Altra casa miglior, ladri, cercate :  
 Fida guardia di questa è Povertate.

M.

Voleurs, allez plus loin. J' ai pour ma sûreté  
 La perle des gardiens.—Et qui ?—La pauvreté.

F. S. S. 11. 11. 11.

Auf die Hütte des Ruß.

Vorbey, verwegner Dieb ! denn unter diesem Dache,  
 In jedem Winkel hier, hält Armuth treue Wache.

Lessing.

Such't euch, Räuber, ein anderes Haus, das bessern Gewinn bringt ;  
 Hier bey dem Meinigen steht immer die Durstigkeit wach.

F. S. S. 11. 11. 11.

On a Cottage.

Robbers, avaunt ! Beneath this thatch  
 Stern Poverty keeps strictest watch.

Anon. Translations from Lessing, 1825

Seek a more profitable job,  
 Good house-breakers, elsewhere :  
 These premises you cannot rob ;  
 Want guards them with such care.

—



CV.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἔως,  
 Νῦν δὲ, θανὼν, λάμπεις Ἐσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.

PLATONIS.

Stella prius superis fulgebas Lucifer, at nunc  
 Extinctus cassis lumine Vesper eris.

Ausonius.

Olim inter vivos fulgebas Lucifer; Hesper  
 Morte obitâ fulges nunc apud exanimos.

Hermes Vacherius

Eri fra noi la Stella alma e gradita  
 Che in oriente al sol fiammeggia innanti:  
 Espero or sei, che i tuoi bei raggi santi  
 Nascondi a questa, e scopri all' altra vita.

Uppert

Der Morgen- und Abendstern.

Wie der glänzende Stern des Morgens, waneſt du Jüngling  
 Uns; den Todten anjeht geſt du, ein Heſperus, auf.

Herder.

Unter den Lebenden ſtrahlteſt du ſonſt als Morgen=Geſtirn uns;  
 Heſperus glänzeſt du jezt unter den Schatten im Tod.

Jaeger.

In life thou wert my morning star;  
 But now that death hath quench'd thy light,  
 Alas! thou shinest, dim and far,  
 Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

M. ore

To Stella.

Thou wert the morning star among the living,  
 Ere thy fair light had fled;  
 Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving  
 New splendour to the dead.

Shelley

## CVI.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Οὐ γάμον, ἀλλ' Ἀΐδαν ἐπινυμφίδιον Κλεαρίστα  
 Δέξατο, παρθενίας ἄμματα λυομένα.  
 Ἄρτι γὰρ ἐσπέριοι νύμφας ἐπὶ δικλίσιν ἄχεν  
 Δωτοί, καὶ θαλάμων ἐπλαταγεῦντο θύραι·  
 Ἡῶοι δ' ὀλολυγμὸν ἀνέκραγον, ἐκ δ' Ὑμέναιοι  
 Σιγαθεῖς γοερὸν φθέγμα μεθαρμόσατο.  
 Αἱ δ' αὐταὶ καὶ φέγγος ἐδαδούχουν παρὰ παστῶ  
 Πεύκαι, καὶ φθιμένα νέρθεν ἔφαινον ὁδόν.

MELEAGRI.

Non tulit amplexum sponsi Clearista, sed Orci,  
 Cum foret in socio zona soluta toro.  
 Vespere namque murus sonuit tibicine limen,  
 Et thalami plausæ concerepuere fores;  
 Mane sed exoritur plangor, pavidusque silescens  
 Vertitur in luctum nœnia factus hymen:  
 Ipsaque fax eadem quæ lumen prætulit aulæ,  
 Ducit ad infernas heu! minus apta! domos.

G. B.

El horroroso Dite,  
 No la boda festiva  
 En esponsales dones  
 Recibió Clearista  
 Al deslazar la vanda  
 Entre dulces caricias.  
 A los umbrales cantan  
 Al acabar el día  
 Las alegres canciones  
 Las entonadas Ninfas;

Del thalamo las puertas  
 Sus cantos aplaudian;  
 Mas al alba sonáron  
 Las voces matutinas  
 Con fúnebre alarido  
 Por nupcial armonía,  
 Y las festivas teas  
 Que al thalamo servían,  
 Antorchas que alumbráron  
 La obscura infernal vía.

Corda

*Upon a Maid that died the day she was married.*

That morn' which saw me made a bride  
 That evening witness that I dy'd.  
 Those holy lights, wherewith they guide  
 Unto the bed the bashful bride,

Served but as tapers for to burne  
And light my reliques to their urne.

The Epitaph, which here you see,  
Supply'd the Epithalamie.

Herriek

The cruel fates to Clearista gave,  
Alas! no husband,—but a wedded grave!  
Erewhile, at eve there reigned the bridal hour,  
And lute and jocund din assailed her bower:  
The dawn brings shrieks! that hymeneal song  
Is hushed: sad strains the dirge of woe prolong.  
The selfsame torch that lit the nuptial dome,  
Shews the drear passage to her last long home.

G B

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CVII.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ.

Φεύγειν δὴ τὸν Ἔρωτα κενὸς πόνος· οὐ γὰρ ἀλύξω,  
Πεῖδος ὑπὸ πτηνοῦ πυκνὰ διωκόμενος.

ARCHIÆ.

A Veneris puero nulla est fuga. Quo miser ibo,  
Perpetuo peditem cum premat ales Amor?

Grotius

Quid fugis, ah! demens? Vanus labor est fuga Amoris,  
Effugere alatum non potes ipse pedes.

Th. Farnaby.

A che giova da Amor fuggir, mortali?  
Voi a piedi fuggir da lui che ha l'ali?

W.

Que veut dire, Catin, cette fuite frivole?  
Crois-tu qu'Amour ne te puisse attraper?  
Tu vas à pied, et ce Dieu vole;  
Penses-tu pouvoir échapper?

Jean Doublet.

Of shunning Love 'tis vain to talk,  
When he can fly and I but walk.

Fawkes

## CVIII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς Ἀστήρ ἐμός. εἶθε γενοίμην  
Οὐρανός, ὥς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σέ βλέπω.

PLATONIS.

Astra vides, utinam fiam, meus Aster, Olympus ;  
Ut multis sic te luminibus videam.

Aquinas.

Stella meus, stellas dum suspicis ipse utinam sim  
Cœlum, oculis ut te pluribus aspiciam.

M. de la Harpe.

Stella mea, observans stellas, Dii me æthera faxint  
Multis ut te oculis sim potis aspicere.

Sant. J. L. de la Harpe.

Mentre, mia stella, miri  
I bei celesti giri,  
Il ciclo esser vorrei,  
Perchè negli occhi miei

Fiso tu rivolgessi  
Le tue dolci pupille,  
Io vagheggiar potessi  
Mille bellezze tue con luci mille.

Torquato Tasso

Dein Blick weist an den Sternen, mein Aſter ; o daß ich der ganze  
Uranos wäre, mit viel Augen den Liebſting zu ſchaun.

Erichson.

*The Lover to his Ladie that gazed much up to the skies.*

My girle, thou gazest much  
Upon the golden skies :  
Would I were heauen, I would behold  
Thee then with all mine eies.

Turberville.

“Would I were yon blue field above,”  
(Said Plato, warbling am’rous lays)  
“That with ten thousand eyes of love  
“On thee for ever I might gaze.”

My purer love the wish disclaims,  
For were I, like Tiresias, blind,  
Still should I glow with heavenly flames,  
And gaze with rapture on thy mind.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?  
Oh that I were yon spangled sphere!  
Then every star should be an eye  
To wander o'er thy beauties here.

Dost scan the stars? O would I were those skies,  
To gaze upon thee with their myriad eyes.

CIX.

Η ΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ.

*Μήτε βαθυκτεάνοιο τύχης κουφίζω ροίζω,  
Μήτε σέο γνάμψη φροντὶς ἐλευθερίην,  
Πᾶς γὰρ ὑπ' ἀσταθέεσσι βίος πελεμίζεται αὔραις,  
Τῇ καὶ τῇ θαμινῶς ἀντιμεθελκόμενος.  
Ἢ δ' ἀρετὴ σταθερόν τι καὶ ἄτροπον, ἥς ἐπὶ μούνης  
Κύματα θαρσαλέως ποντοπόρει βιότου.*

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Prospera sors nec te strepitoso turbine tollat,  
Nec mente injiciat sordida cura jugum;  
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,  
Omnesque in partes tracta, retracta fluit.  
Firma manet virtus; virtuti innitere, tutus  
Per fluctus vitæ sic tibi cursus erit.

Sam. Johnson.

Be not elate with Fortune's whirling gale,  
Nor under slavish apprehensions bend.  
Through life, athwart the shifting winds contend,  
And with incessant change its course assail.  
Virtue alone is firm and changeless; she  
Will bear thee o'er life's surges gallantly.

W.



## CX.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Ἡῶοι Μελάνιππον ἐθάπτομεν, ἥελίου δὲ  
 Δυομένου Βασιλῶ κάθανε παρθενικῇ  
 Αὐτοχερί. ζῶειν γάρ, ἀδελφεὸν ἐν πυρὶ θείσα,  
 Οὐκ ἔτλη. δίδυμον δ' οἶκος ἐσεΐδε κακὸν  
 Πατρὸς Ἀριστίπποιο· κατήφησεν δὲ Κυρήνη  
 Πᾶσα, τὸν εὐτεκνον χῆρον ἰδοῦσα δόμον.

CALLIMACHI.

Mane sepultus erat Melanippus, et, occidit ut sol,  
 Virgo suâ Basilo concidit icta manu :  
 Nam non sustinuit fratri superesse cremato ;  
 Atque ita Aristippi bis fuit orba domus.  
 Cum mœrore gravi Cyrene cernit inanes,  
 Qui modo felices prole fuere, lares.

Grotius

Fu Menalippo sul mattin sepolto ;  
 E la sorella sul cader del sole  
 Suo vital nodo ha di sua man disciolto,  
 Chè dopo lui restar le pesa, e duole.  
 Oh quanto il doppio mal che a soffrir ebbe  
 La casa d' Aristippo, a tutti increbbe !

Pagnini

At dawn we look'd on Menalippus dying ;  
 At eve, self-slain, his sister's form was lying.  
 'How shall this loving heart alone live on,'  
 (The maiden cried) 'my Menalippus gone ?'  
 A parent's hope was laid for ever low,  
 And all Cyrene wept the double woe.

J. W. B.

## CXI.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Αἱ Χάριτες τέμενός τι λαβεῖν, ὅπερ οὐχὶ πεσεῖται,  
 Ζητούσαι, ψυχὴν εἶρον Ἀριστοφάνους.

PLATONIS.

Cum sibi mansurum Charitum chorus undique templum  
 Quæreret, invenit pectus Aristophanis.

G. B.

Non perituro tempio  
 Le Grazie aver cercarono,  
 E alfine d' Aristofane  
 Nel petto il ritrovarono.

M

Einen Tempel, der nimmer veralte, suchten der Mänuth  
 Schwestern und fanden ihn — in Aristophanes Geist.

Herder.

The Muses seeking for a shrine  
 Whose glories ne'er should cease,  
 Found, as they stray'd, the soul divine  
 Of Aristophanes.

Merivale.

## CXII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Τῆνος ὅδε Ζήνων Κιτίῳ φίλος, ὅς ποτ' Ὀλυμπον  
 ἔδραμεν, οὐκ Ὀσση Πήλιον ἀνθέμενος,  
 Οὐδὲ τὰ γ' Ἡρακλῆος ἀέθλεε· τὰν δὲ ποτ' ἄστρα  
 Ἄτραπιτὸν μούνας εὔρε σαοφροσύνας.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

*De Zenone Citiensi.*

Hic Citio gratus Zeno est, qui scandit Olympum,  
 Impositum non quod Pelion Ossa tulit,  
 Alcidaë neque per certamina: solus ad astra  
 Repperit ex sanctis moribus ille viam.

Grellius.

Il buon Zenon di Cizio  
 Quest' è, che al cielo ascese  
 Senza ad Ossa impor Pelio,  
 Senza d' Alcide rinnovar le imprese.  
 Alle stelle la via  
 Colla virtù soltanto egli si aprì.

M.

Here lies the Citian Zeno: Heaven he won,  
 But not by Ossa piled on Pelion,  
 Nor as the meed of feats Herculean; nay!  
 He mounted to the stars by Virtue's way.

G. S.

## CXIII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Ἦγρευτής, Ἐπικυδες, ἐν οὔρεσι πάντα λαγῶν  
 Διφᾶ, καὶ πάσης ἵχνια δορκαλίδος,  
 Στίβῃ καὶ νιφετῷ κεχρημένος, ἣν δέ τις εἶπη,  
 Τῇ, τόδε βέβληται θηρίον· οὐκ ἔλαβεν.  
 Χοῦμός ἐρος τοιόσδε· τὰ μὲν φεύγοντα διώκειν  
 Οἶδε, τὰ δ' ἐν μέσσω κείμενα παρπέταται.

CALLIMACHI.

Venator leporem quemvis, Epicydes, in altis  
 Montibus atque omnem persequitur capream,  
 In nive pressa legens vestigia: si quis at illi  
 Dixcrit, en jacet hîc hæc fera, non capiat.  
 Plane talis amor meus est: fugientia captat:  
 In medio cernit quæ sita, transvolitat.

Georgius

Il cacciatore va su pe' monti in traccia  
 Di lepri e damme ove piu neva e ghiaccia.  
 Se a lui dice talun: Prendi la degna  
 Preda c'hai fatta, ei la rifiuta e sdegna:  
 Tale il mio amor ciò che sen fugge apprezza,  
 E ciò ch'è presto a' suoi desir, disprezza.

Pasquini

*The Chase.*

Mark, Epicydes, how the hunter bears  
 His honours in the chace, when timid hares  
 And nobler stags he tracks through frost and snow,  
 O'er mountains echoing to the vales below.  
 Then if some clown halloos: "Here, master, here  
 Lies panting at your feet the stricken deer,"  
 He takes no heed, but starts for newer game.  
 Such is my love, and such his arrow's aim  
 That follows still with speed the flying fair,  
 But deems the yielding slave below his care.

Montale.

The hunter, used to frost and snow,  
 Tracks o'er the mountains every roc  
 And every timid hare :  
 But say to him, " Ho ! there !  
 Look to your stricken game," he takes no heed !  
 My passion, Epicydes, is the same :  
 I chase each flying nymph with eager speed,  
 But pass with disregard the yielding dame.

CXIV

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ.

Δούρας Ἀλεξάνδροιο· λέγει δέ σε γράμματ' ἐκείνων  
 Ἐκ πολέμου θέσθαι σύμβολον Ἀρτέμιδι,  
 Ὅπλον ἀνικήτητο βραχίονος. ᾧ καλὸν ἔγχος,  
 Ὡς πόντος καὶ χθὼν εἶκε κραδαινομένη.  
 Ἰλαθι δούρας ἀταρβές· αἶεί δέ σε πᾶς τις ἀθρήσας  
 Ταρβήσει, μεγάλης μνησάμενος παλάμης.

ANTIPHILI.

Incluta, Pellæus quam dux fortissimus, hasta,  
 Ut fertur, templum vovit ad Artemidos,  
 Indomitæ telum dextræ, quo bella movente,  
 Terra, fretumque tuum cessit in arbitrium ;  
 Sis bona ; nam quanta metuet formidine quisquis  
 Te memor invictæ viderit, hasta, manus !

*Anaxandrus Medicus.*

'Twas Alexander's lance—those letters say—  
 By him to Dian given in victory's day,  
 Th' unconquered arm's own weapon. Glorious spear !  
 Whose quivering erst filled earth and sea with fear.  
 O spare thy terrors ! Whoso looks on thee  
 Must tremble at thy lord's dread memory !

## CXV.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Εἰπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεον μόρον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ  
 ἠγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ' ὅσσ' αἰς ἀμφοτέροι  
 Ἦλιον ἐν λésχη κατεδύσαμεν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν που,  
 Ξεῖν' Ἀλικαρνησεῦ, τετράπαλαι σποδιή·  
 Αἰ δὲ τεαὶ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες, ᾗσιν ὁ πάντων  
 Ἀρπακτὴρ Ἀΐδης οὐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

CALLIMACHI.

Te tristi mihi nuper, Heraclite,  
 Fato succubuisse nunciatum est ;  
 Quo rumore misellus impotentes  
 Fui in lacrimulas statim coactus :  
 Recordabar enim, loquelâ ut olim  
 Dulci consuëramus ambo longos  
 Soles fallere, fabulisque crebris.  
 Verum tu, vetus hospes, O ubinam—  
 Ah dudum—in cineres redacte dudum !  
 Nunc jaces, vetus hospes, urbe Carûm !  
 Tuæ lusciniæ tamen supersunt ;  
 Illis, omnia qui sibi arrogavit,  
 Haud Pluto injiciet manus rapaces.

T. Warton

Cum mihi te, Heraclite, aliquis narrasset ademtum,  
 Lacryma per memores fluxit oborta genas ;  
 Dum repeto, quoties solem sermone morati  
 Condidimus, grata fatus uterque vice.  
 Jampridem tamen, hospitii mihi fœdere quondam  
 Juncte Halicarnasseu, tu cinis ipse jaces ;  
 Usque tuæ vivunt sed ædones ; hisque nec Orcus  
 Omnia prædantes afferet ipse manus.

G. B.

I wept, my Heraclitus, when they told  
 That thou wert dead ; I thought of days of old,  
 How oft, in talk, we sent the sun to rest :  
 Long since hast thou, my Halicarnassian guest,  
 Been dust ; yet live thy nightingales ; on these  
 The all-plundering hand of death shall never seize.

Hay.



They told me, Heraclitus, thou wert dead ;  
 And then I thought, and tears thereon did shed,  
 How oft we two talk'd down the sun : but thou,  
 Halicarnassian guest ! art ashes now.  
 Yet live thy nightingales of song ; on those  
 Forgetfulness her hand shall ne'er impose.

H. Newton Coleridge

## CXVI.

## ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ.

*Εἵαρος ἦνθει μὲν τὸ πρὶν ῥόδα, νῦν δ' ἐνὶ μέσσω  
 Χείματι πορφυρέας ἐσχάσαμεν κάλυκας,  
 Σῇ ἐπιμειδήσαντα γενεθλίῃ ἄσμενα τῇδε  
 Ἵοι, νυμφιδίων ἀσσοτάτῃ λεχέων.  
 Καλλίστης ὀφθῆναι ἐπὶ κροτάφοισι γυναικὸς  
 Δωῖον, ἣ μίμνειν ἡρινὸν ἡέλιον.*

## CRINAGORÆ.

Vere rosæ quondam solitæ florere, rubentes  
 Nunc hyeme in media pandimus ecce sinus.  
 Natalis tua lux nobis lætissima venit  
 Scilicet : et prope nunc ipse Hymenæus adest.  
 Dulce foret solem æstivum zephyrosque manere,  
 Dulcius est frontem sic redimire tuam.

G. S.

To deck the honours of thy natal day,  
 Soon to be follow'd by thy nuptial lay,  
 We roses, wout in early spring to blow,  
 Expand our beauties midst the winter's snow ;  
 More pleased thy lovely tresses to adorn,  
 Than wait the splendours of the summer's morn.

W. Shepherd.

## CXVII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Φῆ ποτε Τίμαρχος, πατρὸς περὶ χεῖρας ἔχοντος,  
 'Ηνίκ' ἀφ' ἡμερτὴν ἔπνεεν ἡλικίαν  
 ὦ Τιμνορίδην, παιδὸς φίλου οὔποτε λήσῃ  
 Οὔτ' ἀρετὴν ποθέων, οὔτε σάοφροσύνην.

SIMONIDIS.

Cum vitam efflaret juvenis Timarchus amœnam,  
 Hæc ait, amplexu colla tenente patre :  
 O Timenoride, castumque bonumque requirens,  
 Non poteris nati non memor esse tui.

G. B.

Timarchus, circled in his sire's embrace,  
 Exclaimed, while breathing out his latest breath :  
 Timenor's son, henceforth in thought retrace  
 The strength and calm of soul I keep in death.

Steindörff.

## CXVIII.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ.

Εὐφημος γλώσση παραμείβεο τὴν λάλον Ἥχώ,  
 Κού λάλον' ἦν τι κλύω, τοῦτ' ἀπαμειβομέναν.  
 Εἰς σέ γάρ ὃν σὺ λέγεις στρέψω λόγον' ἦν δὲ σιωπᾶς,  
 Σιγήσω. τίς ἐμεῦ γλώσσα δικαιότερη ;

ARCHIÆ, VEL PARMENIONIS.

Lingua fave celebraque tuis me vocibus Echo :  
 Garrula sum, nec sum garrula : reddo sonos.  
 Si loqueris, simul ipsa loquor, taceoque tacenti :  
 Vox an mente capi justior ulla potest ?

Græc. Lat.

To Echo, mute or talkative,  
 Address good words, for she can give  
 Retorts to those who dare her :  
 If you provoke me I reply,  
 If you are silent, so am I ;  
 Can any tongue speak fairer ?

W.

## CXIX.

ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΥΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΥ.

Ἦθελες, ὦ Ζήνων, καλὸν ἦθελες, ἄνδρα τύραννον  
 Κτείνας ἐκλύσαι δουλοσύνης Ἑλέαν·  
 Ἄλλ' ἐδάμης· δὴ γάρ σε λαβὼν ὁ τύραννος ἐν ὄλμῳ  
 Κόψε· τί τοῦτο λέγω; σῶμα γάρ, οὐχὶ δὲ σέ.

DIOGENIS LAERTII.

*De Zenone Velensi.*

Servitium Velia depellere cæde tyranni

Propositum fuerat, Zeno, virile tibi.

Victus es, inque pila te contudit ille tyrannus:

Non te, sed corpus dicere debueram.

Grotius.

Zeno, a noble aim was thine, to slay

The tyrant, and to set thy Elea free.

Thee in a mortar did the tyrant bray—

Thee, said I?—No—thy body, but not thee.

G. S.

## CXX.

ΖΗΝΟΔΟΤΟΥ.

Τίς γλύψας τὸν Ἔρωτα παρὰ κρήνησιν ἔθηκεν;  
 Οἴόμενος παύσειν τοῦτο τὸ πυρ ὕδατι.

ZENODOTI.

Vicinum gelido fonti quis finxit Amorem?

Sedatur nullis illius ignis aquis.

Petrus Francius.

Quis sculptum posuit latices ad fontis Amorem?

Restingui hunc ignem posse putavit aqua?

G. F. D. T.

Chi scolpìo già fra queste fonti Amore,

Pensò spegner con l'acque il suo calore?

L. Alamanni.

Wer nur stellte den Sohn Amathustens hier an dem Bach auf?

Groß flammenden Brand löschet das Wasser nicht aus.

Jacobs.

Who sculptured Love beside this fountain?—Fool,

To think with water such a flame to cool.

T. T.

## CXXI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛ.

*Ἡθέοις οὐκ ἔστι τόσος πόνος, ὅππόσος ἡμῖν  
 Ταῖς ἀταλοψύχοις ἔχραε θηλυτέραις.  
 Τοῖς μὲν γὰρ παρέασιν ὁμήλικες, οἷς τὰ μερίμνης  
 Ἄλγεα μυθεῦνται φθέγματι θαρσαλέω,  
 Παίγνιά τ' ἀμφιέπονσι παρήγορα, καὶ κατ' ἀγνιὰς  
 Πλάζονται γραφίδων χρώμασι ρεμβόμενοι·  
 Ἡμῖν δ' οὐδὲ φάος λεύσσειν θέμις, ἀλλὰ μελάθροισι  
 Κρυπτόμεθα, ζοφεραῖς φροντίσι τηκόμεναι.*

AGATHIÆ SCHOLASTICI.

*Cœlibibus non tanta viris mala, quanta puellas,  
 Pectora sint quamvis mollia nostra, gravant.  
 His chorus æqualis juvenum, quibus auxia mentis  
 Proditæ fidenti pondera voce levant.  
 Ludicra sectantur solatia, quæque vagatis  
 Picta per urbanas dant simulacra vias.  
 Ipse nec est nobis sol aspiciendus, at intus  
 Abdimur, et curis tabida corda nigrant.*

G. B.

*Ach wir Arme! Die Junglinge lieben nicht wie wir lieben:  
 Wenn Verlangen sie quält, trösten einander sie sich,  
 Suchen Freunde, vertraun dem Freunde den Kummer der Seele,  
 Suchen Zerstreuung, sehn Auen und Menschen und Kunst;  
 Und wir eingeschlossene, wir Kleinmuthige Seelen,  
 Einsam zehren wir uns liebend und sehndend ins Grab.*

Herder.

*Ah! youths never know the weight of care  
 That delicate-spirited women must bear;  
 For comrades of cheery speech have they,  
 To blandish the woes of thought away:  
 With games they can cheat the hours at home;  
 And whenever abroad in the streets they roam,  
 With the colours of painting they glad themselves.  
 But as for us poor prisoned elves,  
 We are shut out from sunlight, buried in rooms,  
 And fretted away by our fancy's glooms.*

G. C. S.

CXXII.

ΒΑΚΧΥΛΙΔΟΥ.

Εὐδημος τὸν νηὸν ἐπ' ἀγροῦ τόνδ' ἀνέθηκεν  
 Τῷ πάντων ἀνέμων πιστάτῳ Ζεφύρῳ.  
 Εὐξαμένῳ γάρ οἱ ἦλθε βοαθόος, ὅφρα τάχιστα  
 Δικμήσῃ πεπόνων καρπὸν ὑπ' ἄσταχύν.

BACCHYLIDIS.

Accipe, ventorum mitissime, quod tibi fanum  
 In proprio Eudemus surgere jussit agro.  
 Te, Zephyre, extritis præsentem poscit aristis ;  
 Nec mora, quin fruges, dum quatit aura, legit.

W.

Eudemo un piccol tempio  
 In questo verde fondo  
 Innalza al vento Zeffiro  
 D' ogni altro più fecondo ;  
 Perchè accorse sollecito  
 Allor che fu chiamato,  
 E dalle secche foglie  
 Ha il grano suo mondato.

Felici.

Des Worflers Dant

Diese Kapell' im Gefild' erbaute dankbar Eudemos  
 Dem vor jeglichem Wind segnenden Zephyros hier :  
 Denn ihm kam er ein Helfer, dem flehenden, dass er in Eile  
 Worfelte von der gedörrt fliegenden Hülse die Frucht.

Voss.

To Zephyr, kindest wind, that swells the grain,  
 Eudemus consecrates this humble fane ;  
 For that he listened to his vows and bore  
 On his soft wings the rich autumnal store.

Merivale.

To Zephyr, most propitious of all airs,  
 Eudemus on his land erects this fane :  
 Zephyr, kind help, who hastened at his prayers,  
 To winnow from the stalks the ripened grain.

W.



## CXXIII.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Ποῦλὺ Λεωνίδεω κατιδὼν δέμας αὐτοδάϊκτον  
 Ξέρξης, ἐχλαίνου φάρεϊ πορφυρέῳ.  
 Κῆκ νεκύων ἤχησεν ὁ τᾶς Σπάρτας πολὺς ἥρωσ'  
 Οὐ δέχομαι προδόταις μισθὸν ὀφειλόμενον  
 Ἀσπίς ἐμοὶ τύμβου κόσμος μέγας· αἶρε τὰ Περσῶν  
 Χῆξω κεῖς Ἀΐδαν ὡς Λακεδαιμόνιος.

PHILIPPI THESSALON.

Grande Leonideum projectum in littore corpus  
 Xerxes purpureâ veste tegi voluit.  
 At vox e terra est ingens audita: "Recuso  
 Quæ læsam arguerent turpia dona fidem:  
 Nil mihi cum Persis; clypeus sat funus honestat:  
 Ibo etiam ad manes ut Lacedæmonius."

Lord Grenville.

Di Leonida il corpo ornando Serse  
 D' ampia veste reale il ricoperse.  
 Gridò lo spirto allor: Cessin gli onori  
 Dovuti in questa guisa ai traditori.  
 Tomba il mio seudo sia, pompa la spada;  
 Che qual Lacedemonio a Pluto io vada.

L. Alamanni.

Als der große Leonidas nun, ein williges Opfer,  
 Unter den Todten erlag, sah ihn der Persermonarch:  
 Eilig warf er auf ihn den Purpurmantel.—Der Todte  
 Goh sich murrend und sprach: "Steuch und entehre mich nicht  
 Mit dem Lohn, der Verräthern gebührt. Mich ziert bei den Todten  
 Dieser Schild nur; ich geh' wie ein Spartaner hinab."

Herder.

The Spartan's mangled corse when Xerxes spied,  
 He long'd to wrap it in a robe of pride.  
 Then rose from earth that hero's voice in scorn:  
 "Hence with thy gifts, by none but traitors worn!  
 Bury me on my shield, and let me go  
 Down like a Spartan to the realm below."

J. W. B.

## CXXIV.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ.

Μηκέτι τις πτήξειε πόθου βέλος· ἰοδόκην γὰρ  
 Εἰς ἐμὲ λάβρος Ἔρως ἐξεκένωσεν ὅλην.  
 Μὴ πτερύγων τρομέοι τις ἐπήλυσιν· ἐξότε γάρ μοι  
 Λάξ ἐπιβὰς στέρνοις πικρὸν ἔπηξε πόδα,  
 Ἀστεμφής, ἀδόνητος ἐνέζεται, οὐδὲ μετέστη,  
 Εἰς ἐμὲ συζυγίην κειράμενος πτερύγων.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Nemo pharetrati formidet spicula Amoris,  
 Nam cuncta in nostro pectore fixa manent,  
 Nec strepitum alarum timeat; quo tempore victum  
 Me superimpositis pressit ovans pedibus,  
 Ut semel arrepta nunquam de sede volaret,  
 Abscidit pennas improbus ille sibi.

Amorardus Medicus

Nessun paventi più d' Amor gli strali,  
 Chè tutta in me la sua faretra ei spese;  
 Nè il suo più tema avvicinar dell' ali,  
 Chè d' allor quando a calpestartmi prese,  
 Immobile al mio petto il crudo nume  
 Affisse il piede, e si tarpò le piume.

Palmieri

Niemand fürchte die Liebe hinfort und die Pfeile der Sehnsucht;  
 Denn es entleerte auf mich Groß des Köchers Geschoss.  
 Niemand fürchte Besuch des Beflügelten. Seit er mir siegreich  
 Sonder Erbarmen den Fuß stolz auf den Nacken gesetzt,  
 Sieht er mir wanklos stets in dem innersten Herzen und weicht nicht;  
 Ach und der Dittiche Paar hat er sich selber gefürcht.

Jacobs.

Fear no more Love's shafts, for he  
 Hath all his quiver spent on me.  
 Fear not his wings; since on this breast  
 His scornful foot the victor prest,  
 Here sits he fast, and here must stay,  
 For he hath shorn his wings away.

G. S.

## CXXV.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ.

Τὸν θάνατον τι φοβεῖσθε, τὸν ἡσυχίης γενετῆρα,  
 Τὸν παύοντα νόσους καὶ πενίης ὀδύνας ;  
 Μοῦνον ἄπαξ θνητοῖς παραγίγνεται, οὐδέ ποτ' αὐτὸν  
 Εἶδέν τις θνητῶν δεύτερον ἐρχόμενον  
 Αἱ δὲ νόσοι πολλαὶ καὶ ποικίλαι, ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλον  
 Ἐρχόμεναι θνητῶν, καὶ μεταβαλλόμεναι.

ΑΓΑΘΙΑΕ.

Quàm stultum est mortem matrem timuisse quietis,  
 Quæ pellit morbos, pauperiemque fugat,  
 Sola semel miseris quæ se mortalibus offert,  
 Nec quisquam est ad quem mors iterata venit !  
 At reliqui morbi varii multique vicissim  
 Nunc hunc, nunc illum terque quaterque premunt.

T Morus.

A che in orrore  
 La morte avete,  
 Che sola genera  
 Dolce quiete,  
 Sana l' indomita  
 Infermità,  
 Caccia la sordida  
 Mendicizia ?  
 Viene una volta,

Nè torna mai  
 Come le febbri  
 E gli altri guai,  
 Che innumerabili  
 Cangiano tempre,  
 Partono, e riedono,  
 E varii sempre  
 Strazian la misera  
 Umanità.

F. Mori.

Warum fürchtet ihr denn der Ruhe, Vater, den sanften  
 Tod, der Leiden und Müß', Schmerzen und Jammer euch stillt ?  
 Ein Wahl kommet er nur den Sterblichen ; keiner derselben  
 Konnte klagen, daß Er mehr ihn als ein Wahl gesehen.  
 Aber Leiden und Schmerz und Lebensmüße ; wie viel ist  
 Derer, und täglich mehr, täglich in neuer Gestalt.

Herder.

*That Death is not so much to be feared as daylie diseases are.*

What? yst not follie for to dread and stand of Death in feare,  
 That mother is of quiet reast, and griefs away doth weare?  
 That brings release to want of wealth, and poore oppressed wights?  
 He comes but once to mortall men, but once for all he smites.

Was never none that twice hath fealt of cruell Death the knife :  
 But other griefes and pining paines doe linger on the life,  
 And oftentimes one selfe same corse with furious fits molest,  
 When Death by one dispatcht of life doth bring the soule to rest.

[ 141 P. 12 ]

Why shrink from Death, the parent of repose,  
 The cure of sickness and all human woes ?  
 As through the tribes of men he speeds his way,  
 Once, and but once, his visit he will pay ;  
 Whilst pale diseases, harbingers of pain,  
 Close on each other crowd—an endless train.

W. Shepherd.

## CXXVI.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Τοῦτό τοι ἡμετέρης μνημήϊον, ἐσθλὲ Σαβίνε,  
 Ἴλ' λίθος ἢ μικρὴ τῆς μεγάλης φιλίης.  
 Αἰεὶ ζητήσω σε· σὺ δ', εἰ θέμις, ἐν φθιμένοιισι  
 Τοῦ Αἴθης ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μή τι πίνης ὕδατος.

INCERTI.

Parvulus iste lapis monumentum, care Sabine,  
 Ingentis nostræ monstrat amicitiae.  
 Semper te quæram ; modò, si licet, inter humatos,  
 Me propter, Lethes pocula nulla bibas.

Obsopæus.

Bunt der Freundschaft.

Unserer Freundschaft, Orest, der grossen ewigen Freundschaft  
 Kleines Denkmahl sey dieser erinnernde Stein.  
 Immer will ich dich suchen ; und du auch unter den Todten,  
 Trinke ja über mich nie den Lethäischen Trank.

Herder.

This stone, beloved Sabinus, on thy grave  
 Memorial small of our great love shall be.  
 I still shall seek thee lost ; from Lethe's wave  
 Oh ! drink not thou forgetfulness—of me.

G. S

## CXXVII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Ἡ γραφὶς ἀργυρὴ μέν, ὅτ' ἐκ πυρὸς ἦλθον, ἐτύχθην  
 Σαῖσι δὲ καὶ χρυσή γίνομαι ἐν παλάμαις.  
 Ὡδέ σοι, ὦ χαρίεσσα Λεόντιον, εὖ μὲν Ἀθήνη  
 Τέχνης, εὖ δ' εἶδους ἄκρα δέδωκε Κύπρις.

INCERTI.

Exieram nuper flammis argentea, sed nunc  
 Sum graphis in digitis aurea facta tuis.  
 Quippe decus supra decus omne Leontion uni  
 Dat Venus in forma, Pallas in arte tibi.

G. F. D. T.

*Lo stilo di Dafne studiosa.*

Io che dapprima fui stilo d' argento,  
 Dafne, nelle tue man d' oro divento ;  
 Cui quanta Citerea beltà comparte,  
 Tanto Palla ti dona ingegno, ed arte.

F. G. D. T.

Der Griffel.

Schöne Leontium, nimm, nimm an den silbernen Griffel,  
 Deiner zeichnenden Hand wird er ein goldener seyn ;  
 Denn dir gaben die Götter, was sie so wenigen gaben,  
 Cypriß die schönste Gestalt, Pallas die weiseste Kunst.

H. G. D. T.

A silver style the maker fashion'd me,  
 But golden I become when held by thee,  
 Leontium, to whom such skilfulness  
 Minerva gives, Venus such loveliness.

G. F. D. T.

## CXXVIII.

Α Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Λ Ι Ο Υ.

Ψευδὲς ἔσοπτρον ἔχει Δημοσθενίς· εἰ γὰρ ἀληθὲς  
 ἴβλεπεν, οὐκ ἂν ὅλως ἠθελεν αὐτὸ βλέπειν.

LUCILLII.

Mendaci speculo Demosthenis utitur; at si  
 Inspiceret verum, nunquam iterum inspiceret.

G. F. D. T.

Mentitur speculum, Demostheni; sit modò verax  
 Jamjam non unquam consuluisset voles.

G. F. D. T.

Demostenide ha specchio ch' è bugiardo :  
S' ella il ver vi scorgesse,  
Per certo mai non volgeriavi il guardo.

M.

*A Perrette.*

Tu as, Perrette, un faux miroer :  
Car si de ton miroer la glace  
Représentoit au vray ta face,  
Tu ne voudrois jamais t' y voir.

Pan.

Nein, Kleopatra, nein! Dein Spiegel, glaube mir, trieget;  
Sähest du dich, wie du bist; sähest du nimmer hinein.

Herber.

Falsch ist sicher des Spiegels Metall. Den zeigt' er die Wahrheit,  
Würde Demosthenis sich nimmer darinne beschaun.

Jacob.

How falsely does Dorinda's glass  
Reflect her face whene'er she views it!  
If it told truth, I think the lass  
Would seldom have a wish to use it.

Ph. Smyth.

Though to your face that mirror lies,  
'Tis just the glass for you,  
Demosthenis; you'd shut your eyes,  
If it reflected true.

W.

CXXIX.

A Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἀριάδνης.

Ἐεῖνοι, λαϊνέας μὴ ψάετε τᾶς Ἀριάδνης,  
Μὴ καὶ ἀναθρώσκῃ Θησέα διζομένη.

INCERTI.

Saxea sit quamvis, Ariadnen tangere noli,  
Thesea ne properans quaerere prosiliat.

Grotius.

Wanderer, ruhre mir nicht an die steinerne Tochter des Minos!  
Dass sie nicht schnell sich erhebt und den Geliebten verfolgt.

Jacob.

Touch not this marble Ariadne. See,  
She starts! To Theseus' arms she longs to flee!

W.



## CXXX.

A M M I A N O Y.

Εἴη σοι κατὰ γῆς κούφη κόνις, οἴκτρ' Ἰνέαρχε,  
 "Ὅφρα σε ῥηϊδίως ἐξερύσωσι κύνες.

A M M I A N I.

Sit levis, infelix, tandem tibi terra, Nearchus;  
 Promptius effodiant ut tua membra canes.

Grotius.

Lieve la polve sia sulla tua fossa,  
 O sciaurato Nearco, acciò dai cani  
 Più facilmente fuor trarti si possa.

Pompei.

Sanft bedecke der Staub dein Gebein, du armer Nearchos!  
 Deßto leichter, mein Freund, wühlen die Hunde dich aus.

Voss.

Light lie the earth, Nearchus, on thy clay,  
 That so the dogs may easier find their prey.

Merivale

## CXXXI.

Φ Ι Λ Ο Δ Η Μ Ο Υ.

Ψαλµὸς καὶ λαλιὴ καὶ κωτίλον ὄμμα, καὶ ῥῶδῃ  
 Ξανθίππης, καὶ πῦρ, ἄρτι καταρχόμενον,  
 ὦ ψυχῇ, φλέξει σε· τὸ δ' ἐκ τίνος, ἢ πότε, καὶ πῶς,  
 Οὐκ οἶδα· γνώση, δύσμορε, τυφομένη.

PHILODEMI.

Et lyra Xanthippes et vox, oculique protervi,  
 Quique recens cœpto gliscit ab igne calor,  
 Te, mi anime, incendent; quando, quo more, vel unde,  
 Nescio; cognosces, cum, miser, ustus eris.

G. B.

"Ach ihr süßer Gesang! und ihre bezaubernde Sprache,  
 Und ihr glänzender Blick!" Armes, betragenes Herz,  
 Du fängst Feuer? "Von wem? ich weiß nichts!" Wirst du es wissen,  
 Wenn, unglückliches Kind, einst dich die Flamme verzehret?

Herder.

The strains that flow from young Aminta's lyre,  
Her tongue's soft voice, and melting eloquence,  
Her sparkling eyes that glow with fond desire,  
Her warbling notes, that chain the admiring sense,  
Subdue my soul: I know not how nor whence;  
Too soon it will be known when all my soul's on fire.

Memnon

Xanthippe's lyre and voice, her eye,  
That luring eye! this kindling glow,  
Will burn thee, soul! whence, when, or why,  
I know not; thou in flames wilt know.

G B

CXXXII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ.

Ἀυτοθέλης καρποὺς ἀποτέμνομαι, ἀλλὰ πεπείρους  
Πάντοτε· μὴ σκληροῖς τύπτε με χερμαδίοις.  
Μηνίσει καὶ Βάκχος ἐνυβρίζοντι τὰ κείνου  
Ἔργα· Λυκούργειος μὴ λαθέτω σε τύχη.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Sponte mea soleo dare, cum maturuit, uvam,  
Quid miseram saxis turba proterva petis?  
Ultorem Bromium nescis, et fata Lyeurgi?  
Contemni graviter fert sua dona Deus.

Grotius.

Willig entlad' ich mich selber der Frucht; doch wenn sie gereift ist.  
Also verlege mich nicht, Wandrer, mit scharfen Gestein.  
Bacchos folget dem freuelnden Mann, der seine Geschenke  
Höhnnet, mit rächendem Zorn. Denke der Straße Lysurg's.

Jacobs

I grant my fruit with right good-will  
So soon as it be ripe for using;  
So prithee do not treat me ill,  
With horrid stones my branches bruising.  
I tell thee, Bacchus still is strong  
To punish those who do him wrong;  
Lyeurgus once indulged a whim—  
Bethink thee what became of him.

G. C. S.

## CXXXIII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

- A.* Ὅρνι, Διὸς Κρονίδαο διάκτορε, τεῦ χάριν ἔστας  
 Γοργὸς ὑπὲρ μεγάλου τύμβον Ἀριστομένους ;  
*B.* Ἀγγέλλω μερόπεσσιν ὁθοῦνεκεν ὅσσον ἄριστος  
 Οἰωνῶν γενόμεν, τόσσον ὃδ' ἡϊθέων.  
*Δειλαί* τοι δειλοῖσιν ἐφεδρήσουσι πέλειαι  
 Ἄμμες δ' ἀτρέστοις ἀνδράσι τερπόμεθα.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Nuncia fida Jovis, cur sic stas lumine torvo  
 In tumulo magni semper Aristomenis?  
 Mortali ut dicam generi, quod, ut ipsa voluerum  
 Sum princeps, juvenum sic fuit ille decus.  
 In timidi timidæ monumento state columbæ :  
 Nos juvat intrepidus semper adesse viris.

Dan. Heinsius.

Nuncia fida Jovis, dic, cur sic vivida servas,  
 O avis, extincti corpus Aristomenis?  
 Nuncio, quod tantum hic juvenes supereminet omnes,  
 Quantum avium pennis optima dicar ego.  
 Assideant timidæ timidorum ad busta columbæ ;  
 Inter magnanimos me decet esse viros.

A. Gerardus M. licet.

Messaggiero di Giove, Augel, che l' ali  
 Stendi sì minaccioso,  
 Che fai sull' urna u' Aristomene è ascoso ?  
 Narro a tutti i mortali,  
 Che tanto i pari suoi vinse in valore,  
 Quanto son' io d' ogni altro augel maggiore.  
 Del vil presso alla tomba  
 Stia l' imbelle colomba ;  
 A me, di generose opre capace,  
 Coll' alme grandi conversar sol piace.

A. Gerardo de' Medici.

Fr. Dienender Vöte des Zeus, sprich, trefflicher Adler, weshalb du  
 Hier Aristomenes Grab trotzigen Blickes bewachst?  
 A. Euch zu verkündigen, daß, wie ich selbst von den Vögeln der beste,  
 So von der Jünglingen er immer der edelste war.  
 Möge die Taube, das feige Geschlecht, bey dem Feiglinge sitzen!  
 Mir schafft Freude der Mann, welcher im Kampfe nicht zagt.

Jac. G.

Herald of Jove, why in stern majesty  
 Here dost thou sit?—That all the earth may see,  
 As I of birds the monarch am, so erst  
 Was Aristomenes of youths the first.  
 Let coward doves perch on the coward's grave,  
 But the brave eagle ever loves the brave.

G. S.

CXXXIV.

Π Ο Λ Λ Ι Α Ν Ο Υ .

*Εἰς τὴν καὶ ἐν Μούσῃσιν Ἑρινύες, αἵ σε ποιοῦσιν  
 Ποιητὴν, ἀνθ' ὧν πολλὰ γράφεις ἀκρίτως.  
 Τοῖνυν, σοῦ δεόμαι, γράφε πλείονα· μείζονα γάρ σοι  
 Εὖξασθαι ταύτης οὐ δύναμαι μανίαν.*

POLLIANI.

Sunt inter Musas Furiae quoque et inde poeta es :  
 Nam tua judicio carmina cuncta vacant.  
 Plurima, te quaeso, scribas : vesania mentis  
 Optari major nam tibi nulla potest.

Grotius

An einen Versmacher.

Unter den Musen auch sind Strafgöttinnen, die dich begeistern.  
 Schreib ! Nicht ärgere Muth kann ich dir wünschen ! O Schreib !

Voss

Some Furies sure possess'd the Nine, what time  
 They dubb'd thee poet, with thy trashy rhyme.  
 Scribble away ! If madness be a curse,  
 What greater can I wish thee than thy verse ?

W.

## CXXXV.

ΚΑΠΙΤΩΝΟΣ.

Κάλλος ἄνευ χάριτων τέρπει μόνον, οὐ κατέχει δέ,  
Ὡς ἄτερ ἀγκίστρου νηχόμενον δέλεαρ.

CAPITONIS.

Forma animos hominum capit, at si gratia desit,  
Non tenet: esca natat pulchra, sed hamus abest.

Sam. Johnson.

Beltà che non ha grazia in compagnia,  
Diletta solo, e non rattien, siccome  
Esca notante che senz' amo sia.

P. m. p.

Beauté de grâces dépourvue,  
Peut bien plaire en charmant la vue ;  
Mais c' est l' appât sans hameçon,  
Qui n' arrête pas le poisson.

Poem. Saint-Simon.

Schönheit ohne den Reiz bringt Freude wol, aber nie hält nicht ;  
Wie von dem Angel getrennt schwimmender Köder nicht hält.

Jacobs.

Beauty without the graces may impart  
Charms that will please, not captivate the heart ;  
As splendid baits without the bearded hook  
Invite, not catch, the tenants of the brook.

Fawkes.

Graces must hold, though beauty first may gain :  
Without the hook, the bait but floats in vain.

Sayers.

Beauty without the graces is a bait  
Without its hook ; and fails to captivate.

W.

## CXXXVI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Τῶν αὐτοῦ τις ἕκαστος ἀπολλυμένων ἀνιάται  
Νικόδικον δὲ φίλοι καὶ πόλις ἦδε ποθεῖ.

SIMONIDIS.

Quisque suum plorat quem fato perdit: amici,  
Tota simul plorat patria Nicodicum.

Grotius.

Unter den Todten beweint ein jeder die Seinen ; um dich weint  
Nicon, die Stadt und das Land ; aber die Freunde noch mehr.

Herder

We each lament the loved ones nearest us ;  
But friends and city mourn Nicodiceus.

Sterling

CXXXVII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Ἐκ πυρὸς Ἰλιακοῦ δοράτων μέσον ἤρπασεν ἥρως  
Αἰνείας, ὅσιον παιδὶ βάρος, πατέρα.  
Ἔκλαγε δ' Ἀργείοις μὴ ψάυετε. μικρὸν ἐς ἄρη  
Κέρδος ὁ γηραλέος, τῷ δὲ φέρωντι μέγα.

INCERTI.

Dum Phrygio Æneas per densos eripit enses  
Igne patrem, ad Danaos hæc abiturus ait :  
Parcite, victores, oneri huic ; quam parva sit hosti,  
Quem gero, præda, mihi, qui fero, grande lucrum !

H. Plumptre

Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros  
Per Trojæ flammæ, densaque tela, patrem ;  
Clamat et Argivis : Vetuli, ne tangite, vita  
Exiguum est Marti, sed mihi grande lucrum.

Sam Johnson

Enea l' eroe, dal fuoco d' Ilio fuore  
Per mezzo all' aste de' nemici trasse,  
Santo peso ad un figlio, il genitore ;  
E altamente gridava ai Greci volto :  
No, non ferite. Questo vecchio a Marte  
Poco, e a chi'l porta ben è lucro molto.

Pompeii

Als aus Iliens Brande der Held Aeneas den alten  
Vater errettend trug, sich eine heilige Last ;  
Rief er den Griechen : " schont ! Dem Kriegesgott ist der Greis hier,  
Schlechte Beute ; dem Sohn ist er das reichste Geschenk.

Herder

Midst flames of Troy, and many a hostile spear  
Æneas bore, a burden oh ! how dear,  
His father : " Hurt him not, ye Greeks," he cries :  
" Mars scorns an old man, though my dearest prize."

T. F



## CXXXVIII.

M N A Σ A Λ K O Y.

Σοὶ μὲν παμπύλα τύξα καὶ ἰοχέαιρα φaréτρα,  
 Δῶρα παρὰ Προμάχου, Φοῖβε, τάδε κρέματα·  
 Ἴοὺς δὲ πτερόεντας ἀνὰ κλόνον ἄνδρες ἔχουσιν  
 Ἐν καρδίαις, ὅλοα ξείνια δυσμενέων.

MNASALCÆ.

Emeritos arcus Promachus, vacuumque pharetram,  
 Hæc pia suspendit munera, Phœbe, tibi.  
 Hostibus at volucres hærent in corde sagittæ,  
 Sparsa per instantem noxia dona globum.

C. B.

Gli archi e'l turcasso insieme, o Febo, in dono  
 Da Promaco a te quì sospesi sono ;  
 Gli strali no : funesto ed inaccetto  
 Dono a' nemici, e' stanno lor nel petto.

II.

Diesen geschwungenen Bogen, Apoll, und den Rücher der Pfeile  
 Hängest, ein frommes Geschenk, Promachos weihend dir auf.  
 Aber der Pfeile Geschoss, der beflügelten, nahmen die Feinde,  
 Schreckliche Gaben der Schlacht, tief in dem Herzen davon.

Jacobs.

Phœbus ! to thee this curved bow and empty-sounding quiver  
 Are offer'd at thy sacred shrine by Promachus, the giver.  
 But ah ! the shafts that us'd within that painted case to rattle,  
 Now in the foemen's hearts are sheath'd, whom he hath slain in battle.

Ménivale.

## CXXXIX.

A Δ H Δ O N.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἑρμοῦ.

ᾧ λῶσθε, μὴ νόμιζε τῶν πολλῶν ἓνα  
 Ἑρμῶν θεωρεῖν. εἰμὶ γὰρ τέχνα Σκόπα.

INCERTI.

Ne me intuens, amice, Mercurium puta,  
 De plebe. Docta me Scopæ fecit manus.

G1. 11113

## Das Bild des Hermes.

Wähne nicht, o Guter! ein Hermesbild von den vielen  
Hier zu schaun; denn mich stellte Scopas hieher.

Voss.

Think not that 'tis some common Mercury,  
No, my good friend, 'tis Scopas' work you see.

W.

## CXL.

## Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Τίπτε μάτην γοόοντες ἐμῷ παραμύμνετε τύμβῳ;  
Οὐδὲν ἔχω θρήνων ἄξιον ἐν φθιμένοις.  
Δῆγε γόων, καὶ παῦε, πόσις, καὶ παῖδες ἐμείλο  
Χαίρετε, καὶ μνήμην σώζετ' Ἀμαζονίης.

## INCERTI.

Quid juvat incassum flentes adstare sepulcro?  
Non apud infernos sors miseranda mea est.  
Siste tuos, conjux, fletus, et vos mea proles,  
Salvete, o, memores semper Amazoniæ!

G. F. D. T.

Perchè voi tutti da cordoglio vinti  
Intorno alla mia tomba invan plorate?  
Nulla degno di pianto ho tra gli estinti.  
Deh, sposo e figli, il lagrimar cessate,  
E memore sol viva a voi nel petto  
Per la vostra Amazonia un grato affetto!

Pagnini.

Warum weinet ihr so, an meinem Grabe verweilend?  
Nichts, das Thränen verdient, fand ich, dem Leben entrückt.  
Weine nicht mehr, mein tranter Gemahl; ihr Kinderchen, gehet  
Fröhlich heim, und bleibt eurer Anymone gut.

Voss.

In unavailing sorrow why linger by my grave?  
Number'd among departed souls no cause of grief I have.  
Then dry those tears, and weep no more, husband and children dear:  
Farewell, and oh! remember Amazonia many a year.

W.

## CXLI.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ .

Εἴη ποντοπόρῳ πλόος οὔριος· ἦν δ' ἄρ' ἀήτης,  
 Ὡς ἐμέ, τοῖς Ἀἰδεῶ προσπελάσῃ λιμέσιν,  
 Μεμφέσθω μὴ λαῖτμα κακόξενον, ἀλλ' ἔο τόλμαν,  
 Ὅστις ἀφ' ἡμετέρου πείσματ' ἔλυσε τάφον.

LEONIDÆ.

Sit felix utinam cursus tibi, navita! Portus  
 Si tamen in Stygios te quoque ventus agat,  
 Non maria infida, at tua te dementia perdit,  
 Ausus es e tumulto qui dare vela meo.

G. S.

Werde dir glückliche Fahrt, o Schiffender! Aber entführt dich  
 Stürm der Sturm, wie mich, zu dem Lethäischen Port,  
 Dann schilt nimmer das Meer, das unwirthliche, sondern die eigne  
 Kühnheit, daß du das Tau hier von dem Grabe gelöst.

Jacobs.

Good voyage, mariner! But should the gale  
 (My fate) to Death's dark harbour drive thy sail,  
 Curse thine own rashness, not the treacherous wave,  
 Thou that hast dared cut cable from my grave.

G. S.

## CXLII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν, οἱ δὲ Π Α Α Λ Α Δ Α.

Ἡ φύσις ἐξεῦρεν, φίλης θεσµοὺς ἀγαπῶσα  
 Τῶν ἀποδημούντων ὄργανα συντυχίης,  
 Τὸν κάλαμον, χάρτην, τὸ μέλαν, τὰ χαράγματα χειρός,  
 Σύμβολα τῆς ψυχῆς τηλόθεν ἀχρυνμένης.

INCERTI.

Absentes inter reperit commercia, leges  
 Dum natura sacras curat amicitiae.  
 Nam calamos, chartas, atramentumque notasque  
 Eminus hæc animi signa dolentis habes.

Gretius

La natura che suol dell' amistade  
 Le leggi amar, trovò modi ond' insieme  
 Conversin que' che in varie son contrade;

Penna, carta ed inchiostro, e della mano  
 Le impresse note, simboli di afflitto  
 Cor che addolora dello star lontano.

P. 2. 1. p. 1

## Die Schrift.

Nach getrennete Freunde mit süßen Bänden zu knüpfen,  
 Fand die gute Natur uns eine Sprache, die Schrift.  
 Sie führt Seelen zusammen, die fern an einander gedenken,  
 Führt den Seufzer herbey, der in den Lüften verhallt.

Herder.

Ingenious Nature's zeal for Friendship's laws  
 A means for distant friends to meet could find ;  
 Lines which the hand with ink on paper draws,  
 Betok'ning from afar the anxious mind.

W

## CXLIH.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ.

Eis Θειοδότης εικόνα.

Αὐτὴν Θειοδότην ὁ ζωγράφος αἶθε δὲ τέχνης  
 Ἦμβροτε, καὶ λήθην δῶκεν ὀδυρομένοις.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Ipsam Thermodoten pictor dedit, ars ego mallem  
 Errasset : luctus vivit ab arte recens.

Grotius.

Ben il pittor, quale appunt' era, espresse  
 Teodote. Oh fallita ei l' arte, e tolto  
 Il rammentarla a chi la piange avesse !

Pompei.

Das Bild der Geliebten.

Meine Theiodote ; sie ist es lebend. O Malher,  
 Gätt'st du gesehlet ! Ihr Bild täuscht mich nun immer mit Schmerz.

Herder.

Painter, this likeness is too strong,  
 And we shall mourn the dead too long.

W. Cowper.

Thy likeness breathes : would it were missed ! that so,  
 Theiodote, we might forget our woe.

W.

Dear shade ! The painter makes thee live again :  
 Would he had failed, nor thus recalled our pain !

W.

## CXLIV.

Π Α Λ Λ Α Δ Α.

Εἰς Ἑρωτα γυμνόν.

*Γυμνὸς Ἑρως, διὰ τοῦτο γελᾷ καὶ μείλιχός ἐστιν·**Οὐ γὰρ ἔχει τόξον, καὶ πυρόεντα βέλη.**Οὐδὲ μάτην παλάμαις κατέχει δελφῖνα καὶ ἄνθος·**Τῇ μὲν γὰρ γαῖαν, τῇ δὲ θάλασσαν ἔχει.*

P A L L A D Æ.

*Nudus Amor, quæris placido cur rideat ore?**Quod neque nunc arcus nec sua tela gerit.**Altera cur piscem teneat manus, altera florem?**Scilicet hæc terris imperat, illa mari.*

G. S.

*L' arco non ha, non ha lo strale ardente,**Nudo è Amor, perciò placido e ridente;**Ma il delfino ed il fior non porta in vano:**La terra ha in una, e'l mar nell' altra mano.*

Pasquale Carcani.

*Waffenentbloßt schaut milde der Gott und lächelt so freundlich,**Weil ihm der flammende Pfeil, weil ihm der Bogen gebricht.**Doch nicht trägt in den Händen umsonst er Blumen und Delfhin;**Hält er mit dieser das Land, hält er mit jener das Meer.*

Jacobs.

*On a Cupid disarmed.**Stript of his fiery darts and fatal bow,**See Cupid smiles; how mild the urchin's brow!**In either hand he holds a fish and flower,**O'er sea and earth just emblems of his power.*

Ph. Smyth

## CXLV.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

*Τὸ ρόδον ἀκμάζει βαιὸν χρόνον· ἦν δὲ παρέλθῃ,**Ζητῶν εὐρήσεις οὐ ρόδον, ἀλλὰ βάτον.*

I N C E R T I.

*Exiguo floret rosa tempore: prætereat ver,**Illæ, tibi fuerat quæ rosa, sentis erit.*

Grotius.

Vidi in piaggia diletta  
Rugiadosa  
Fresca rosa matutina :

Su la sera ritornai,  
E trovai  
Non la rosa, ma la spina.

Fiori

Wenige Tage, so stirbt die Rose. Vorübergegangen  
Ist sie; du suchst nun Rosen, und findest den Dorn.

Hörder

Wenige Zeit nur blühen die Rosen uns; wann sie verschwunden,  
Triffst du die Rosen nicht mehr, sondern die Dornen allein.

Hörder

Short is the rose's bloom; another morn  
No rose is there, you find instead a thorn.

Hörder

## CXLVI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

"Ασβεστον κλέος οἶδε φίλη περὶ πατρίδι θέντες  
Κυάνεον θανάτου ἀμφεβάλλοντο νέφος·  
Οὐδὲ τεθνᾶσι θανόντες, ἐπεὶ σφ' ἀρετὴ καθύπερθε  
Κυδαίνους' ἀνάγει δώματος ἐξ Ἀΐδεω.

SIMONIDIS.

Quos tegit hic tellus, patriæ immortale dederunt,  
Ante umbras lethi quam subiere, decus.  
Nec toti perire; illos namque incluta virtus  
Rursus ab infernâ scit revocare domo.

G. S.

Nimmer verlöschenden Ruhm engündeten diese der theuern  
Heimath; aber sie selbst hüllte des Todes Gewölk.  
Doch auch sind sie getödtet nicht tod; sie erhob auf der Siegruhms  
Flügeln aus Hades Nacht preissend die Tugend empor.

Jacobs

*On those who fell with Leonidas.*

These won for Sparta fame through endless days,  
When death's dark cloud upon themselves they drew,  
But dying died not; for their valour's praise  
From Hades' dwelling leads them up anew.

Jacobs



## CXLVII.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Α Τ Ο Υ Τ Α Ρ Α Ν Τ Ι Ν Ο Υ .

Εὐθυμος ὦν ἔρεσσε τὴν ἐπ' ᾿Αἶδος  
 ᾿Αταρπὸν ἔρπων· οὐ γάρ ἐστι δύσβατος,  
 Οὐδὲ σκαληνός, οὐδ' ἀνάπλεως πλάνης,  
 ᾿Ιθεῖα δ' ἦ μάλιστα, καὶ κατακλινῆς  
 ᾿Απασα, κῆκ μεμυκότων ὁδεύεται.

LEONIDÆ.

Ad inferos quæ ducit, impiger viam  
 Fidensque carpe: non enim ascensu gravis,  
 Anfractibusque curva, plena erroribus;  
 Sed præter omnes recta tota, pronaque,  
 Ipsisque vel terenda conniventibus.

G. B.

Getroften Muthes wandle nur, o Sterblicher,  
 Den Pfad des Hades; denn er ist zu gehn nicht schwer,  
 Und sonder Krümmung; keine Irren drohn darauf;  
 Gerad vielmehr, wie einer, und hinabgesenkt,  
 So daß du leicht ihn mit verschlossnen Augen gehst.

Jacobs.

With courage seek the kingdom of the dead;  
 The path before you lies:  
 It is not hard to find, nor tread;  
 No rocks to climb, no lanes to thread,  
 But broad and straight, and even still,  
 And ever gently slopes downhill:  
 You cannot miss it, though you shut your eyes.

C. Morivalo.

## CXLVIII.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Α .

Εἰκόνα Μηνოდότου γράψας Διόδωρος, ἔθηκεν  
 Πλὴν τοῦ Μηνოდότου πᾶσιν ὁμοιοτάτην.

LEONIDÆ.

Hæc tua quam nuper pinxit Diodorus imago,  
 Cujusvis magis est, quàm tua, Menodote.

Th. Morus

Pingere Menodotum voluit Diodorus: at illa  
Omnes, Menodotum præter, imago refert.

Grotius

Pinse Alcon di Menodoto il sembiante  
Più che ad esso a tutt' altri somigliante.

Luénini

Hierher stellte Menodotos Bild Diodoros der Maler,  
Beglichem gleichet das Bild, nur dem Menodotos nicht.

Jacobson.

Auf den Maler Klecks

Mich malte Simon Klecks so treu, so meisterlich,  
Dass aller Welt, so gut als mir, das Bildniß glich.

Lessing.

When Diodorus sketch'd your phiz,  
Menodotus, 'tis true  
A likeness was produced, for 'tis  
Like ev'ry one—but you.

W.

# CXLIX.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Οὐνομα μεν Σαπφώ· τόσσον δ' ὑπερέσχον ἀοιδὰν  
Θηλειᾶν, ἀνδρῶν ὅσσον ὁ Μαιονίδας.

ANTIPATRI.

Sappho nomen erat: tantum muliebria vici  
Carmina, tu quantum vincis, Homere, viros.

Grotius.

Fœmineos cantus superavi mascula Sappho,  
Quantum hominum vicit carmina Mæonides.

A. M. Salvinius.

Sappho ist mein Name: ich habe die Weiber besieget  
Mit Gesänge, wie euch Männer Homerus besiegt.

Herder.

Sappho ward ich genannt; ich besiegte die Lieder der Frauen  
Weibhin, so wie Homer männliche Lieder besiegt.

Jacobs

Sappho my name. When Homer's song divine  
Man hath surpass'd, may maiden rival mine.

R. C. C.

## CL.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἱππώνακτα.

ᾠ ξεῖνε, φεύγε τὸν χαλαζεπῇ τάφον,  
 Τὸν φρικτόν, Ἱππώνακτος, οὐ τε χά τέφρα  
 Ἰαμβιάζει Βουπάλειον ἐς στύγος,  
 Μή πως ἐγείρης σφῆκα τὸν κοιμώμενον,  
 Ὃς οὐδ' ἐν Ἀιδῇ νῦν κεκοίμικεν χόλον,  
 Σκάζουσι μέτροις ὀρθὰ τοξεύσας ἔπη.

PHILIPPI.

Hunc grandinantem, si sapis, tumultum fuge  
 Viator, Hipponactis, hostis Bupalı ;  
 Atrox Iambis stridet ipse etiam cinis.  
 Vide crabronem ne cubantem suscites :  
 Nondum quiescit ejus apud Orcum furor,  
 Sed recta vibrat tela claudio carmine.

Grotius

Ο μεῖδε, Fremdling, hier des Vorteshaglers Grab,  
 Hipponax Hügel, welchem selbst die Asche noch  
 Iambistret, Spott und Haß dem Bupalos ;  
 Damit du nicht der herben Wespe Schlummer störst,  
 Die selbst im Hades, jenes alten Grosses voll,  
 Vom scharfen Bogen stracks zum Ziel Skazonten schießt.

Grotius

Fly, stranger, nor your weary limbs relax  
 Near the tempestuous tomb of Hipponax,  
 Whose very dust, deposited below,  
 Stings with Iambies Bupalus his foe.  
 Rouse not the sleeping hornet in his cell ;  
 He loads his limping lines with satires fell ;  
 His anger is not pacified in Hell.

Grotius

## CLI.

## ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Πλουτάρχου.

Σείο πολυκλήεντα τύπον στήσαν, Χαιρωνεῦ  
 Πλούταρχε, κρατερῶν νίεες Αὔσονίων  
 "Οπτι παραλλήλοισι βίοις" Ἑλληνας ἀρίστους  
 Ῥώμης εὐπολέμοις ἤρμους ἐνναέταις.  
 Ἀλλὰ τεοῦ βιώτοιο παράλληλον βίον ἄλλον  
 Οὐδὲ σύ γ' ἂν γράψαις. οὐ γὰρ ὅμοιον ἔχεις.

## AGATHIÆ ORATORIS.

Effigiem, Plutarche, tibi statuere merenti,  
 Clarum opus, Ausonii quos genuere patres.  
 Nempe Parallelis nōsti componere Vitis  
 Romulidis Graios, nomina summa, viros.  
 Tute Parallelam non posses scribere vitæ  
 Ipse tuæ Vitam : non habet illa parem.

(4. B)

Chäronenfischer Weise, der besten Ausoniens Söhne  
 Dieses lebende Bild, ihnen zum bleibenden Ruhm,  
 Dir zum Danke : denn du verglichst mit griechischen Seelen  
 Römer-Seelen und hast Gleiche zu Gleichen gesellt.  
 Aber du stehst allein : denn schrieb' ein zweiter Plutarchus  
 Dich ; wen gleich' er dir, da dir ein Aehnlicher fehlt ?

Herder.

Cheronean Plutarch, to thy deathless praise  
 Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise ;  
 Because both Greece and she thy fame have shar'd,  
 (Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd ;)  
 But thou thyself could'st never write thy own ;  
 Their lives have parallels, but thine has none.

Dr. J. J.

## CLII.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Τρισσαὶ μὲν Χάριτες, τρεῖς δὲ γλυκυπάρθενοι ὦραι,  
 Τρεῖς δ' ἐμὲ θηλυμανεῖς οἰστροβολοῦσι πόθοι.  
 Ἡ γάρ τοι τρία τόξα κατείρυσεν, ὥς ἄρα μέλλων  
 Οὐχὶ μίαν τρώσειν, τρεῖς δ' ἐν ἐμοὶ κραδίας.

MELEAGRI.

Tres Charites, tres sunt Horæ, triplexque Cupido,  
 Insano quæ me sævus amore ferit.  
 Nimirum tres in me arcus puer ille tetendit,  
 Cecu mihi non unum sed tria corda forent.

F. Boissonas

Tres Charites, ternæ dulces numerantur et Horæ;  
 Meque furens triplex virginis ardor agit.  
 Flexit enim ternos arcus, meditatus ut in me  
 Figere non unum, sed tria corda, deus.

G. L.

Son tres las bellas Gracias,  
 Tres las suaves Horas,  
 Y con ardientes tiros  
 Me abrasan tres hermosas:  
 Para qué son tres flechas?  
 Amor, basta una sola.

Cecido

Drey sind Grazien, drey jungfräuliche blühende Doren,  
 Und die mit Blut mich erfüllt, drey überirdische sind.  
 Wirklich, es schoss drey Pfeile der Knabe Kytherens, als wollt' er  
 Nicht ein Herz, in der Brust treffen der Herzen mir drey.

Erichson

As the Graces are three, and the sweet Seasons three,  
 So three are the maids I adore:  
 For three are the bows Cupid drew against me,  
 And aimed as if three hearts I bore.

## CLIII.

## A P X I O Y.

Εἰς τὸν Καλυδώνιον κάπρον.

Χάλκεος, ἀλλ' ἄθρησον ὅσον θράσος ἄνυσε κάπρου  
 Ὅ πλάστας, ἔμπνουν θῆρα τυπωσάμενος,  
 Χαίτας ἀνχενίους πεφρικότα, θηκτὸν ὀδόντα  
 Βρύχοντα, γλήναις φρικτὸν ἰέντα σέλας,  
 Ἀφρῶ χεῖλεα πάντα δεδευμένον· οὐκέτι θάμβος,  
 Εἰ λογάδα στρατιῇν ὤλεσεν ἡμιθέων.

## A R C H I Æ.

Æreus est; quantas spirat tamen, adspice! vires,  
 Artifici ut dextrâ vivit et ardet aper!  
 Erectæ per colla jubæ stant: dente minaci  
 Frendet, et ex oculis lux metuenda micat:  
 Oraque tota fluunt spuma rorantia. Tali  
 Quid mirum Heroes si cecidere ferâ?

G. S.

Sieh, wie der Bildner dem Erze verliehn vollkräftige Kühnheit;  
 Wie er des Ebers Gestalt lebend und athmend geformt.  
 Furchtbar sträubt sich der Kamm auf dem horstigen Nacken; die Hauer  
 Blitzen gezückt; es entstrahlt schreckliches Feuer dem Aug.  
 Mundum schäumt der Mund dem Gewaltigen. Wundre dich nicht mehr,  
 Wenn ihm das edle Geschlecht göttlicher Männer erlag.

Jacobs

Tis bronze. But mark with what fierce prowess fired  
 By cunning hands, and with what life inspired!  
 Erect his bristles stand; his tusk for fight  
 He gnashes, and his eyes flash horrid light,  
 All bathed his lips in foam. Heroes, no more  
 We marvel that ye fell by such a boar!

G. S.



## CLIV.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ.

Λύσιππε, πλάστα Σικυώνιε, θαρσαλή χείρ,  
 Δάϊε τεχνίτα, πῦρ τοι ὁ χαλκὸς ὀρή,  
 "Ὅν κατ' Ἀλεξάνδρου μορφᾶς χέεις· οὐκέτι μεμπτοὶ  
 Πέρσαι· συγγνώμη βουσι λέοντα φυγεῖν.

POSIDIPPI.

*In Alexandrum ære effictum.*

Quantum audet, Lysippe, manus tua! surgit in ære  
 Spiritus, atque oculis bellicus ignis adest:  
 Spectate hos vultus, miserisque ignoscite Persis:  
 Quid mirum, imbelles si leo sparsit oves?

Th. Gray

Sicyons Künstler, so muthig an Geist, als Händen, Lysippos,  
 Kriegerischer Bildner, fürwahr Flammen entsprüh'n dem Erz,  
 Dem die Gestalt Alexanders du gabst. Jetzt tadelt die Perser  
 Niemand. Stieren verzeih, wenn vor dem Löwen sie flieh'n.

F. Schlegel

Lysippus, Sicyon's genius, master bold!  
 The bronze looks very fire, thus cast by thee  
 In Alexander's form. Persians, behold,  
 Your flight was blameless: herds the lion flee.

G. S.

## CLV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς Βάκχην ἐν Βυζαντίῳ.

"Ἴσχετε τὴν Βάκχην, μὴ λαϊνὴν περ εἶδουσα  
 Οὐδὸν ὑπερθεμένη, νηὸν ὑπεκπροφύγη.

INCERTI.

Heus Baccham retinete, viri, ne, saxeâ quanquam est,  
 Concita se templi limine proripiat.

Gr. Ous

Quella Baccante arrestisi;  
 Che sebben marmo sia,  
 Dalla soglia del tempio  
 Non abbia a fuggir via.

M.

Halte sie ein, die Thyade, damit nicht, ob sie gleich Stein ist,  
Sie von der Schwelle des Thors hüpf' zum Tempel hinaus.

Herder

Halte fest die Bacchantin! Obgleich aus Steine gebildet,  
Stürmt sie über die Schwelle eilig zum Tempel hinaus.

Herder

Stop that wild Bacchant! Iest, tho' made of stone,  
She bound from out the temple and be gone.

...

CLVI.

Λ Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Ἄ πάρος ἄδμητος καὶ ἀνέμβατος, ὦ Λακεδαῖμον,  
Καπνὸν ἐπ' Εὐρώτῃ δέρκεαι Ὀλένιον,  
Ἄσκιος οἶωνοὶ δὲ κατὰ χθονὸς οἰκία θέντες  
Μύρονται μῆλων δ' οὐκ αἰτοῦσι λύκοι.

INCERTI.

O bene culta diu tellus invicta Laconum,  
Cernis? ab Eurota fumus it Olenius.  
Umbra tibi nulla est. Mæstum sua tecta volantum  
Agmen humi ponit, nec lupo audit oves.

Grævus.

O inaccessible già, nè mai domata  
Lacedemone! Il fumo Olenio or miri  
D' Eurota in su la sponda incendiata:  
Più non spargi ombra: tristi fan gli augelli  
Lor nido in terra; e il lupo, sebben giri,  
Non ode intorno più belare agnelli.

W.

Vormals nimmer besetzt, Lakedaimon, nimmer erstiegen,  
Siehst du am Ufer des Stroms jetzt den Olenischen Rauch,  
Schattenberaubt. Wehklagend erbaun an dem Boden die Vöglein  
Nester, und Heerdengeblöck hören die Wölfe nicht mehr.

Jacobs.

O Lacedæmon! unsubdu'd and unapproach'd of old,  
Now smoking on Eurotas' banks th' Achæan fires behold!  
All shelterless!—The birds in sorrow build upon the ground,  
And list'ning wolves no sound detect of bleating flocks around.

...

## CLVII.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΚΩΜΙΚΟΥ.

Ποίην τις βιότοιο τάμοι τρίβον ; εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν  
 Νείκεα καὶ χαλεπαὶ πρήξεις· ἐν δὲ δόμοις  
 Φροντίδες· ἐν δ' ἀγορῶν καμάτων ἄλῃς· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ  
 Τάρβος· ἐπὶ ξείνης δ' ἦν μὲν ἔχῃς τι, δέος·  
 Ἦν δ' ἀπορῆς, ἀνιηρόν· ἔχεις γάμον ; οὐκ ἀμέριμνος  
 Ἔσσεαι οὐ γαμέεις ; ζῆς ἔτ' ἐρημότερος.  
 Τέκνα πόνου· πῆρως αἵ παῖς βίος. αἱ νεότητες  
 Ἀφρονες· αἱ πολιαί δ' ἔμπαλιν ἀδρανέες.  
 Ἦν ἄρα τοῖνδε δυοῖν ἐνὸς αἴρεσις, ἢ τὸ γενέσθαι  
 Μηδέποτ', ἢ τὸ θανεῖν αὐτίκα τικτόμενον.

POSIDIPPI, VEL PLATONIS.

Quod vitæ sectabor iter ? si plena tumultu  
 Sunt fora : si curis domus anxia : si peregrinos  
 Cura domus sequitur : mercantem si nova semper  
 Damna manent : cessare vetat si turpis egestas :  
 Si vexat labor agricolam, mare naufragus horror  
 Infamat, pœnæque graves in cœlibe vita,  
 Et gravior cautis custodia vana maritis :  
 Sanguineum si Martis opus : si turpia lucra  
 Fœnoris, et velox inopes usura trucidat.  
 Omne ævum curæ : cunctis sua displicet ætas.

. . . . . Ergo

Optima Graiorum sententia : quippe homini aiunt  
 Non nasci esse bonum, natum aut cito morte potiri.

Ausonius.

Quem vitæ teneas callem ? Nam cuncta molestis  
 Sunt fora litigiis plena : domique graves  
 Curæ adsunt ; et rure labor ; super æquore sævo  
 Mille pericla ; metus, siquid habes peregre.  
 Paupertas, tristis ; vita anxia, vita mariti ;  
 Si malis cœlebs vivere, solus eris.  
 Nati sollicitant ; sinè natis orbus haberis :  
 Mente juventa caret, robore canities.  
 Alterutrum ergo velis ; aut nunquam in luminis auras  
 Venisse ; aut veniens, morte repenti frui.

Maittaire.

Qual vita è da cercar? In corte hai doglie  
 E invidie: alti pensier fra le tue soglie:  
 Pena in villa: in mar tema: in altrui tetto  
 Povero, hai dispiacer; ricco, sospetto.  
 Prender moglie è travaglio: vive solo  
 Chi non l'ha in tutto. Gran peso è il figliuolo:  
 Il non averne è duol. La giovinezza  
 È senza senno: frale è la vecchiezza.  
 Dunque o non nascer mai bramar si deve,  
 O nato, men durar ch' al foco neve.

L. Alamanni.

*Vie en infélicité continuelle,**à Muret.*

Quel train de vie est il bon que je suyve,  
 Afin, Muret, qu' heureusement je vive?  
 Dans les palais il n' y a que procès,  
 Noises, débats, et querelleux excès:  
 Les maisons sont de mille soucis pleines;  
 Le labourage est tout rempli de peines;  
 Le matelot familial du labeur  
 Dessus les eaux pâlit tousjours de peur:  
 Celluy qui erre en un païs étrange,  
 S'il a du bien, il craint qu'on ne le mange:  
 D'estre indigent c'est une grand douleur.  
 Le mariage est comblé de malheur;  
 Et si l'on vit sans estre en mariage,  
 Seul et désert il faut user son âge.  
 Avoir enfans, n' avoir enfans aussi  
 Donne labeur, donne soing et soucy.  
 La jeunesse est peu sage et mal habile;  
 La vieillesse est languissante et débile,  
 Aiant tousjours la mort devant les yeux.  
 Donques, Muret, je croy qu'il vaudroit mieux  
 L'un de ces deux; ou bien jamais ne naistre,  
 Ou de mourir si tost qu'on vient de naistre.

Ronsard.

Welchen der Pfad' im Leben erwähl' ich mir? Hader und schwere  
 Händel erfüllen den Marckt; Sorgen bewohnen das Haus;  
 Fülle von lästigen Mühen das Feld; auf dem Meere der Schrecken;  
 Furcht auf fremdem Gebiet, bist du mit Gütern begabt;  
 Leidest du Mangel, so lebst du im Druck; Noth bringet der Eßstand;  
 Bleibst du im ledigen Stand, bist du im Alter verwaist.  
 Müß sind Kinder; der Kinder beraubt ist halb nur das Leben.  
 Jugend ist ohne Verstand, Alter entbehret der Kraft.  
 Eins denn wähle von zwehn: entweder nimmer zu leben,  
 Oder gehoren, sogleich wieder das Leben zu fliehn.

Jacobs.

*Man's life, after Possidonius or Crates.*

What path list you to tread? what trade will you assay?  
 The courts of plea by braule and bate drive gentle peace away.  
 In house, for wife and child, there is but cark and care;  
 With travel and with toyl ynough in fields we use to fare.  
 Upon the seas lieth dread; the riche in foreign land  
 Doo feare the losse; and there the poore like mysers porely stand.  
 Strife with a wife; without your thrift full harde to see.  
 Young brats a troble; none at all, a mayme it semes to be:  
 Youth fonde, age hath no hart, and pincheth all to nie:  
 Choose then the leefre of these two, no life or soon to die.

Poems of Vncertaine Auctors, 1530—1550.

The world's a bubble, and the life of man  
                                   lesse than a span,  
 In his conception wretched, from the wombe  
                                   so to the tombe:  
 Curst from the cradle, and brought up to yeares,  
                                   with cares and feares.  
 Who then to frail mortality shall trust,  
 But limmes the water, or but writes in dust;  
 Yet since with sorrow here we live opprest,  
                                   what life is best?  
 Courts are but only superficiall schooles  
                                   to dandle fooles.  
 The rurall parts are turn'd into a den  
                                   of savage men.



And where's a city from all vice so free  
But may be term'd the worst of all the three?  
Domesticke cares afflict the husband's bed,  
                    or paines his head.  
Those that live single take it for a curse,  
                    or doe things worse.  
Some would have children; those that have them, none,  
                    or wish them gone.  
What is it then to have or have no wife,  
But single thraldome, or a double strife?  
Our owne affections still at home to please  
                    is a disease;  
To crosse the sea to any foreine soyle  
                    perills and toyle.  
Warres with their noise affright us: when they cease  
                    W're worse in peace.  
What then remains? but that we still should cry,  
Not to be borne, or being borne to dye.

Lord Bacon.

*An Epigram concerning Man's Life, composed by Crates or Posidippus.*

What course of life should wretched mortals take?  
In courts hard questions large contention make :  
Care dwels in houses, labour in the field,  
Tumultuous seas affrighting dangers yeeld.  
In forraine lands thou never canst be blest ;  
If rich, thou art in feare ; if poore, distrest.  
In wedlock, frequent discontentments swell :  
Vnmarried persons as in desarts dwell.  
How many troubles are with children borne !  
Yet he that wants them counts himselfe forlorne.  
Young men are wanton, and of wisdom void :  
Gray haire are cold, vnfit to be imploid.  
Who would not one of these two offers choose :  
Not to be borne, or breath with speede to loose ?

— and I like it very much.



## CLVIII.

ΜΗΤΡΟΔΩΡΟΥ.

Παντοίην βιότοιο τάμοις τρίβον. εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν  
 Κύδεα καὶ πινυταὶ πρήξεις· ἐν δὲ δόμοις  
 Ἄμπαυμ'· ἐν δ' ἀγοραῖς φύσιος χάρις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ  
 Κέρδος· ἐπὶ ξείνης, ἣν μὲν ἔχῃς τι, κλέος·  
 ἥν δ' ἀπορῆς, μόνος οἶδας. ἔχεις γάμον; οἶκος ἄριστος  
 Ἔσσεται· οὐ γαμέεις; ζῆς ἔτ' ἐλαφρότερον.  
 Τέκνα πόθος· ἄφροντις ἅπαις βίος. αἱ νεότητες  
 Ῥωμαλέαι· πολιαὶ δ' ἔμπαλιν εὐσεβέες.  
 Οὐκ ἄρα τῶν δισσωδῶν ἐνὸς αἵρεσις, ἣ τὸ γενέσθαι  
 Μηδέποτ', ἣ τὸ θανεῖν. πάντα γὰρ ἐσθλὰ βίῳ.

METRODORI.

Quod mavis, vitæ genus excole : curia famam  
 Prudentis poterit conciliare : domi  
 Tuta quies ; in agris naturæ gratia : lucrum  
 Dat mare ; laudaris, si quid habes peregre.  
 Pauper es ; id solus nôsti. Cum conjuge vivas ;  
 Grata domus ; careas conjuge, cura minor.  
 Gaudia dant nati ; vives minùs anxius, orbus.  
 Dos propria est juvenum vis, pietasque senum.  
 Cur cupis esse ortus nunquam, aut obiisse repenté ?  
 Vita tibi felix quælibet esse potest.

Maittaire.

Ogni sorte di vita al saggio piace :  
 In corte è somma gloria, in casa pace :  
 Diporto in villa, in mar guadagno. Fuore  
 Della sua patria il ricco porta onore :  
 Il pover più si cela. Quel c'ha moglie,  
 Ha più conforto ; chi non l' ha, men doglie.  
 Son sostegno i figliuoi : queta è l' orbezza.  
 Robusta è gioventù, saggia vecchiezza.  
 Brami adunque ciascun non morir mai,  
 O di Nestore i dì vincer d' assai.

L. Alamanni

## Das Glück des Lebens.

Jedes Leben beglückt. In Häusern wohnet die Ruhe,  
 Auf dem Lande Genuß, unter Geschäften der Ruhm,  
 Auf dem Meere Gewinn. Sey reich an Habe, so wird dir  
 Ehre; besitzest du nichts, strebe nach Weisheit und Muth.  
 Lebest du unvermählt, so lebst du Tage der Freyheit!  
 Nimm dir ein Weib, so bau'st du dir ein fröhliches Haus.  
 Kinder freuen, und ohne Mühe lebet sich halb nur;  
 Jugend gewährt dir Kraft, reisende Jahre Verstand.  
 Falsch ist also die Wahl, die nicht geboren zu werden  
 Oder zu sterben wünscht. Jegliches Leben beglückt.

Herder.

*A Marc Antoine de Muret,*

*contre: " Quel train de vie est-il bon que je suivre &c."*

Tout train de vie il est bon que tu suives,  
 Afin, Muret, que heureusement tu vives.  
 Dans le palais sont punis les excès;  
 Par bon conseil s'appaisent les procès.  
 Voy les maisons de mille plaisirs pleines:  
 Le labourage est plein de douces peines:  
 Le matelot par un peu de labeur  
 Jouist du gaing délivré de la peur.  
 Celui qui erre en un païs estrange,  
 S'il a du bien, à son plaisir le mange,  
 S'il n'en a point, il en est moins troublé.  
 Le marié vit de joye comblé:  
 Celui qui vit sans estre en mariage,  
 Seul sans travail passera son doux âge.  
 Avoir enfans, n'avoir enfans aussi  
 Ne donne, plus l'un que l'autre, soucy.  
 La jeunesse est gaye, belle, agréable:  
 La vieillesse est rassise et vénérable,  
 Qui le passé remet devant les yeux.

Donques, Muret, je croy qu'il vaudroit mieux,  
 Si l'on pouvoit, ne cesser jamais d'estre,  
 Que de mourir si tost qu'on vient de naistre.

Baif

*Metrodorus minde to the contrarie.*

What race of lyfe rounn you? what trade will you assay?  
 In courts is glory got, and witt increased day by day.  
 At home we take our ease, and beak ourselves in rest:  
 The fieldes our nature do refresh with pleasures of the best.  
 On seas is gain to get; the straunger he shall be  
 Estemed, having much, if not, none knoweth his lack but he.  
 A wife will trim thy house; no wyfe, then art thou free.  
 Brood is a lovely thing: without, thy lyf is loose to thee.  
 Young bloodes be strong; old syres in double honour dwel:  
 Do 'way the choyse, "No lyfe or soon to dye," for all is well.

Poems of Vncertaine Auctors, 1530—1550

*The answer of Metrodorus.*

In every way of life, true pleasure flowes:  
 Immortall fame from publike action growes:  
 Within the doores is found appeasing rest;  
 In fields the gifts of Nature are exprest.  
 The sea brings gaine, the rich abroad provide  
 To blaze their names, the poore their wants to hide;  
 All housholds best are govern'd by a wife;  
 His cares are light, who leades a single life.  
 Sweet children are delights which marriage blesse:  
 He that hath none, disturbs his thoughts the lesse.  
 Strong youth can triumph in victorious deeds:  
 Old age the soule with pious motion feeds.  
 All states are good, and they are falsly led,  
 Who wish to be unborne, or quickly dead.

Sir John Beaumont

## CLIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Οὐκ ἔστιν μείζων βίαςανος χρόνου οὐδενὸς ἔργου,  
 "Ὅς καὶ ὑπὸ στέρνοις ἀνδρὸς ἔδειξε νόον.

SIMONIDIS.

Facta viri solo poterunt bene tempore nosci,  
 Tempus enim solum pandere corda potest.

G. S.

Time is of every act the surest test;  
 For time lays bare the secrets of the breast.

G. S.

## CLX.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Εἰς Ἀριστοφάνην.

*Βίβλοι Ἀριστοφάνευσ, θεῖος πόνος, αἷσιν Ἀχαρνέυς**Κισσὸς ἐπὶ χλοερῇν πολλὺς ἔσεισε κόμην.**Ἦνιδ' ὅσον Διόνυσον ἔχει σελίς, οἶα δὲ μῦθοι**Ἥχευσιν, φοβερῶν πληθόμενοι χαρίτων.**ὦ καὶ θυμὸν ἄριστε, καὶ Ἑλλάδος ἦθεσιν ἴσα,**Κωμικέ, καὶ στύξας ἄξια καὶ γελάσας.*

ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

En tibi Aristophanis libri, divinum opus, et quos

Ambit Acharnæe plurima frons hederæ.

Pagina quantum habeat Bacchum aspice ! Qui sonus illis

Carminibus, quæ sit gratia terribilis !

O ! animi præstans, et Græcis moribus apta et

Digna secute odio, Comice, digna joco !

G. S.

Werke von göttlicher Kunst, Aristophanes Lieder ! Acharnäes

Ephen schüttelt um euch säuselnd das grüne Gefloß ;

Sieh, wie die Blätter erfüllt von dem Bromios ; tönend von Wohlklang

Jegliches Wort, und vom Reiz schreckender Chariten voll !

Seh mir, muthiger Säng' er, begrüßt, der hellenischen Sitte

Maler, der komischen Kunst Meister im Lachen und Spott.

Jacobs.

The Plays of Aristophanes ! around that work divine

Th' Acharnian ivy's clust'ring wreaths in verdant glory twine.

What inspiration in the page ! 'Tis Bacchus' self ! what sounds

Of graceful poesy, which yet with dreaded wit abounds.

Genius of Comedy ! how just ! how true to all that's Greek,

Whate'er in satire or in jest thy personages speak.

## CLXI.

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἑτέοκλέα καὶ Πολυνείκην.

Τηλοτάτω χεύασθαι ἔδει τάφον Οἰδιπόδαο  
 Παισὶν ἀπ' ἀλλήλων, οἷς πέρας οὐδ' Αἶδας  
 Ἀλλὰ καὶ εἰς Ἀχέροντος ἕνα πλόον ἡρνήσαντο,  
 Χῶ στυγερὸς ζῶει κῆν φθιμένοισιν Ἀρης.  
 Ἥνιδε πυρκαϊῆς ἄνισον φλόγα· δαιομένα γὰρ  
 Ἐξ ἐνὸς εἰς δισσὰν δῆριν ἀποστρέφεται.

ANTIPHILI.

Œdipodæ natis longe disjuncta sepulchra  
 Condite: non illis terminus orcus erit.  
 Namque negant, Stygias una transire per undas;  
 Improbus extinctos urit agitque furor.  
 Scinditur in partes, quæ vertice surgit ab uno,  
 Et velut ad pugnam flamma suprema venit.

Leichtlin.

Söhne des Oedipus, seyd auch in der Asche getrennet:  
 Fern von einander ruh' euer begrabene Nest.  
 Charen, schiffe sie nicht in Einem Rahne zum Ufer:  
 Auch in der Todten Brust lebet der Lebenden Haß.  
 Schaue, wie kämpfend dort vom Holz das Feuer emporsteigt  
 Wie sich da rechts und links streitend die Flamme vertheilt.

Herder.

The sons of Œdipus should buried be  
 Far from each other, they, whose enmity  
 Death bounds not. On the last sad voyage they part,  
 Unnatural hate still living in each heart.  
 See e'en the flames at strife: the cloven fire  
 Soars in two angry points, though one the pyre.

G. S.

## CLXII.

ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ.

Εἰς Ἀλέξανδρον τὸν Μακεδόνα.

Φθίσθαι Ἀλέξανδρον ψευδὴς φάτις, εἴπερ ἀληθὴς  
 Φοῖβος. ἀνικήτων ἄπτεται οὐδ' Αἰδης.

PARMENIONIS.

Mortis Alexandri falsa est, si verus Apollo,  
 Fama; sub invictis mors quoque victa jacet.

Gretsch.

Funus Alexandri mentitur fama; fidesque  
Si Phæbo, victor nescit obire diem.

Stellenberg.

False is the tale; a Hero never dies.  
Or Alexander lives, or Phæbus lies.

F. S.

CLXIII.

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ.

Κλῶνες ἀπηγόριοι ταναῆς δρυός, εὐσκιον ὕψος  
'Ανδράσιν ἄκρητον καῦμα φυλασσομένοις,  
Εὐπέταλοι, κεράμων στεγανώτεροι, οἰκία φαττῶν,  
Οἰκία τεττῶν, ἔνδιοι ἀκρέμονες,  
Κῆμὲ τὸν ὑμετέραισιν ὑποκλινθέντα κόμαισιν  
'Ρύσασθ' ἀκτίνων ἡελίου φυγάδα.

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΙ.

Aerii quercus rami, vitantibus æstum  
Hospita diffusa tegmina celsa coma;  
Frondeferi, tectis densi magis, apta cicadis  
Aptaque turturibus sub Jove nexa domus;  
Me quoque sub foliis stratum defendite vestris,  
Grataque sit profugo solis ab igne quies!

G. B.

Schattige Wipfel, und ihr, hoch schwebende Zweige des Eichbaums,  
Welche vor drückender Glut wandernde Männer beschützt;  
Laubreich Dach, gleich Ziegeln, und dichter noch, Zweige zur Wohnung  
Sirrrender Tauben, und euch, zirpende Grillen, bestimmt;  
Auch ich eilte zu dir, um in kühlendem Schatten zu rasten.  
Nimm mich freundlich in Schutz, während der Sonne Geschoss.

Jacob

Aerial branches of tall oak, retreat  
Of loftiest shade for those who shun the heat,  
With foliage full, more close than tiling, where  
Dove and cicada dwell aloft in air,  
Me too, that thus my head beneath you lay,  
Protect, a fugitive from noon's fierce ray.

G. S.



## CLXIV.

## ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

*Εἰ τοὺς ἐν πελάγει σῶζεις, Κύπρι, κἀμὲ τὸν ἐν γῇ  
Ναυαγόν, φιλίῃ, σῶσον ἀπολλύμενον.*

## INCERTI.

*Alma Venus servas si quos mare jactat, amoris  
Naufragus in terris quin tibi servor ego.*

Grecine.

*Wenn du im Meere dem Schiffenden hilfst, o Kythere, gewahre  
Hülfe dem Liebenden auch, welcher zu Lande versinkt.*

Jacobs.

*Venus, who sav'st at sea, O lend a hand,  
Dear Goddess, for I'm wrecking on dry land.*

W.

## CLXV.

## ΓΕΜΙΝΟΥ.

*Ἀντὶ τάφου λιτοῖο θεὸς Ἑλλάδα, θεὸς δ' ἐπὶ ταύταν  
Δούρατα, βαρβαρικᾶς σύμβολα ναυφθορίας,  
Καὶ τύμβῳ κρηπίδα περίγραφε Περσικὸν Ἄρη  
Καὶ Ξέρξην· τούτοις θάπτε Θεμιστοκλέα.  
Στάλα δ' ἅ Σαλαμῖς ἐπικεῖσεται, ἔργα λέγουσα  
Τὰμὰ· τί με σμικροῖς τὸν μέγαν ἐντίθετε;*

## GEMINI.

*Græcia pro tumulo mihi sit, fractasque, ruinae  
Barbaricæ testes, insuper adde trabes.  
Inde pedem circum Xerxem Xerxisque cohortes  
Pone: Themistoclem sic sepelire decet.  
Pro cippo Salamis, referens mea praelia, surget:  
Non capiunt magnum parva sepulchra ducem.*

G. S.

*Setze zum Grabe mir Hellas, und Erlicße über das Grabmal,  
Zeichen der rühmlichen Schlacht, die dich, o Hellas, befreit.  
Und der persische Mars und Xerxes sollen mein Grabmal  
Tragen; auf ihnen nur ruhet Themistokles Grab.  
Salamis sey die Säule dabei. Dann sage die Inschrift:  
"Dieses that ich. O ihr, Griechen, begrubet mich klein."*

E. S.

Give me no grave but Greece ; that grave bedeck  
With symbols of the fallen barbarians' wreck :  
The base to Xerxes and the Persian fleet.  
Such burial for Themistocles is meet.  
For column Salamis my deeds to tell  
Shall stand : such greatness brooks no narrow cell.

G. S.

CLXVI.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

"Υδατος ἀκρήτου κεκορημένῳ ἄγχι παραστὰς  
Χθιζὸν ἐμοὶ λεχέων Βάκχος ἔλεξε τάδε·  
Εὐδεις ἄξιον ὕπνου ἀπεχθομένων Ἀφροδίτῃ  
Εἰπέ μοι, ὦ νήφων, πεύθειαι Ἴππολύτου ;  
Τάρβει, μὴ τι πάθῃς ἐναλίγκιον. "Ως ὁ μὲν εἰπὼν  
"Ἦχετ'· ἐμοὶ δ' ἀπὸ τῆς οὐκέτι τερπνὸν ὕδωρ.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΙ.

Puris proluto lymphis hesternus Iacchus  
Adstitit, et sævâ talia voce dedit :  
"Ingratos Veneri ducis, malè sobrie, somnos.  
"Heus, quæso, exitium noveris Hippolyti ?  
"Hippolyti tibi fata time." Nec plura : subinde,  
Sobria jam non me, pocula, lympa juvat.

G. F. D. T.

Während ich gestern vom reichlichen Nass der Najaden gesättigt  
Schlummerte, nahte dem Bett Bacchos mit drohendem Blick :  
"Solch' ein Schlummer geziemet sich wohl für die Feinde Kythere's.  
Hast du Hippolytos Loos, Nüchternen, nimmer gehört ?  
Bittere, dass du nicht Gleiches erfährst !" So sprach er und eilte  
Blöglisch hinweg. Seitdem ist mir das Wasser verhasst.

Jacobs

As yester-eve I slept on sober water,  
The God of wine drew near and gave no quarter :  
Quoth he, "That lubbard sleep's past Venus' bearing :  
"Hast never heard Hippolytus's faring ?  
"Beware his end be thine." He spake : my cure  
Came with his words : water I can't endure.

G. F. D. T.

## CLXVII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝ.

Δύσμορε Νικάνορ, πολὺν μεμορημένη πόντω,  
 Κεῖσαι δὴ ξείνῃ γυμνὸς ἐπ' ἡϊόνι,  
 ἥ σύ γε πρὸς πέτρῃσι τὰ δ' ὀλβία κείνα μέλαθρα  
 Φροῦδα τε, καὶ πάσης ἐλπίς ὄλωλε Τύρου.  
 Οὐδέ τί σε κτεάνων ἐρρύσατο· φεῦ, ἐλεεινέ,  
 ὦ λυο μοχθήσας ἰχθύσι καὶ πελάγει·

ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

Ah miser æquoreis Nicanor merse sub undis,  
 Nudus in externo littore nempe jaces,  
 Aut aliqua sub rupe: vacant illa inclyta tecta,  
 Et tecum periit spes quoque tota Tyri.  
 Nec tot opes potuere tibi defendere læva  
 Fata, laborasti piscibus et pelago.

Grotius.

Also dem Meere verhiess das Geschick dich, armer Nicanor?  
 Ach, aus fremdem Gestad liegst du des Grabes beraubt;  
 Oder am Riffe des Meers? Hinschwinden die Schätze der Heimath,  
 Jeglicher Hoffnung Trost weicht dem Tyrischen Land.  
 Keines der Güter errettete dich. Unglücklicher, also  
 Haft du der Fluth dich gemüht und für die Fische des Meers.

Jacobs.

Doomed, poor Nicanor, to the hoar sea wave,  
 Naked thou liest upon a foreign coast,  
 Or haply 'neath some rock. Thy palace brave  
 Is gone for aye, and all Tyre's hopes are lost.  
 Of all thy wealth nought saved thee: vain thy toil;  
 And all its fruits to fish and sea a spoil!

G. S.

## CLXVIII.

ΚΥΡΟΥ.

Πίνδαρον ἱμερόεντα παρ' ὕδασι Κῦρος ἐγείρει,  
 Οὕνεκα φορμίζων εἶπεν ἄριστον ὕδωρ.

CYRI.

Quod citharam pulsans, aqua dixerat optima rerum,  
 Cyrus aquas propter Pindaron hic statuit.

Salvinus

Why at this fount stands Pindar's form exprest?  
 Because th' enchanter sung that "water's best."

W.

## CLXIX.

ΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΚΑΙΣΑΡΟΣ, οἱ δὲ ΓΕΡΜΑΝΙΚΟΥ.

"Εκτορ, Ἀρήϊον αἶμα, κατὰ χθονὸς εἴ που ἀκούεις,  
 Χαῖρε, καὶ ἄμπνευσον βαιὸν ὑπὲρ πατρίδος.  
 "Γλιον οἰκεῖται κλεινὴ πόλις, ἄνδρας ἔχουσα  
 Σοῦ μὲν ἀφαιροτέρους, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἀρηϊφίλους·  
 Μυρμιδόνες δ' ἀπόλοντο. παρίστασο καὶ λέγ' Ἀχιλλεῖ  
 Θεσσαλίην κεῖσθαι πᾶσαν ὑπ' Αἰνεάδαις.

ADRIANI CÆSARIS, VEL GERMANICI.

Martia progenies, Hector, (tellure sub ina  
 Fas audire tamen si mea verba tibi)  
 Respira, quoniam vindex tibi contigit hæres,  
 Qui patriæ famam proferat usque tuæ.  
 Ilion en surgit rursum inclita, gens colit illam,  
 Te Marte inferior, Martis amica tamen.  
 Myrmidonas periisse omnes dic, Hector, Achilli,  
 Thessalam et magnis esse sub Æneadis.

A. D. N. P. L. L.

Sey gegrüßet o Hector, und wenn du unter der Erde  
 Hörest: so athme neu über dein Vaterland auf,  
 Zion lebet wieder, die Mutter tapferer Söhne,  
 Zwar nicht Helden wie du, aber doch bieder und kühn.  
 Geh' und sag's Achill: " Die Myrmidonen sind nicht mehr;  
 Über Theßalien herrscht jetzt ein Aeneas-Geschlecht."

Herder.

Hector, brave heart, if still thy spirit hears,  
 O list! and stay awhile thy patriot tears.  
 Troy stands a noble city; and in war  
 Her sons, though weak to thee, still valiant are.  
 The Myrmidons are gone. T' Achilles say,  
 Æneas' offspring all Thessalia sway.

G. S.

## CLXX.

## ΕΥΗΝΟΥ.

Πολλοῖς ἀντιλέγειν μὲν ἔθος περὶ παντὸς ὁμοίως·  
 Ὅρθως δ' ἀντιλέγειν οὐκέτι τοῦτ' ἐν ἔθει.  
 Καὶ πρὸς μὲν τούτους ἀρκεῖ λόγος εἰς ὁ παλαιός·  
 “Σοὶ μὲν ταῦτα δοκοῦντ' ἔστω, ἐμοὶ δὲ τάδε.”  
 Τοὺς ξυνετοὺς δ' ἂν τις πείσειε τάχιστα λέγων εὖ,  
 Οἵπερ καὶ ῥάστης εἰσὶ διδασκαλίας.

## EVENI.

Multorum mos est, dicta æque cuncta negare,  
 Qui tamen haud recta mente negare solent.  
 Talibus una vetus sententia convenit apte :  
 Hæc nobis placeant, o bone, et illa tibi.  
 At cito, qui sapiens est, verbis vincere possis,  
 Namque citus mentem percipit ille tuam.

G. S.

## Der Widerspruch.

Widerspruch ist vielen Gebrauch bei allem, was auffällt :  
 Treffender Widerspruch, selten ist dieser Gebrauch.  
 Gegen jene genügt die einzige Rede der Alten :  
 Dir mag dieses, mein Freund, scheinen das andere mir.  
 Kundige nur gewinnt man sogleich durch Worte der Wahrheit,  
 Weil die Kundigen stets auch die gelehrigsten sind.

Voss.

Flat contradiction is a rule  
 Practis'd by every clown and fool ;  
 The question why they thus object  
 Soon would their ignorance detect.  
 To such this adage I apply,  
 “ Sir you are right and so am I : ”  
 But wise men to conviction lean ;  
 And aptly catch at what you mean.

Ed. Smyth.

To contradict alike whatever's meant  
 Is more in fashion than fair argument ;  
 And to all such the common phrase comes pat,  
 “ I am of this opinion, you're of that.”  
 Yet men of sense at once to sense give way,  
 As apprehending soonest all you say.

W.

## CLXXI.

## ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Αἰτός τοι δόμος οὗτος, (ἐπεὶ παρὰ κύματι πηγῶ  
 "Ιδρυμαι νοτερῆς δεσπότις ἡϊόνος)  
 Ἀλλὰ φίλος· πόντῳ γὰρ ἐπὶ πλατὺ δειμαίνοντι  
 Χαίρω, καὶ ναύταις εἰς ἐμὲ σωζομένοις.  
 Ἰλάσκειν τὴν Κύπριν· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἦ ἐν ἔρωτι  
 Οὐρίος, ἣ χαροπῶ πνεύσομαι ἐν πελάγει.

## ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΙ.

*In sacellum Veneris marinæ.*

Non pretiosa quidem domus hæc, quia fluctibus adstat,  
 Et me parva madens ora salutatur heram :  
 Sed bene grata ; juvat nam me reverentia ponti,  
 Creber et a nostra navita salvus ope.  
 Tu sacra fac Veneri, cursus promitto secundos,  
 Seu pelagi, seu te jactat amoris hiems.

Grotius.

Einfach ist dieß Haus und gering—denn hier an die dunkle  
 Brandung ward ich gestellt Herrin des feuchten Gestads—  
 Aber mir werth. Denn dieser mich weithin fürchtenden Meerfluth  
 Freu' ich mich ; Schiffender auch, welche sich retten zu mir.  
 Betend ersuche dir Kypriens Huld ! Denn jetzt in der Liebe,  
 Setzt auf drohendem Meer send' ich dir günstige Luft.

Jacobus.

Small is this dome, where o'er the billowy main,  
 Sole empress of the sea-beat shore, I reign,  
 Yet dear ; for much I love the roaring sea,  
 And much the shipwreck'd seaman saved by me !  
 Worship thou Venus ; her propitious gales,  
 Lover or mariner, shall fill thy sails.

Wrangham.



## CLXXII.

ΑΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ.

Ἴππεύων μύρμηκι Μενέστρατος, ὥς ἐλέφαντι,  
 Δύσμορος ἑξαπίνης ὕπτιος ἐξετάθη,  
 Λακτισθεὶς δ', ὥς εἶχε τὸ καίριον, ᾧ φθόνε, φησὶν,  
 Οὕτως ἱππεύων ὤλετο καὶ Φαέθων.

LUCILLII.

Faustulus insidens formicæ, ut magno elephanto,  
 Decidit, et terræ terga supina dedit.  
 Moxque idem ad mortem est mulctatus calcibus ejus,  
 Perditus ut posset vix retinere animam.  
 Vix tamen est fatus: Quid rides, improbe Livor,  
 Quod cecidi? cecidit non aliter Phaeton.

Auscnius.

Ausus formicæ Nanus conscendere tergum,  
 Credebat domito sese elephante vehi.  
 At vero, ut cursu fertur nimis illa superbo,  
 Infelix media præcipitatur humo:  
 Calcatusque miser, Quid rides, invidè, casum,  
 Dixit, communem cum Phaethonte mihi?

J. Secundus.

Sul tergo ascreso  
 D' una formica,  
 Micron di peso  
 Precipitò;  
 E il capo e gli omeri  
 Si fracassò;

E maltrattato  
 Da' calci orribili  
 Gridò così:  
 Invidio fato!  
 Fetonte ancora  
 Così perì.

Felici.

Subió atrevido miserable enano  
 En una hormiga de su cuerpo Athlante,  
 Gloriosa de llevar su semejante:  
 Tal puede en proporcion el arte humano.  
 Sin espuela en el pié, rienda en la mano  
 Caminaba tan bravo y arrogante  
 Como pudiera el Cesar mas triunfante  
 En el aplauso del laurel Romano.

Corrió la hormiga, y dió con él en tierra,  
 Y entonces dixo: Envidia, ¿qué te ries?  
 De una suerte caímos yo y Phaetonte.  
 Lydio, camina en paz, non me des guerra,  
 Que es grande diferencia, aunque porfies,  
 Caer de hormiga y de celeste monte.

Lope de Vega Carpio.

Faustulus once bravely mounted on an Ant,  
 As on the back of some tall Elephant,  
 Fals; with her heele the Ant nigh strikes him dead:  
 At length come hardly to himselfe, he said:  
 Jeer'st thou, base Envie, at any fall so low?  
 Why so, for all the world, fell Phaeton, just so.

Leximos Uthalmus.

High mounted on an Ant Nanus the tall,  
 Was thrown, alas! and got a deadly fall.  
 Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies  
 All torn: with much ado yet e'er he dies,  
 He strains these words: Base Envy, do laugh on;  
 Thus did I fall, and thus fell Phaeton.

Crashaw

Bestride an ant a Pigmy great and tall  
 Was thrown, alas! and got a dreadful fall;  
 Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies,  
 All torn; but yet with generous ardour cries,  
 "Behold, base, envious world, now, now laugh on,  
 "For thus I fall, and thus fell Phaeton!"

Sprat.

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CLXXIII.

Π Α Λ Λ Α Δ Α.

Ἀνεστράφησαν, ὡς ὀρῶ, τὰ πράγματα,  
 Καὶ τὴν Τύχην νῦν δυστυχοῦσαν εἶδομεν.

P A L L A D Æ.

Sublapsa retro nunc feruntur omnia;  
 Fortuna nam infortunio affecta est gravi.

Fed. Morellus.

Nunc ordo rerum quam sit inversus vides,  
 Fortuna quando jacet in infortunio.

Grotius.

The world's upset, and, O strange fate,  
 Fortune herself's unfortunate.

W.

## CLXXIV.

## ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Ἴσχετε χεῖρα μυλαῖον, ἀλετρίδες, εὐδετε μακρά,  
 Κῆν ὄρθρον προλέγει γῆρυς ἀλεκτρυνόνων·  
 Διὸ γὰρ Νύμφαισι χερῶν ἐπετείλατο μόχθους·  
 Αἰ δὲ κατ' ἀκροτάτην ἀλλόμεναι τροχίην,  
 Ἀξονα δινεύουσιν· ὁ δ' ἀκτίνεσσιν ἐλκταῖς  
 Στρωφᾶται πισύρων κοῖλα βάρη μυλάκων.  
 Γενόμεθ' ἀρχαίου βίотου πάλιν, εἰ δίχα μόχθου  
 Δαίνυσθαι Διούς ἔργα διδασκόμεθα.

## ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΙ.

Parcite pistrices manibus, longumque soporem  
 Carpite, mane licet gallus adesse canat.  
 Flava Ceres choreas en Nymphis imperat: illæ  
 Saltantes summo molliter orbe super  
 Circumagunt axem: radii momenta sequuntur,  
 Bis duo versantes concava saxa molæ.  
 Vita redivit veterum, quando cerealibus nostro  
 Dona frui nobis absque labore datur.

Grætius

Schonet der malenden Händ', o Müllerinnen, und schlafet  
 Sanft! es verkünde der Hahn euch den Morgen umsonst!  
 Deo hat die Arbeit der Mädchen den Nymphen befohlen,  
 Und jetzt hüpfen sie leicht über die Räder dahin,  
 Dass die erschütterten Achsen mit ihren Speichen sich wälzen  
 Und im Kreise die Last drehen des malenden Steins.  
 Lasset uns leben das Leben der Väter, und lasset uns der Gaben  
 Arbeitslos uns freuen, welche die Göttinn uns schenkt!

Christian von Stollberg

Naste die mahlende Hand jetzt, Müllerin! Freue des Schlafs dich,  
 Trotz des erwachenden Tags, oder des Hahngeschreys.  
 Des hat das Geschäfte der Hand den Naiaden gegeben;  
 Und auf die Räder herabspringend mit flüchtigem Fuß  
 Treiben sie wirbelnd die Achsen im Kreis; und des vierfachen Mühlsteins  
 Sucht, in der Mitte gehölt, wälzt an den Speichen sich um.  
 Also genießen auf's neu wir das goldene Leben der Vorzeit;  
 Da mühlosen Genuss Deo den Menschen verleiht.

Jacobs.

Let your wheel-turning hands, lucky maidens, be still ;  
 Sleep on, though Alectryo wakens the morn :  
 The water-nymphs now take your post at the mill,  
 And weigh down the mill-stones that crumble the corn.  
 How they flash from the wheels ! how they thunder and roar !  
 How the axle spins round at the sound of their voices !  
 This age is become like the golden of yore,  
 When Ceres our hearts without labour rejoices.

Mentius.

## CLXXV.

## ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ.

*A. Οὐνομὰ μοι . . B. Τί δὲ τοῦτο ; A. Πατρίς δέ μοι. B. Ἐς τί δὲ τοῦτο ;*  
*A. Κλεινοῦ δ' εἰμὶ γένους. B. Εἰ γὰρ ἀφανροτάτου ;*  
*A. Ζήσας ἐνδόξως ἔλιπον βίον. B. Εἰ γὰρ ἀδόξως ;*  
*A. Κεῖμαι δ' ἐνθάδε νῦν. . . B. Τίς τίνι ταῦτα λέγεις ;*

## PAULI SILENTIARII.

Nomine dicor ego.—Quid tum?—Mea patria.—Quid tum?  
 —Nobilis.—At quid tum, si sine gente fores?  
 —Splendida vita fuit.—Quid si nec nota fuisset?  
 —Hic jaceo.—Sed quis? cui, precor, ista refers?

Grotius.

Mon nom.—Que fait ton nom?—Ma patrie.—Eh ! tais-toi.  
 —Ma haute extraction.—Quand elle serait basse?  
 —Mon rang.—Quand on t' eût vu dans la dernière classe?  
 —Dans ce tombeau.—Qu' es-tu ? poussière, ainsi que moi.

Jean-Saint-Simon.

My name—my country—what are they to thee?  
 What, whether base or proud my pedigree?  
 Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men;  
 Perhaps I fell below them all; what then?  
 Suffice it, stranger! that thou seest a tomb;  
 Thou know'st its use; it hides—no matter whom.

M. Corneille.

## CLXXVI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛ.

Πᾶσαν ἐγὼ τὴν νύκτα κινύρομαι· εὐτε δ' ἐπέλθῃ  
 "Ορθρος ἐλινῦσαι μικρὰ χαριζόμενος,  
 Ἀμφιπεριτρύζουσι χελιδόνες, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ  
 Βάλλουσιν, γλυκερὸν κῶμα παρωσάμεναι.  
 Ὀμματα δὲ σταλάοντα φυλάσσεται· ἡ δὲ Ῥοδάνθης  
 Αὔθις ἐμοῖς στέρνοις φροντὶς ἀναστρέφεται.  
 ὦ φθονεραὶ παύσασθε λαλητρίδες· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε  
 Τὴν Φιλομηλείην γλώσσαν ἀπεθρισάμην.  
 Ἀλλ' Ἴτυλον κλαίοιτε κατ' οὔρεα, καὶ γοοίετε  
 Εἰς ἔποπος κραναὴν αὐλιν ἐφεζόμεναι,  
 Βαῖδ' ἵνα κνώσσοιμεν· ἴσως δέ τις ἥξει ὄνειρος,  
 Ὃς με Ῥοδανθείοις πῆχεσιν ἀμφιβάλοι.

AGATHIÆ.

Nocte queror tota : simul ac caput extulit Eos,  
 Et refici modico membra sopore dedit,  
 Undique hirundinibus properis circumsonor : illæ  
 Ad lachrymas somno me fugiente vocant.  
 Garrula parce loqui, parce invida : non Philomelæ  
 Est quondam manibus lingua resceta meis.  
 Ite, per umbrosos Itylum plorate recessus,  
 Per quæ vasta ferus culmina servat epops ;  
 Ut paullum dormire sinas : mihi forte Rhodanthes  
 Amplexus somni mollis imago dabit.

Grotius

All night I sigh with cares of love oppress :  
 And when the morn indulges balmy rest,  
 These twittering birds their noisy matins keep,  
 Recal my sorrows, and prevent my sleep.  
 Cease, envious birds, your plaintive tales to tell :  
 I ravish'd not the tongue of Philomel.  
 In deserts wild, or on some mountain's brow,  
 Pay all the tributary grief you owe  
 To Itys, in an elegy of woe.  
 Me leave to sleep : in visionary charms  
 Some dream perhaps may bring Rhodanthe to my arms.

Fawkes.

The livelong night I moan, and when the morn  
 Would visit with short sleep mine eyes forlorn,  
 The swallows squeal around, above, below ;  
 And from my jaded lids the tear-drops flow  
 That all their sweet unconsciousness dispel,  
 And make my watching orbs a dropping well ;  
 And then again before my heart is brought  
 Rhodanthe's image, sweet tumultuous thought.  
 Ill-natured babblers, cease. Who ever said  
 I tore the tongue from Philomela's head ?  
 Go to the hills, and Itylus bemoan,  
 Or sitting on the hoopoe's rugged throne,  
 Speak out your sorrows ; that a moment's rest  
 Be mine at length, and then may come a dream,  
 In which Rhodanthe's arms enclasping me may seem.

G. C S

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CLXXVII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

*Μναμοσύναν ἔλε θάμβος, ὅτ' ἔκλυε τᾶς μελιφώνου  
 Σαπφούς, μὴ δεκάταν Μοῦσαν ἔχουσι βροτοί.*

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Mnemosyne audivit quum Sappho dulce loquentem,  
 Musam, dixit, habent utrum homines decimam ?

Salvinius.

Obstupuit, credens mortalibus esse Camœnas,  
 Mnemosyne, Sappho dulce canente, decem.

G. B

Mnemosine di Saffo le vocali  
 Dolci note in udir, sciamò stupita :  
 Che ! una decima Musa hanno i mortali ?

LT

Amazement seized Mnemosyne  
 At Sappho's honied song.

"What ! does a tenth Muse, then," cried she,  
 "To mortal men belong ?"

W.



## CLXXVIII.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Ἀχίεις τέττιξ δροσεραῖς σταγόνεσσι μεθυσθεῖς,  
 Ἀγρονόμαν μέλπεις μοῦσαν ἐρημολάalon·  
 Ἀκρα δ' ἐφεζόμενος πετάλοις πριονώδεσι κώλοις  
 Αἰθιοπί κλάζεις χρωτὶ μέλισμα λύρας.  
 Ἀλλά, φίλος, φθέγγου τι νέον δενδρώδεσι Νύμφαις  
 Παίγμιον, ἀντῳδὸν Πανὶ κρέκων κέλαδον,  
 Ὄφρα φυγῶν τὸν Ἑρωτα μεσημβρινὸν ὕπνον ἀγρεύσω,  
 Ἐνθάδ' ὑπὸ σκιερῇ κεκλιμένος πλατάνῳ.

MELEAGRI.

Huc age quæ potō canis ebria rore, Cicada,  
 Arva replens numeris et loca sola tuis.  
 Et pede serrato summis in frondibus hærens,  
 More lyre, fusco corpore dulce sonas.  
 Eia novum quiddam sylvestribus incipe Nymphis,  
 Æmula Mænalii carmina funde Dei;  
 Sic ab amore vacans somnum resupinus inibo,  
 Dum platani nimium distinct umbra jubar.

G. S.

Canta, cigarra, canta,  
 Hora que estas beoda  
 Del rocío del alba,  
 Con las suaves gotas.  
 En soledad amena  
 Sobre las tiernas copas  
 De los arbustos cantas  
 Tus pastorales odas.  
 Tus delicadas alas  
 Agitas quando entonas  
 Las dulces cantinelas,  
 Y qual lyra sonora

Armonioso y vario  
 Tu chincharchar se forma.  
 Ea, cigarra mía,  
 A las Ninfas hermosas  
 Que los sagrados bosques,  
 Y por las selvas moran,  
 Entona nuevo canto,  
 Que al de Pan corresponda,  
 Para que Amor me dexé  
 En las ardientes horas  
 Gozar el blando sueño  
 Del plátano á la sombra.

Conde

Tipsy with dew-drops, through the desert shrill,  
 Noisy Cicada, thou thy strain dost trill;  
 And from thy dusky sides with jagged feet,  
 Perch'd on an air-hung spray draw'st music sweet!

With some new chirrup, friend, the Dryads cheer,  
Rival to Pan's some carol bid them hear ;  
That scap'd from Love, secure at noon-tide laid,  
I may woo slumber 'neath the plane-tree's shade.

Loud sounding grasshopper, 'tis thine, with dew-drops drunk, to fill  
The speaking solitudes afar with thy rural notes so shrill.  
Thou sitt'st on high ; and ne'er thy feet, broad, flat, and saw-like, tire  
In striking, from thy dusky wings, clear notes, as from a lyre.  
Come then, some new, some sportive song to the wood nymphs now essay,  
Thou lov'd one, while thy rival Pan gives back th' alternate lay :  
That Love may for a while forbear to pierce this heart of mine,  
While I, in quest of noon-tide sleep, in the plane-tree's shade recline.

Oh shrill-voiced insect ! that with dew-drops sweet  
Inebriate, dost in desert woodlands sing ;  
Perch'd on the spray-top with indented feet,  
Thy dusky body's echoings, harp-like, ring :  
Come, dear Cicada ! chirp to all the grove,  
The Nymphs and Pan, a new responsive strain ;  
That I, in noon-day sleep, may steal from Love,  
Reclined beneath the dark o'erspreading plane.

Elton.

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CLXXIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Σῆμα Θεόγνιδος εἰμὶ Σινωπέος, ᾧ μ' ἐπέθηκεν  
Γλαῦκος ἑταιρείης ἀντὶ πολυχρονίου.

SIMONIDIS.

Aio Sinopensi posuisse Theognidi Glaucum  
Hæc mea pro longo saxa sodalitis.

G. F. D. T.

Del Sinopeo Teognide  
L' avel son io, che ad esso ha Glauco eretto  
In contraccambio di diuturno affetto.

M

Theognis of Sinope's tomb am I,  
By Glaucus reared for ancient amity.

Sterling.

## CLXXX.

## ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

"Ἢδη λευκόϊον θάλλει, θάλλει δὲ φίλομβρος  
 Νάρκισσος, θάλλει δ' οὐρεσίφοιτα κρίνα.  
 "Ἢδη δ', ἡ φιλέραστος, ἐν ἄνθεσιν ὄριμον ἄνθος,  
 Ζηνοφίλα, Πειθοῦς ἡδὺ τέθηλε ῥόδον.  
 Λειμῶνες τί μάταια κόμαις ἔπι φαιδρὰ γελᾶτε ;  
 Ἄ γὰρ παῖς κρέσσων ἄδυπνόνων στεφάνων.

## MELEAGRI.

Jam pluvias narcissus amans, jam lactea florent  
 Montibus in summis lilia, jam violæ :  
 Flos etiam florum maturis vernat in annis  
 Zenophile, dulci plena tepore rosa.  
 Prata, quid o vano ridetis honore comarum ?  
 Zenophilæ par est nulla corona meæ.

## Gratiæ.

Già s' apron le viole albe, gli amici  
 Delle piogge pur s' aprono narcisi,  
 E i gigli s' apron su per le pendici.  
 E Zenofila amante e amata, fiore  
 Tra i fior compiuto, la soave rosa  
 Della suasion manda pur fuore.  
 A che indarno sì gai rider, o prati,  
 In su le vostre chiome? E la fanciulla  
 Ben migliore de' bei serti odorati.

## Florencia.

Floreceen las violas,  
 Y florece el narciso  
 Amante de los valles  
 Que riega claro rio,  
 Y por los altos montes  
 Los variados lirios.  
 La bella Zenofila  
 Tambien ha florecido  
 Su dulce y fresca rosa

Amoroso incentivo.  
 Su flor es muy mas bella  
 Que quantas flores miro.  
 ¿ Para que, ameno prado,  
 Vano y empompecido  
 Te muestras con tus flores  
 Azucenas y mirtos,  
 Si la niña es mas bella  
 Que quantas flores miro?

Schon blühen weiße Viofen, Narciffen blühen im Thau schon,  
 Und an den Bergen umher wehet der Lilien Duft;  
 Aber vor allen Blumen hat mir fich ein Röschen entknoſpet,  
 Meiner Zenophila süß-süß überredender Mund.  
 Nun, was pranget ihr mit euren lieblichen Kränzen?  
 Süßere Blüthe gewährt meine Zenophila mir.

H. G. G.

Sieh, schon blüht auf der Flur das Leukoion; feuchte Narciffen  
 Blühen; die Berden des Thals duftende Lilien blühen.  
 Schon auch öffnet die Rose, Zenophila, Liebender Freunden,  
 Peitho's Rose die Brust, Blume der Blumen, im Lenz.  
 O was lächelt ihr Wiesen umsonst mit dem freundlichen Haarschmuck?  
 Schöner als jeglicher Kranz strahlet Zenophila's Reiz.

Jacobs.

See! the snow-flake blossoms gaily,  
 Blossoms too Narcissus dank,  
 Blossom all the lilies daily  
 Straying over mountain-bank.  
 Nay, but now, the flow'r of flowers,  
 Fair Zenophile is seen,  
 Sweetest rose-bud from the bowers  
 Of the love-bewitching queen.  
 Meadows, vain your sunny smiles  
 On those tresses bright to wear:  
 For the maid hath mightier wiles  
 Than the wreaths that scent the air.

G. F. D. T.

## CLXXXI.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ.

*Μνήμονες Εὐβούλοιο σαόφρονος, ὃ παρίοντες,  
 Πίνωμεν κοινὸς πᾶσι λιμὴν Ἀΐδης.*

LEONIDÆ.

Potor aquæ jacet hic Eubulus. Vina bibamus:  
 Terminus hic cunctis scilicet unus erit.

G. S.

Eubulus's Grab.

Der du am Grabe vorbey hier wanderst, gedenkend des weisen  
 Eubuls, trink; es begehrt alle sich Aïdes Jürst.

Enclsen

Sober Eubulus here doth buried lie:  
 Then let us drink; for all alike must die.

G. S.

## CLXXXII.

Π Α Δ Δ Δ Δ Α.

Παίγνιόν ἐστι Τύχης μερόπων βίος, οἰκτρός, ἀλήτης,  
 Πλούτου καὶ πενίης μεσσόθι ῥεμβόμενος,  
 Καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατάρχουσα πάλιν σφαιρηδὸν αἶρει,  
 Τοὺς δ' ἀπὸ τῶν νεφελῶν εἰς Ἀΐδην κατάρχει.

PALLADÆ.

Ludus Fortunæ vita est, sortem inter utramque  
 Usque repercussæ more rotata pile:  
 Hic modo sub manes depressus ad astra resultat,  
 Ad terram e summis nubibus ille cadit.

G. S.

Di guai l' umana vita e di orror piena  
 Giuoco della Fortuna è, che d' intorno  
 Infra ricchezze e povertà la mena.  
 Altri ch' ella depresse, ad alte cime  
 Novellamente in sue rivolte estolle,  
 E dal cielo all' inferno altri deprime.

F. G. S.

*Written on a window in the Tower, where Sir Robert Walpole had been confined.*

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,  
 Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:  
 Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,  
 And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

Granville Lord Lansdowne.

This wretched life of ours is Fortune's ball;  
 Twixt wealth and poverty she bandies all:  
 These, cast to earth, up to the skies rebound;  
 These, tossed to heaven, come tumbling to the ground.

G. S.

## CLXXXIII.

Π Α Δ Δ Δ Δ Α.

Χαλκοτύπος τὸν Ἐρωτα μεταλλάξας ἐπόησε  
 Τήγανον, οὐκ ἀλόγως, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸ φλέγει.

PALLADÆ.

Sartago facta est, fuerat qui ex ære Cupido,  
 Idque haud immerito; torret et illa ut Amor.

S. L. L. S.

Sartago est factus, fabro mutante, Cupido;  
Nec male; torret Amor nunc, velut ante, jecur. G. S.

Di rame un fonditore  
Fe' non senza ragione una padella  
D' un liquefatto Amore,  
Perch' ardono del pari e questo e quella. G. S.

The artist, sure, was not so stupid  
Who made a frying-pan of Cupid.  
Put but a rasher for a heart,  
He plays his old familiar part.

G. S.

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CLXXXIV.

Μ Ε Λ Ε Α Γ Ρ Ο Υ .

Ναὶ τὸν Ἑρωτα, θέλω τὸ παρ' οὔασιν Ἑλιοδώρας  
Φθέγμα κλύειν, ἣ τᾶς Λατοίδεω κιθάρας.

M E L E A G R I .

Me male perdat Amor, ni cantus Heliodoræ  
Plus amo, quam citharæ carmen, Apollo, tuæ. Grotius.

Negli orecchi la voce anzi vogl' io  
D' Eliodora, per Amor lo giuro,  
Che udir la cetra del Latonio Dio. Pompei

Si, por Amor, mas quiero  
De la bella Eliodora  
Oir la voz suave  
Y tierna y amorosa,  
Que la armonica lyra  
Del hijo de Latona. C. E. de

Heliodora's voice, by all that's dear!  
Is sweeter than Apollo's lute to hear. W.

*Parody.*

Dear Jenny Lind! I'd rather hear you sing  
Than Paganini fiddle 'on one string.' W.



## CLXXXV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

"Αι, ἄι, τοῦτο κάκιστον, ὅταν κλαίωσι θανόντα  
 Νυμφίον, ἢ νύμφην· ἡνίκα δ' ἰμφοτέρους—  
 Εὐπολιν ὡς ἀγαθὴν τε Δυκαίνιον, ὦν ὑμέναιον  
 "Εσβεσεν ἐν πρώτῃ νυκτὶ πεσὼν θάλαμος—  
 Οὐκ ἄλλω τόδε κῆδος ἰσόρροπον, ᾧ σὺ μὲν υἱόν,  
 Νίκι, σὺ δ' ἔκλαυσας, Εὐδিকে, θυγατέρα.

INCERTI.

Sponsus erit vel sponsa suis si flenda propinquis,  
 Hoc miserum : quod si raptus uterque simul,  
 Eupolis ut, dulcisque Lycænion, obruit atras  
 Quois thalami prima nocte ruina faces ;  
 Par dolor huic non est alius : ploratur in iisdem,  
 Nici, tibi natus ; Theudice, nata tibi.

G. B.

Alas, alas ! the worst bereavement is  
 A bridegroom, or a bride ! but oh !—the two—  
 Like good Lycænium and Eupolis,  
 Whom the first night the chamber falling slew,  
 No woe like that ! Nicis, a son 'twas thus  
 You wept, and you a daughter, Eudicus !

## CLXXXVI.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν .

Σώματα πολλὰ τρέφειν, καὶ δώματα πόλλ' ἀνεγείρειν  
 'Ατραπὸς εἰς πενίην ἐστὶν ἐτοιμοτάτη.

INCERTI.

Ædificare domos multas, et pascere multos ;  
 Hoc ad egestatem perbreve ducit iter.

N. Borbonius.

Recta ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi est  
 Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

S. J. L. L. L.

Far molti pranzi e molte case, è questa  
 La strada a impoverir più dritta e presta.

Pagnini.

Veux tu sçavoir quelle voie  
L'homme à pauvreté convoie ?  
Élever trop de palais,  
Et nourrir trop de valets.

Remysser.

Bastir maintes maisons, nourrir grande famille,  
Est pour devenir pauvre un chemin fort facile.

'Lamisier

The broad high-way to poverty and need,  
Is much to build, and many mouthes to feed.

L'EXPIROCRATIS.

The servants'-hall and architect  
To certain ruin lead direct.

W.

Keep open house, dabble in brick and mortar,  
Of all the roads to ruin none is shorter.

W.

## CLXXXVII.

ΜΕΝΕΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ.

*Γῆρας ἐπὰν μὲν ἀπῆ, πᾶς εὐχεται ἣν δέ ποτ' ἔλθῃ,  
Μέμφεται ἔστι δ' αἰὲ κρεῖσσον ὀφειλόμενον.*

MENECRATIS.

Quærimus absentem, præsentem plangimus, et quæ  
Ventura est nobis sola senectæ placet.

Grotius

Fin ch'è lontana la vecchiezza bramasi,  
Ma quando vien, ci accuora :  
Sempre è migliore non venuta ancora.

M.

On t'espère de loin : on te maudit de près.  
Vieillesse, dis : J'arrive ; et n'arrive jamais.

Poan Saint Simon

For age we pray, when at a distance seen ;  
But when arriv'd, we loathe its hideous mien.  
We spurn it ever, as a boon bestow'd,  
And prize it most when as a debt 'tis ow'd.

Merivale

All pray to reach old age : when come, how few  
But blame it, as a thing that's better due.

W

## CLXXXVIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ.

Οὐνομα μὲν Καλή· φρεσὶ δὲ πλέον ἢ προσώπω,  
 Κάτθανε· φεῦ, Χαρίτων ἐξαπόλωλεν ἔαρ.  
 Καὶ γὰρ ἦν Παφίῃ πανομοίῳς ἀλλὰ συνεύνῳ  
 Μοῦνῳ· τοῖς δ' ἐτέροις Παλλὰς ἐρμυνοτάτῃ.  
 Τίς λίθος οὐκ ἐγόησεν, ὅτ' ἐξήρπαξεν ἐκείνην  
 Εὐρυβίης Ἀΐδης ἀνδρὸς ἀπ' ἀγκαλίδων;

JULIANI.

Nomine dicta *Καλή*, sed erat mens pulchrior ore,  
 Hic extincta jacet flos, et amor Charitum :  
 Persimilis Veneri, sponso sed amabilis uni,  
 Et nova ceu Pallas, tota operosa domi.  
 Quis lapis haud fleret rabie implacabilis Orci  
 Præreptam cari conjugis e gremio?

A. C. M. P. M. D. C. C. C. C. C.

Bella di nome, e ben più che di volto,  
 Bella di cuor, è colà dentro ascosa.  
 Ah, delle Grazie il fiore  
 Come repente sparve !  
 Fu Venere amorosa,  
 Ma col marito sol: tutta rigore  
 Inverso agli altri, Pallade ella parve.  
 Qual selce non plorò quand' empia Morte  
 Colei strappò di braccio al suo consorte?

F. G. P. M. D. C. C. C. C. C.

More for her gracious spirit than her face  
 This graceful maid deserved her name of ' Grace.'

Yet died she, in the spring-time of her charms !  
 Venus to him who owned her for his bride,  
 Minerva's self to all the world beside,  
 What rugged stone  
 Refused a groan,  
 When Hades snatch'd her from her husband's arms?

J. W. B.

## CLXXXIX.

## ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ.

Εἰ φιλέεις, μὴ πάμπαν ὑποκλασθέντα χαλάσσης  
 Θυμὸν ὀλισθηρῆς ἔμπλεον ἱκεσίης·  
 Ἀλλὰ τι καὶ φρονέοις στεγανώτερον, ὅσσον ἐρύσσαι  
 Ὀφρύας, ὅσσον ἰδεῖν βλέμματι φειδομένῳ.  
 Ἔργον γὰρ τι γυναιξὶν ὑπερφιάλους ἀθερίζειν,  
 Καὶ κατακαγχάζειν τῶν ἄγαν οἰκτροτάτων.  
 Κεῖνος δ' ἐστὶν ἄριστος ἐρωτικός, ὃς τάδε μίξει,  
 Οἰκτόν ἔχων ὀλίγη ξυνὸν ἀγηνορίῃ.

## ΑΓΑΘΙΑΕ.

Quisquis amas, nimium demittere supplice ritu  
 Temet, et ad servas parce venire preces,  
 Sed tollens animos oculis parcentibus ipsam  
 Aspice, et intrepidum tolle supercilium.  
 Feminei generis mos est odisse superbos,  
 Et ludum fracti cordis habere viros.  
 Qui sublime aliquid simul, et miserabile præfert,  
 Inter amatores is mihi primus erit.

Grotius.

Lover, listen to advice,  
 Do not throw your heart away,  
 Lest it perish in a trice,  
 Knowing but to pule and pray.  
 Keep a well-defended corner,  
 Learn to frown and look askance  
 With the eyebrow of a scorner,  
 And be sparing of thy glance.  
 Women love to baffle drily  
 Those that dotingly are fond,  
 Ridiculing coldly, slily,  
 Men that languish and despond.  
 He is the consummate lover  
 Who the middle course can hold;  
 Able each advance to cover,  
 Half pathetic and half bold.

G. C. S.

## CXC.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τὰ μὲν ὅσσα καρήατι τῆμος ἔδωκα  
 Ξανθὰ σὺν εὐόδοις ἀβρὰ λίπη στεφάνοις,  
 "Απνοα πάντ' ἐγένοντο παραχρήμ' ὅσσα τ' ὀδόντων  
 "Ενδοθι, νειαίραν τ' εἰς ἀχάριστον ἔδν,  
 Καὶ τῶν οὐδὲν ἔμεινεν ἐς αὔριον. ὅσσα δ' ἀκουὰς  
 Εἰσεθέμην, ἔτι μοι μούνα πάρεστι τάδε.

CALLIMACHI.

Namque et ego nitido capiti, flavisque capillis  
 Serta olim Assyrio sparsa liquore dedi :  
 Et bona in ingratum congesti plurima ventrem,  
 Cuncta, sed in ventos illa abiere leves.  
 Servarunt solæ commissa fideliter aures :  
 Corporis hac unâ est parte reperta fides.

Muretus.

Quanti io donai serti odorosi e unguenti  
 Al mio crin, ratto dileguaro ; e tutto  
 Di che fer pasto al ventre ingrato i denti,  
 In me fu pria della diman distrutto.  
 Ma ciò che accolto ho per l' orecchio in mente,  
 Ciò solo è quel che serbo ognor presente.

Fagnini.

Alle die Kränze der Lust, womit ich die Schläfe mir schmückte,  
 Jede Salbe, die einst zierte mein lockiges Haar,  
 Ist verflogen, o Freund ; die Kränze sind alle verwelfet :  
 Auch der Zunge Genuß, jegliche niedliche Noß  
 Ging mit der Stunde dahin. Nur was die Seele mir schmückte,  
 Was durch's Ohr ich dem Geist schenkte, das hab' ich, o Freund.

Herder

All that I ever gave my head to wear,  
 Those fragrant wreaths which crowned my yellow hair,  
 Faded as quickly as I laid them there !  
 And so, whate'er within my lips was sent,  
 Into my thankless stomach went,  
 And so was spent !  
 That which I garnered in mine ears, is all  
 Which I may still my own possession call.

J. W. B.

## CXCL.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Τρεῖς λεπτοὶ πρώην περὶ λεπτοσύνης ἐμάχοντο,  
 Τίς προκριθεὶς εἴη λεπτεπιλεπτότερος.  
 Ὦν ὁ μὲν εἷς, Ἑρμῶν, μεγάλην ἐνεδείξατο τέχνην,  
 Καὶ διέδου ῥαφίδος τρήμα, λίνον κατέχων.  
 Δημῶς δ' ἐκ τρώγλης βαίνων, ἐς ἀράχνιον ἔστη,  
 Ἥ δ' ἀράχνη νήθουσ' αὐτὸν ἀπεκρέμασεν.  
 Σωσίπατρος δ' ἐβόησεν· ἐμὲ στεφανώσατ'· ἐγὼ γὰρ  
 Εἰ βλέπομ', ἦττημαι· πνεῦμα γὰρ εἰμὶ μόνον.

NICARCHI.

Certavere leves tres de levitatis honore,  
 Vinceret eximia quis levitate leves.  
 Hermon ante alios insignem prodidit artem,  
 Transivitque trahens fila foramen acus.  
 Exoricens Demas, quam fecit Aranea, teke  
 Institit, atque illa nente pependit ibi.  
 At, "Mihi," Sosipater, "palnam date: quippe ego tantum  
 Spiritus: et cerni si queo, vincor," ait.

Gretius.

Begen der Magerkeit Preiß wetteiferten drey mit einander,  
 Welcher von ihnen der Fürst unter den Magersten sey.  
 Da zeigt Hermon, einer davon, ein gewaltiges Kunststück;  
 Denn mit dem Faden zugleich schlüpft er der Nadel durchs Loch.  
 Demas trat aus dem Loch in der emsigen Spinne Gewebe;  
 Während den Faden sie spinnt, hängt er sich schwebend daran.  
 Aber Sosipatros rief: Mich krönet ihr! Wenn ich zu sehn bin.  
 Ich' ich Verzicht auf den Preis; Denn nur bin ich und Luft.

Jacobs.

Three thin ones strove the glorious prize to win  
 Of being judged the thinnest of the thin.  
 Hermon, the first, great skill exhibited,  
 And through a needle's eye crept with the thread.  
 Next, from his hole upon a cobweb sprung  
 Demas, and by the spider was up-strung.  
 The palm, Sosipater exclaims, I bear;  
 I yield if I am seen: I'm nought but air.



## CXCII.

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ.

Τῇ Πιτάνῃ Θρασύβουλος ἐπ' ἀσπίδος ἤλυθεν ἄπνους,  
 Ἐπταὶ πρὸς Ἀργείων τραύματα δεξάμενος,  
 Δεικνὺς ἀντία πάντα· τὸν αἱματόεντα δ' ὁ πρέσβυς  
 Παῖδ' ἐπὶ πυρκαϊῇν Τύννιχος εἶπε τιθείς·  
 Δειλοὶ κλαιέσθωσαν· ἐγὼ δὲ σέ, τέκνον, ἄδακρυς  
 Θάψω, τὸν καὶ ἐμὸν καὶ Λακεδαιμόνιον.

DIOSCORIDIS.

Excipis adverso quod pectore vulnera septem;  
 Arma supervheris quod, Thrasybule, tua;  
 Non dolor hic patris: Pitanae sed gloria major.  
 Rarum, tam pulchro funere posse frui.  
 Quem postquam mæsto socii posuere feretro,  
 Talia magnanimus edidit orsa pater:  
 Flete alios: natus lachrymis non indiget ullis,  
 Et meus, et talis, et Lacedæmonius.

Ausonius

Ad Pitanam in clypeo cæsus, Thrasybule, redibas,  
 Septem ex Argivo vulnera marte ferens,  
 Cunctaque in adverso. Nati tum Tynnichus ipse  
 Membra senex posuit sanguinolenta rogo,  
 Atque ait: "Ignavos lachrymæ; te, digne parentis,  
 Digne puer patriæ, lumina sicca decent."

G. S.

De sept flèches atteint, et percé par devant,  
 Thrasybule tomba, digne de sa patrie,  
 Et sur son bouclier fut ramené sans vie.  
 Son vieux père au bucher le porta tout sanglant.  
 Que les lâches, dit-il, pleurent sur mon enfant.  
 Mes larmes flétriraient la gloire qui couronne  
 L'heureux fils de Tynnique, et de Lacédémone.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Pitana sah auf dem Schild Thrasybulos, Tynnichos Sprößling,  
 Köhren; mit Wunden bedeckt von der Argiver Geschoss,  
 Sieben, und all' auf der männlichen Brust. Und auf flammen den Holtzstoff  
 Legend den blutigen Leib, sagte der muthige Greis:  
 Möge der Feigling weinen, O Sohn. Ich gebe dem Grab dich  
 Trockenen Aug's; denn mir bist du und Sparta entstammt.

Jacobs

To Pitana came Thrasybulus slain  
 Upon his shield, seven wounds from Argives ta'en,  
 And all in front. Old Tynnichus his sire  
 Cried, as he laid him bleeding on the pyre:  
 "Let tears for cowards flow: I shed no tear,  
 Mine own true son and Sparta's, on thy bier."

G. S.

## CXCH.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Α .

*Αὔλια, καὶ Νυμφέων ἱερὸς πάγος, αἷ θ' ὑπὸ πέτρῃ  
 Πίδακες, ἥ θ' ὕδασιν γειτονέουσα πίτυς,  
 Καὶ σὺ τετράγλωχιν, μηλοσσόε, Μαιάδος Ἑρμᾶ,  
 "Ὅς τε τὸν αἰγιβότην, Πάν, κατέχεις σκόπελον,  
 "Ἴλαοι τὰ ψαιστά, τό τε σκύφος ἔμπλεον οἴνης  
 Δέξασθ', Αἰακίδεω δῶρα Νεοπτολέμου.*

LEONIDÆ.

O stabula, o rupes Nymphis sacra, tuque sub illa  
 Fons, et fontanæ proxima pinus aquæ,  
 Tuque ovium custos, Maja sate, imagine quadra,  
 Et qui cum capreis hæc juga, Faune, tenes,  
 Hos vini latices, hæc mellea liba volentes  
 Sumite ab Æacida dona Neoptolemo.

Grotius.

Hear! oh ye folds! and thou, the sacred hill  
 Of the fair Nymphs, and every trickling rill  
 Beneath the rocks, and thou, close bordering pine,  
 Thou too, quaint image of a form divine,  
 Four-cornered Hermes, guardian of the fold,  
 And Pan, by whom each goat-fed peak we hold,  
 Deign to accept these cakes—this cup of wine,  
 From Pyrrhus, heir of great Achilles' line.

E. S.

## CXCV.

ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ.

*Ηράσθης πλουτῶν Σωσίκρατες· ἀλλὰ πένης ὦν  
 Οὐκέτ' ἐρᾷς· λιμὸς φάρμακον οἶον ἔχει.  
 Ἴδὲ πάρος σε καλεῦσα μύρον καὶ τερπνὸν Ἀδωνιν  
 Μηνοφίλα, νῦν σου τοῦνομα πυνθάνεται·  
 Τίς, πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν; πόθι τοὶ πόλις; ἥ μόλις ἔγνωσ  
 Τοῦτ' ἔπος, ὥς οὐδεὶς οὐδὲν ἔχοντι φίλος.*

MARCI ARGENTARII.

*Dives eras, et amator eras; nunc pauper, amore  
 Es liber: præsens o medicina fames!  
 Quæ te delicias dulcemque vocabat Adonim,  
 Menophile, nomen nunc rogat illa tuum.  
 "Qui genus? unde domo?" Jam te docet usus, opinor,  
 Quod cui res deerit, nullus amicus erit.*

Buchananus.

*Dives amavisti, desisti pauper amare,  
 Sosicrates. Quanta est prohi medicina fames!  
 Quæ prius unguentum, quæ te vocitabat Adonim  
 Menophile, nomen jam rogat illa tuum.  
 "Ecquis es, unde domo? Quæ patria?" Jam puto, verum  
 Esse vides, inopi nullus amicus erit.*

Grotius.

*Vormals liebtest du immer, Sosikrates, als du noch reich warst;  
 Arm jetzt, liebest du nicht. Hunger curiret geschwind.  
 Sie, die sonst dich Adonis genannt und ihr süßes Verlangen,  
 Deine Menophila fragt jetzt "wie nennt sich der Mann?  
 Wer und woher von den Männern? wo hauset er?"—Endlich erfährst du  
 Jetzt "kein Geld, kein Freund" laute des Lebens Geßez.*

Jacobs.

*Rich, thou hadst many lovers;—poor, hast none,  
 So surely want extinguishes the flame,  
 And she who call'd thee once her pretty one,  
 And her Adonis, now inquires thy name.*

*Where wast thou born, Sosicrates, and where  
 In what strange country can thy parents live,  
 Who seem'st, by thy complaints, not yet aware  
 That want's a crime no woman can forgive?*

W. Cowper.

When you were rich, Sosierates, you used to fall in love ;  
 But you are poor—oh what a cure doth poverty not prove !  
 And she who call'd you spikenard and Adonis when you came  
 Menophile, is puzzled now to recollect your name.  
 O say, where can you come from ? for 'tis known at the world's end,  
 That those who nothing else possess, can ne'er possess a friend.

G C S

CXCV.

Π Α Λ Λ Α Δ Α.

"Ἴππον ὑποσχόμενός μοι Ὀλύμπιος, ἤγαγεν οὐράν,  
 ἥς ὀλιγοδρανέων ἵππος ἀπεκρέματο.

P A L L A D Æ.

Pollicitus mihi equum, grandem tulit Euclio caudam,  
 E qua pendebat parvus, et æger equus.

Th. Farnaby.

Pollicitatus equum, mihi mittis, Olympice, caudam,  
 Ex qua vix facies languida pendet equi.

Grotius

Olympius, you said you'd bring  
 A horse ; why don't you do it ?  
 'Tis a fine tail, but is that thing  
 A horse that's hanging to it ?

W.

CXCVI.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰκὼν ἣ Σέξτου μελετᾷ· Σέξτος δὲ σιωπᾷ.  
 Ῥήτωρ ἦν εἰκὼν· ὁ δὲ ῥήτωρ εἰκόνης εἰκὼν.

I N C E R T I.

Ipse tacet Sextus : Sexti declamat imago,  
 Hæc rhetor : sed rhetor imaginis hujus imago est.

Grotius.

En, Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, silente ;  
 Orator statua est, statuæque orator imago.

Sam. Johnson.

L' image de Thomas médite quelque chose,  
 Et Thomas au parquet se tait à bouche close.  
 L' image est avocat, à voir son parlant trait ;  
 Et Thomas n' est sinon portrait de son portrait.

Ronsard.

Sextus is mum ; his statue looks with speaking gesture at you :  
 The statue is the orator, the orator the statue.

W

## CXC VII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἀνδρὸς ἀριστεύσαντος ἐν Ἑλλάδι τῶν ἐφ' ἑαυτοῦ

Ἰππίου Ἀρχεδίκην ἥδε κέκευθε κόνις.

Ἡ πατρός τε, καὶ ἀνδρός, ἀδελφῶν τ' οὔσα τυράννων,

Παίδων τ', οὐκ ἤρθη τοῦν ἐς ἀτασθαλίην.

SIMONIDIS.

Hippia quam genuit laudem virtutis adeptus,

Archedicen isto pulvere terra tegit.

Quæ reges habuit fratresque patremque, virumque

Et natos, nec erat facta superba tamen.

Grotius.

D' Archedice quest' urna il cener serba :

Che figlia e suora fu, consorte e madre

Di re possenti, e pur non fu superba.

Felic.

*Imitazione.*

Morì Enrichetta Balbo Tapparella,

Donna nobile, dotta, giovin, bella,

E pur non vanerella.

Oligoro.

Archidice, die Gattinn des herrlichsten unter den Griechen,

Hippias Gattinn, ruht hier in verborgener Gruft

Vater und Mann und Brüder und Kinder, waren Beherrscher

Griechenlandes, und sie blieb die Bescheidenheit selbst.

Herder.

Archedice, the daughter of king Hippias,

Who in his time,

Of all the potentates of Greece was prime,

This dust doth hide.

Daughter, wife, sister, mother unto kings she was,

Yet free from pride.

Hollies.

Of Greeks was Hippias first, while shone his day ;

Below Archedice his daughter lies.

Sire, husband, brethren, sons had kingly sway ;

But ne'er did pride within her bosom rise.

Sterling

## CXCVIII.

A Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Ἀΐδη ἀλλιτάνευτε καὶ ἄτροπε, τίπτε τοι οὔτω  
 Κάλλαισχρον ζωᾷς νήπιον ὠρφάνισας ;  
 Ἔσται μὲν ὃ γε παῖς ἐν δώμασι Φερσεφονείοις  
 Παίγνιον· ἀλλ' οἴκοι λυγρὰ λέλοιπε πάθη.

INCERTI.

Cur puerum, crudelis inexorabilis Orce,  
 Callæschrum vita tam cito despolias?  
 Delicias hunc furva suas Proserpina dicet,  
 Sed multis causa est fletibus ille domi.

Grotius

Grabſchrift eines Knaben

Tod, durch Thränen und Flehn unerbittlicher! unsern Adonis,  
 Unser freundliches Kind, nimmst du so frühe hinweg!  
 Dort auch von allen geherzt in den Wohnungen Persephoneens  
 Spielet er: aber daheim ließ er unnenkbaren Gram.

Voss.

O Death, untouched by ruth, unmoved by prayer,  
 And could'st thou not our young Callæschrus spare?  
 The joy of all that pretty babe will be  
 In realms below, but sad at heart are we.

G. S.

## CXCIX.

Λ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Ν Ο Υ.

Θάπτον ἔην λευκοῦς κόρακας, πτηνὰς τε χελώνας  
 Εὐρεῖν, ἣ δόκιμον ῥήτορα Καππαδόκην.

LUCIANI.

Ante albos videas corvos, testudo volabit,  
 Quàm clarum invenies rhetora Cappadocen.

Lucian Scythian.

Corvi bianchi, e testuggini volanti  
 Si rinverran più presto  
 Che un orator di Cappadocia onesto.

M

When crows are white and tortoises can fly,  
 Lawyers—in Cappadocia—may rank high.

Lucian



## CC.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Πλέξω λευκόιον, πλέξω δ' ἀπαλὴν ἄμα μύρτοις  
 Νάρκισσον, πλέξω καὶ τὰ γελῶντα κρίνα,  
 Πλέξω καὶ κρόκον ἡδύν· ἐπιπλέξω δ' ὑάκινθον  
 Πορφυρέην, πλέξω καὶ φιλέραστα ῥόδα,  
 Ὡς ἂν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις μυροβοστρύχου Ἡλιοδόρας  
 Εὐπλόκαμον χαίτην ἀνθοβολῇ στέφανος.

MELEAGRI.

Pallentes violas, et molles texere myrtos,  
 Junctaque narcisso lilia læta paro;  
 Adnectamque crocos, ferrugineosque hyacinthos,  
 Et, sine quæis dignum nil fit amore, rosas:  
 Vertice malobathrum spirantis ut Heliodoræ  
 Floreat in pulchris apta corona comis.

G S

Garten Narcissus will ich mit duftender Myrte verweben;  
 Lächelnde Lilien auch web' ich mit Veilchen in Kranz.  
 Lieblichen Krokos auch, und die purpurne Blum' Hyacinthos;  
 Rosen auch flecht' ich darein, Liebender schmückende Zier;  
 Daff umschlingend das Haupt, das umduftete, Heliodora's,  
 Blumen und Blüthen der Kranz streue dem lockigen Haar.

Jacobi s.

I'll wreath the white violets, with the myrtle shade  
 Bind soft narcissus, and amidst them braid  
 The laughing lily; with whose virgin hue  
 Shall blend bright crocus, and the hyacinth blue.  
 There many a rose shall, interwoven, shed  
 Its blushing grace on Heliodora's head,  
 And add fresh fragrance, amorously entwining  
 Her cluster'd locks, with spicy ointments shining.

Merivale.

I'll twine white violets, and the myrtle green;  
 Narcissus will I twine, and lilies sheen;  
 I'll twine sweet crocus, and the hyacinth blue;  
 And last I twine the rose, Love's token true:  
 That all may form a wreath of beauty, meet  
 To deck my Heliodora's tresses sweet.

G S

CCI.

Η ΤΟ ΛΕΜΑΙΟΥ.

Οἶδ' ὅτι θνατὸς ἐγὼ καὶ ἐφάμερος· ἀλλ' ὅταν ἄστρον  
 Μαστεύω πυκινὰς ἀμφιδρόμους ἑλικας,  
 Οὐκέτ' ἐπιψαύω γαίης ποσίν, ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτῷ  
 Ζανὶ θεοτροφίης πίμπλαμαι ἀμβροσίης.

PTOLEMÆI.

Me scio mortalem, sed cum volventia cœlo  
 Contuor, inque suas astra relapsa vias,  
 Non ultra pedibus tango sola, sed Jovis hospes  
 Nectare cœlesti pascor, et ambrosia.

Grotius.

*L' Astronomo.*

So che mortal son io,  
 Che breve è il viver mio;  
 Ma se degli astri all' ordine  
 Sollevo il mio pensier;  
 M' ergo coi piè dal suolo;  
 Al ciel mi levo a volo;  
 In grembo a Dio m' inebbria  
 L' alma immortal piacer.

Felici.

Mortal io son, mel so; ma il guardo mio  
 S' io levo agli astri, e i lor gran giri esploro,  
 Terra co' piè non tocco, e su nel coro  
 Beato i' cibo ambrosia al par d' un Dio.

Paşnini.

Der Sternseher Ptolemæus.

Sterblich bin ich, und kurzes Lebens; doch wenn ich der Sterne  
 Bahnen mess' und zähl' ihre gedrangete Zahl,  
 Dann berühret die Erde mein Fuß nur; unter den Göttern  
 Reichet mir Jupiter selbst seinen unsterblichen Trank.

Herder.

*On Astronomy.*

Tho' but the being of a day,  
 When I yon planet's course survey,  
 This earth I then despise:  
 Near Jove's eternal throne I stand,  
 And quaff from an immortal hand  
 The nectar of the skies.

Ed Smyth.

## CCII.

## ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ.

Γριπεύς τις μογέεσκεν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι· τὸν δ' ἐσιδοῦσα  
 Εὐκτέανος κούρη θυμὸν ἔκαμνε πόθῳ,  
 Καί μιν θῆκε σύνευνον. ὁ δ' ἐκ βιότοιο πενιχροῦ  
 Δέξατο παντοίης ὄγκον ἄγηγορίης.  
 Ἡ δὲ Τύχη γελώσα παρίστατο, καὶ ποτὶ Κύπριν,  
 Οὐ τεὸς οὗτος ἀγών, ἀλλ' ἐμός ἐστιν, ἔφη.

## ΑΓΑΘΙÆ.

Captantem misere pisces opulenta puella  
 Viderat, et visi flagrat amore viri.  
 Nec mora, quin nubat: sic victu e paupere dives  
 Omnigenarum illi copia venit opum.  
 Conversa in Venerem risit Fortuna propinquam,  
 Et, "Meus hic ludus, non tuus," inquit, "erat."

G. S.

Una donna ricchissima s' accende  
 D' un pover pescator, e sposo il prende.  
 Sorride allor Fortuna, e dice: Amore,  
 Questo non opra il tuo, ma il mio valore.

L. Alamanni.

Ein armer Fischer lebte kummervoll;  
 Ein reiches Mädchen warf ihr Aug' auf ihn,  
 Nahm ihn zur Eh', und gab ihm all' ihr Gut.  
 Was folgte? Der Arme ward nun reich,  
 Der Reiche stolz, der Stolz ein Tyrann.  
 Sieh, sprach das Glück zur Liebes göttinn, wer  
 Auf Erden stärker sey, ich oder du?

Herder.

*A Controversie of a Conquest 'twixt Fortune and Venus.*

Whilst fissher kest his line  
 The hovering fish to hooke,  
 By hap a rich mans daughter on  
 The fissher kest hir looke.  
 Shee fryde with frantick love;  
 They maride eke at last:  
 Thus fissher was from lowe estate  
 In top of treasure plast.

Stoode Fortune by, and smylde :  
 How say you, dame? quoth shee  
 To Venus. Was this conquest yours,  
 Or is it due to mee?

Merivale.

Euseia rich in gold and land,  
 To a poor fisher gave her hand.  
 Ophion, dazzled with his gain,  
 Grew haughty, petulant, and vain.  
 Venus, says Fortune, looking sly ;  
 Who play'd this trick, pray, you or I?

In Smyth

CCIII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Νυκτικώραξ ἄδει θανατηφόρον· ἀλλ' ὅταν ἄσῃ  
 Δημόφιλος, θνήσκει καὺτὸς ὁ νυκτικώραξ.

NICARCHI.

Nycticorax cantat lethale, sed ipsa canenti  
 Demophilo auscultans nycticorax moritur.

Sam. Johnson.

Lethum aliis cantu fert strix : strix ipsa canente  
 Demophilo lethum sentit adesse suum.

G. S.

È altrui del gufo il canto  
 Di morte annunziatore ;  
 Ma se Demofil canta il gufo muore.

M.

Gelengesang auf dem Hause zu nacht bringt Tod dem Bewohner ;  
 Aber Demophilos Sang bringet der Gule den Tod.

Jacobs

'Tis said that certain death awaits  
 The raven's nightly cry ;  
 But at the sound of Cymon's voice  
 The very ravens die.

Merivale.

The screech-owl sings ; death follows at her cries :  
 Demophilus strikes up ; the screech-owl dies.

W.

## CCIV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἀρτέμιδος τόδ' ἄγαλμα, διηκόσiai δ' ἄρ' ὁ μισθὸς  
 Δραχμαὶ ται Πάριαι, τῶν ἐπίσημα τράγος·  
 Ἀσκητὸς δ' ἐποίησεν Ἀθηναίης παλάμῃσιν  
 Ἄξιος Ἀρχεσίλας υἱὸς Ἀριστοδίκου.

SIMONIDIS.

Dianæ effigies hæc est; Pariasque ducentas  
 Demeruit drachmas, signa notante capro.  
 Fecit et in studiis versatus et arte Minervæ  
 Dignus Aristodico filius Arcesilas.

G B.

Hier ist Artemis Bild. Zweyhundert der parischen Drachmen  
 Mit dem Gepräge des Bocks wurden dem Künstler zum Lohn.  
 Sie schuf Arkesilas, Aristodikos würdiger Sprößling,  
 Welchen Tritonias Hand selber gebildet zur Kunst.

Jacobs.

*On a Statue of Artemis.*

This Artemis two hundred drachmas cost  
 Of Paros, those that bear the goat embossed.  
 Arcesilas, Aristodiceus' son,  
 Wrought it, as fair as by Athene done.

Sterliné

## CCV.

ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ.

Οὐ φίλος, ὃς κρητῆρι παρὰ πλέῳ οἶνοποτάζων  
 Νείκεα καὶ πόλεμον δακρυόεντα λέγει·  
 Ἄλλ' ὅστις Μουσέων τε καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρ' Ἀφροδίτης  
 Συμμίσγων, ἐρατῆς μνήσκεται εὐφροσύνης.

ANACREONTIS.

Non placet ille mihi, qui lites sævaque bella,  
 Dum spumant Bromio pocula rore, crepat:  
 Sed qui Pieridum Cythereæ munera miscens  
 Muneribus, læto tempore læta canit.

Grotius.

Nicht lieb ist mir der Mann, wenn einer beim schäumenden Becher  
 Thränenregenden Krieg, Hader und Schlachten erwähnt.  
 Aber wol, welcher der Muses und Kypriens strahlende Gaben  
 Einend, der lieblichen Lust frohen Genusses gedenkt.

Jacobs

*On Company.*

I ne'er can think his conversation good,  
 Who o'er the bottle talks of wars and blood;  
 But his whose wit the pleasing talk refines,  
 And lovely Venus with the Muses joins.

Fawkes.

No friend is he to social joy,  
 Who these gay moments would destroy,  
 By tales of martial woe;  
 But he, who with a toast and song  
 The sportive pleasures shall prolong,  
 Which from yon goblet flow.

Ph. Smyth.

When to the lip the brimming cup is press'd,  
 And hearts are all afloat upon the stream,  
 Then banish from my board th' unpolish'd guest  
 Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes  
 The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower:  
 Oh! give me him whose heart expansive breathes  
 All the refinements of the social hour.

T. Moore.

## CCVI.

Α Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Δ Ι Ο Υ .

Τοὺς πόδας εἰ Κρατερὸς καὶ τὰς χέρας εἶχ' ὀλοκλήρους,  
 Οὐκ ἄρα τὴν κεφαλὴν εἶχε, τοιαῦτα γράφων.

LUCILLII.

Forte pedes habuit Craterus cum scriberet ista,  
 Forte manus: verum cor, puto, non habuit.

Grotius.

Se Cratero ebbe mani  
 E piedi interi e sani,  
 Non par però che avesse punto testa,  
 Avendo scritto roba come questa.

W.

I dare say Craterus had hands and feet  
 Sound and complete,  
 But not a head, at least with brains enough,  
 Writing such stuff.

W.



## CCVII.

Λ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Ν Ο Υ .

*Εἰ ταχὺς εἰς τὸ φαγεῖν, καὶ πρὸς δρόμον ἀμβλὺς ὑπάρχεις,  
Τοῖς ποσὶ σου τρῶγε, καὶ τρέχε τῷ στόματι.*

LUCIANI.

Manducare celer cum sis, et currere tardus,  
Manduca pedibus, curre sed ore tuo.

Grotius.

Se a mangiar voli, e a correr tanto stenti,  
Mangia dunque co' piè, corri co' denti.

Ronscalli.

Auf einen unnützen Bedienten

Im Essen bist du schnell, im Gehen bist du faul.  
Sei mit den Füßen, Freund, und nimm zum Gehen das Maul.

Lessing.

So slowly you walk, and so quickly you eat,  
You should march with your mouth, and devour with your feet.

Anon. Translations from Lessing, 1825.

You eat fast and run slow : now you'll win more applause,  
If you eat like your paces, but *go* like your jaws.

W

## CCVIII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

*Μή με τάφῳ σύγκρινε τὸν Ἑκτορα, μηδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
Μέτρει τὸν πάσης Ἑλλάδος ἀντίπαλον.  
Ἰλιάς, αὐτὸς Ὀμηρος ἐμοὶ τάφος, Ἑλλάς, Ἀχαιοὶ  
Φεύγοντες· τούτοις πᾶσιν ἐχωννύμεθα.  
Εἰ δ' ὀλίγην ἀθρεῖς ἐπ' ἐμοὶ κόνιν, οὐκ ἐμοὶ αἶσχος·  
Ἑλλήνων ἐχθραῖς χερσὶν ἐχωννύμεθα.*

INCERTI.

Hectora parce sui spatio conferre sepulchri,  
Nam par Grajugenum millibus unus eram.  
Ilias, et Vates, et versis Græcia turmis,  
Hic rogus, his cunctis sum sepelitus ego ;  
Turpe nec est, parvâ si contumulamur arenâ :  
Hostilis posuit nostra sepulchra manus.

G. S

Schöge nicht Hector's Werth nach dem Grab hier; oder vergleiche  
 Hellas rüstigen Feind mit dem umhüllenden Staub.  
 Hector's Mal ist Homer und die Ilias, und der Achäer  
 Flucht. Dieß alles erhebt mir sich als dauerndes Mal.  
 Siehst du mich dürftig wit Erde bedeckt, mir ist es ein Schimpf nicht;  
 Feindlicher Danaer Hand deckte des Feindes Gebein.

Jacobus.

O mete not Hector's greatness by his grave:  
 This single arm erewhile all Greece could brave.  
 The Iliad, Homer, Greece and Greeks that fled,  
 These are my tomb; all these enshrine me dead.  
 Mock not, if scant the dust that o'er me lies:  
 The foeman's hand performed our obsequies.

G. B.

CCIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Τόξα τάδε πτολέμοιο πεπαυμένα δακρυόεντος  
 Νηφ' Ἀθηναίης κείται ὑπωρόφια,  
 Πολλάκι δὴ στονόεντα κατὰ κλόνον ἐν δαὶ φωτῶν  
 Περσῶν ἵππομάχων αἵματι λουσάμενα.

SIMONIDIS.

Hæc postquam sævum requierunt spicula Martem  
 Pulcher Palladia servat in æde tholus,  
 Quæ prius, adversæ cum certavere phalanges,  
 Sæpe suo tinxit sanguine Medus eques.

Grotius.

Rastend von Thränenenerregender Schlacht, in dem Tempel Athenens,  
 Unter dem hohen Gewölb lieget der Pfeile Geschoss.  
 Vormalß haben sie sich in dem stöhnenden Drange der Feldschlacht,  
 Oft mit dem purpurnen Blut Persischer Reiter gefärbt.

Jacobs

No longer bent in deadly fight, these bows  
 Beneath Minerva's sacred vaults repose:  
 Wielded in many a battle-rout, they lie  
 Bathed in the blood of Persian cavalry.

Th.

## CCX.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Ναυτίλε, μὴ πεύθου τίνος ἐνθάδε τύμβος ὅδ' εἰμί,  
'Αλλ' αὐτὸς πόντου τύγχανε χρηστοτέρου.

INCERTI.

Nauta, quis hoc jaceat ne percontere sepulchro ;  
Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi !

Sam. Johnson

Non cercar, navigante,  
Di chi la tomba io sia,  
Ma aver più mite il mar sorte ti dia.

M.

Trag', o Schiffender, nicht, weß Grab du so eben vorbeysährst.  
Mogest du selber dich nur milderer Stuthen erfreun.

Jacobs.

Seek not, o mariner, to learn whose tomb it is you see ;  
But to yourself may ocean prove more gentle than to me.

W

## CCXI.

Λ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Δ Ι Ο Υ.

Τὸν πτανὸν Ἑρμᾶν, τὸν θεῶν ὑπηρέταν,  
Τὸν Ἀρκάδων ἄνακτα, τὸν βοηλάταν,  
Ἑστῶτα τῶνδε γυμνασίων ἐπίσκοπον,  
Ὁ νυκτικλέπτας Αὔλος εἶπε βαστάσας·  
Πολλοὶ μαθηταὶ κρείσσονες διδασκάλων.

LUCILLII.

Cœli ministrum, nuncium alatum Jovis,  
Regem Arcadum, dolosum abactorem boum,  
Certaminum ipsum præsidem, et furum Deum,  
De nocte suffuratus Aulus sic ait :  
Superant magistrum sæpe discipuli suum.

T. Farnaby.

Hermem Deorum nuncium pennis levem,  
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,  
Hujus palæstræ qui vigil custos stetit,  
Clam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait :  
Præstat magistro sæpe discipulus suo.

Sam. Johnson

La nuit, ce Dieu subtil, ce Dieu larron, Mercure,  
 Qui préside aux larrons, qui des larrons a cure,  
 Dans les mains d'un larron lui-même alla tombant,  
 Lequel, plus fin que lui, voulant lors apparaitre,  
 L'emporta sur son dos, et dit, en se gabant :  
 Maint disciple voit-on, qui surpasse son maître.

Pierre le Loyer.

When Aulus, the nocturnal thief, made prize  
 Of Hermes, swift-wing'd envoy of the skies,  
 Hermes, Arcadia's king, the thief divine,  
 Who when an infant stole Apollo's kine,  
 And whom, as arbiter and overseer  
 Of our gymnastic sports, we planted here ;  
 "Hermes," he cried, "you meet no new disaster ;  
 Ofttimes the pupil goes beyond his master."

W. Cowper.

Hermes the volatile, Arcady's president,  
 Lacquey of deities, robber of herds,  
 In this gymnasium constantly resident,  
 Light-fingered Aulus bore off with these words :  
 "Many a scholar, by travelling faster  
 On learning's high-road, runs away with his master."

G. C. S.

## CCXII.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

*Μέχρι τίνος, Προδίκη, παρακλαύσομαι ; ἄχρι τίνος σε  
 Γουνάσομαι, στερεή, μηδὲν ἀκούμενος ;  
 "Ἢδη καὶ λευκαὶ σοὶ ἐπισκιρτῶσιν ἔθειραι,  
 Καὶ τάχα μοι δώσεις, ὥς Ἐκάβη Πριάμῳ.*

RUFINUS.

Quo vis usque fleam, Prodice, genubusque residens  
 Fundam, quas surda rejicis aure preces ?  
 Jam circumsiliunt albi tua tempora crines ;  
 Sic Hecuba ut Priamo, jam mihi credo, dabis.

Grotius.

How long, stern Prodice, shall tears  
 Not reach thine heart, or prayers thine ears ?—  
 Gray hairs peep forth ! Think'st thou I'd have  
 What Hecuba to Priam gave ?

W

## CCXIII.

ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ, τινὲς δὲ ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Εἰμὶ Μέθη τὸ γλύμμα σοφῆς χερός, ἐν δ' ἀμεθύστῳ  
 Γέγλυμμαι τέχνης δ' ἡ λίθος ἀλλοτρίῃ.  
 Ἀλλὰ Κλεοπάτρης ἱερὸν κτέαρ· ἐν γὰρ ἀνάσσης  
 Χεὶρὶ θεὸν νήφειν καὶ μεθύουσαν ἔδει.

ASCLEPIADIS, VEL ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

Ebrietas ego sum, qui fert lapis est amethystus :  
 Ingenio gemmæ dessidet artis opus.  
 Sed quia me Cleopatra tenet, Dea concita vino  
 Est in reginæ sobria facta manu.

Grotius.

The face that sculptur'd here you see  
 Is of the nymph Ebriety.  
 The cunning artist his design  
 Imbedded in no kindred shrine,  
 A pure and lucid amethyst.  
 Yet think not so his aim he miss'd :  
 Pure to the pure are things divine :  
 In Cleopatra's royal hands,  
 Unconscious of the power of wine,  
 Sober'd the tipsy goddess stands.

Merivale

## CCXIV.

ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ.

Ἰχθύσι καὶ ποταμῷ Κλειτώννυμον ἔχθρὸς ὄμιλος  
 ὦσεν, ὅτ' εἰς ἄκρην ἦλθε τυραννοφόνος,  
 Ἀλλὰ Δίκα μιν ἔθαψεν· ἀποσπασθεῖσα γὰρ ὄχθη  
 Πᾶν δέμας ἐς κορυφὴν ἐκ ποδὸς ἐκτέρισεν·  
 Κεῖται δ' οὐχ ὑδάτεσσι διάβροχος· αἰδομένα δὲ  
 Γᾶ κεύθει τὸν ἑᾶς ὄρμον ἐλευθερίας.

BIANORIS.

Te captum in media, Clitonyme, cæde tyranni  
 Piscibus, et fluvio gens inimica dabat :  
 Non tulit invidiam tantam Deus arbiter æqui,  
 Ripaque te totum lapsa repente tegit.  
 Non igitur vir fortis aquis agitabere : justa  
 Pro libertatis vindice fecit humus.

Grotius

Lo, to the fishes and the stream a murd'rous band hath roll'd  
 Clitonymus, who came to slay the tyrant in his hold.  
 But Justice found him burial; for the crumbling bank gave way,  
 Duly to shroud from head to foot the hero as he lay.  
 And now the waters drench him not: the land envelopes there  
 The refuge of her liberties with reverential care.

W.

CCXV.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

*Τὸν βίον, 'Ηράκλειτε, πολὺν πλέον ἢ περ ὅτ' ἔζης,  
 Δάκρυε· νῦν ὁ βίος ἐστ' ἐλεεινότερος.  
 Τὸν βίον ἄρτι γέλα, Δημόκριτε, τὸ πλέον ἢ πρίν·  
 Νῦν ὁ βίος πάντων ἐστὶ γέλοιότερος.  
 Εἰς ὑμέας δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ὀρών, τὸ μεταξὺ μεριμνῶ,  
 Πῶς ἅμα σοὶ κλαύσω, πῶς ἅμα σοὶ γελάσω.*

INCERTI.

Democrite, invisas homines majore cachinno,  
 Plus tibi ridendum sæcula nostra dabunt.  
 Heraclite, fluat lachrymarum crebrior imber;  
 Vita hominum nunc plus quod misereris habet.  
 Interea dubito; tecum me causa nec ulla  
 Ridere, aut tecum me lachrymare jubet.

Sam. Johnson

Heraclit, wie würdest du jetzt das Leben beweinen,  
 Kämfst du wieder zurück in die geplagtere Welt!  
 Und Democritus du, wie würdest jezo du lachen,  
 Kämfst du wieder zurück in die bethörtere Welt!  
 Ich steß' vor euch beyden und sinne, wie ich mit Weisheit  
 Jetzt bedauern und jetzt könne belachen die Welt.

Herder.

Democritus, dear droll, revisit earth,  
 And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth!  
 Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,  
 In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn!  
 Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by;  
 Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

Prior.



## CCXVI.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

Οὐκ ἐμέ, τὴν πενίην δὲ καθύβρισας· εἰ δὲ καὶ ὁ Ζεὺς  
Ἦν ἐπὶ γῆς πτωχὸς, καὐτὸς ἔπασχεν ὕβριν.

PALLADÆ.

Pauperiem feriunt, non me, tua probra: Jovique,  
Si foret in terris pauper, idem faceres.

Grotius.

Vous outragez, qui? moi? Non, mais la pauvreté.  
Pauvre sur terre, un dieu se verrait insulté.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Mich verachtest du nicht; die Armuth schmähest du in mir;  
Wäre Jupiter arm, wär' er geachtet wie ich.

Herder.

'Tis on Poverty only, but not upon me  
That your insolence leaves any trace:  
If Jove were a beggar on earth, even he  
Would share in a beggar's disgrace.

W.

## CCXVII.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἀνακρέοντος ἀνδριάντα.

Θᾶσαι τὸν ἀνδριάντα τοῦτον, ὦ ξένε,  
Σπουδᾷ, καὶ λέγ', ἐπὰν εἰς οἶκον ἔνθης·  
'Ανακρέοντος εἰκόν' εἶδον ἐν Τέφρ,  
Τῶν πρόσθ' εἴ τι περισσὸν ᾧδοποιῶν.  
Προσθεῖς δὲ χῶτι τοῖς νέοισιν ἄδετο,  
'Ερεῖς ἀτρεκέως ὅλον τὸν ἄνδρα.

THEOCRITI.

Attentis oculis imaginem, hospes,  
Hanc, quæso, inspicias, domum ut reversus  
Dicas: Effigiem ipse Anacreontis  
Vidi, cui, veterum quod arte vatum  
Cunque illustrius exstitit, secundum est.  
Quod si dixeris insuper, juventâ  
Gaudebat, reliquum est nihil quod addas.

G. S.

Delh fisa in questo simulacro i rai,  
 Ospite, e di quando a tua casa torni :  
 D' Anacreonte il volto in Teo mirai,  
 Buon vate s' altri v' ebbe a' prischi giorni ;  
 E se aggiugni che ancor prendea diletto  
 De' garzoni, di lui tutto avrai detto.

FRANCESCO NEGRI.

Stranger who near this statue chance to roam,  
 Let it awhile your studious eyes engage ;  
 And you may say, returning to your home,  
 " I've seen the image of the Teian sage,  
 Best of the bards who deck the Muse's page."  
 Then if you add, " That striplings loved him well,"  
 You tell them all he was and aptly tell.

MOORE.

With eye attentive, traveller, survey  
 This effigy, and home returning say,  
 " Anacreon's form at Teos I beheld,  
 Most glorious he of all the bards of eld ;"  
 If thou dost add to this, " he joyed in youth,"  
 The whole truth shalt thou tell, and nought but truth.

G. S.

CCXVIII.

ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ.

Ἡσιόδου ποτὲ βιβλον ἐμαῖς ὑπὸ χερσὶν ἐλίσσων,  
 Πύρρην ἐξαπίνης εἶδον ἐπερχομένην.  
 Βιβλον δὲ ῥίψας ἐπὶ γῆν χερί, ταῦτ' ἐβόησα,  
 " Ἔργα τί μοι παρέχεις, ὦ γέρον Ἡσίοδε ;

MARCI ARGENTARI.

Cum legerem libros, quos scripsit pastor ab Ascera,  
 Spectandam subito se mihi Pyrrha dedit.  
 Excidit e digitis Operum pater atque Dierum :  
 Hoc te, clamo, Die nil Opus Hesiodo est.

Grotius.

Of late, perusing Hesiod's *Works and Days*,  
 Advancing Pyrrha met my raptur'd gaze.  
 I dropp'd the book, and cried for all to hear :  
 ' Hence with thy *works*, on *days* when Pyrrha's near !'

J. W. B.

## CCXIX.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Τὴν κεφαλὴν βάπτεις, τὸ δὲ γῆρας οὔποτε βάψεις,  
 Οὐδὲ παρειάων ἐκτανύσεις ῥυτίδας.  
 Μὴ τοίνυν τὸ πρόσωπον ἅπαν ψιμύθῳ κατάπλαττε,  
 "Ὡστε προσωπεῖον, κοῦχ' ἰ πρόσωπον ἔχειν.  
 Οὐδὲν γὰρ πλέον ἐστί. τί μαίνειαι ; οὔποτε φῦκος  
 Καὶ ψίμυθος τεύξει τὴν Ἑκάβην Ἑλένην.

LUCIANI.

Sæpe caput tingis, nunquam tinctura senectam,  
 Nunquam rugosas explicitura genas.  
 Desine jam faciem stibio depingere totam,  
 Persona est etenim tunc tibi, non facies.  
 Nil habes hinc lucri ; quæ est hæc dementia ? Fucus  
 Et color haud Hecubam fecerit unquam Helenam.

Agasilæus Mariscottus.

Lisciati quanto vuoi ; le chiome tingi ;  
 Le gote, il labbro, il sen pingi e ripingi ;  
 D' un' Ecuba non mai  
 Un' Elena farai.

Roncalli.

Färbe nur immer das Haupt, doch färbest du nimmer des Alter,  
 Noch auch glätttest du je Runzeln den Wangen hinweg.  
 Laß doch also, das ganze Gesicht dir zu Katschen mit Mleyweiß,  
 Waff kein neues Gesicht, sondern nur Maske dir gibt.  
 Warlich es frommet dir nicht. Was müßt du dich ? Nimmer geschicht es,  
 Daß durch Weiß und Roth Hefabe Helena wird.

Jacobs.

You give your cheeks a rosy stain,  
 With washes dye your hair ;  
 But paint and washes both are vain  
 To give a youthful air.

Those wrinkles mock your daily toil ;  
 No labour will efface 'em ;  
 You wear a mask of smoothest oil,  
 Yet still with ease we trace 'em.

An art so fruitless then forsake,  
Which though you much excel in,  
You never can contrive to make  
Old Hecuba young Helen.

W. G. Cooper

CCXX.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Εἰς Μένανδρον.

Ἀνταί σοι στομάτεσσιν ἀνηρεῖψαντο μέλισσαι  
Ποικίλα Μουσάων ἄνθεα δρεψάμεναι  
Ἀνταί καὶ Χάριτές σοι ἐδωρήσαντο, Μένανδρε,  
Στωμύλον εὐτυχίην, δράμασιν ἐνθέμεναι.  
Ζώεις εἰς αἶωνα· τὸ δὲ κλέος ἐστὶν Ἀθήναις  
Ἐκ σέθεν, οὐρανίων ἀπτόμενον νεφέων.

INCERTI.

Infudere tibi nectar de floribus ortum,  
Pieridum campos quæ populantur apes :  
Sermonis facilem, qualem vult fabula, ductum  
Gratia donavit trina, Menandre, tibi.  
Perpetuum vives. Quæ de te surgit Athenis  
Gloria, cœlestes venit ad usque domos.

Grotius.

Viel buntfarbiger Blumen Gewächß aus dem Garten der MUSEN  
Brachten, Menandroß, dir Bienen zur lieblichen Kost :  
Reizende Gaben verliehn dir die Chariten ; Fülle des Wiges,  
Anmuth, süßes Geschwäg, schenkten sie deinem Gedicht.  
Dauerndes Leben ist dein dir dafür ; und es wächst der Athener  
Strahlender Ruhm durch dich bis zu den Wolken empor.

Jacobs.

The very bees, O sweet Menander, hung  
To taste the Muses spring upon thy tongue ;  
The very Graces made the scenes you writ  
Their happy point of fine expression hit.  
Thus still you live, you make your Athens shine,  
And raise its glory to the skies in thine.

Anon Spectator

## CCXXI.

ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΥ ΑΙΓΕΑΤΟΥ.

Ἰξῶ καὶ καλάμοισιν ἀπ' ἡέρος αὐτὸν ἔφερβεν  
 Εὐμηλος, λιτῶς, ἀλλ' ἐν ἐλευθερίῃ.  
 Οὔποτε δ' ὀθνεῖην ἔκυσεν χέρα γαστρὸς ἔκητι·  
 Τοῦτο τρυφὴν κείνῳ, τοῦτ' ἔφερ' εὐφροσύνην.  
 Τρὶς δὲ τριηκοστὸν ζήσας ἔτος ἐνθάδ' ἰαίνει,  
 Παισὶ λιπὼν ἰξόν, καὶ πτερὰ, καὶ καλάμους.

ISIDORI, ÆGEATÆ.

Qui calamo et visco quærebat ab aëre victum  
 Eumelus, cui res parca, sed ingenua,  
 Ventris ut imperio nulli daret oscula dextræ,  
 Vivere sic illi luxus, opesque fuit;  
 Post bis lustra novem jacet hic, natosque reliquit  
 Hæredes plumæ, glutinis et calami.

Grotius

Con vischio il buon Eumelo e con verghette  
 Il parco vitto suo dall' aere trasse,  
 Parco invero, ma libero vivette;  
 Nè mai pel ventre empir, la mano altrui  
 Inchinossi a baciare: ed in tal vita  
 Trovò sua gioia ed i diletti suoi.  
 Ei campò novant' anni, e chiuse i cigli,  
 Vischio, verghe e zimbel lasciando ai figli.

M.

*Imitazione.*

Da un navicel, dall' amo e dalle nasse  
 Scarsi alimenti, ma sicuri e queti  
 Per novant' anni Egialeo ritrasse.  
 Libertà fu sua gioia: or qui si giace;  
 E a' figli suoi lasciò l' amo e le reti,  
 L' onde amiche e la sua libera pace.

Ugo Foscolo.

Lebend erhielt mit der Beute der Lust, mit dem Rohr und dem Leim sich  
 Eulochos; spärlich fürwahr, aber mit freyem Gemüth;  
 Niemals küßend dem Reichen die Hand, um den Magen zu füllen;  
 Dieß war Freude für ihn, dieses ein heitrer Genuss.  
 Dreymal dreßsig Sommer verlebte' er so. Nun er im Grab ruht,  
 Läßt er den Kindern den Leim, Ruthen und Vögel zurück.

Jacoba.

With reeds and bird-lime, from the desert air  
 Eumelus gather'd free, though scanty, fare.  
 No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss,  
 Nor luxury knew, save liberty, nor bliss.  
 Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs  
 His reeds bequeath'd, his bird-lime, and his snares.

W. Cowper.

## CCXXII.

ΚΡΑΤΗΤΟΣ.

Ἐρωτα παύει λιμός· εἰ δὲ μὴ, χρόνος.  
 Ἐὰν δὲ μηδὲ ταῦτα τὴν φλόγα σβέσῃ,  
 Θεραπεία σοι τὸ λοιπὸν ἡρτήσθω βρόχος.

CRATETIS.

Fames amorem sedat, aut sedat dies :  
 Quod si nec istis flamma cedat contumax,  
 Medicina restat laqueus extrema loco.

Grotius.

Posson d' amore alla follia por modo  
 O la fame od il tempo,  
 E se questi non vagliono, c' è il nodo.

M.

Qui peut guérir l' amour ?—La faim, le temps.  
 — Mais si l' amour résiste à ces calmants ?  
 — Reste un remède, ami, qui n' est pas tendre,  
 Mais il est sûr.—Quel est-il ?—De te pendre.

Foan-Saint-Simon.

*A catholick medicine to cure the passion of love.*

Hard fare will famish love ; if that not doe,  
 Time and long absence will impair thy woe :  
 View others beauties ; if that will not speed,  
 Then take a halter ; that will do the deed.

S. Sheppard.

Fasting or length of time love's fires will chill ;  
 If that won't do the work, a halter will.

W. Baxter.

Hunger perhaps may cure your love,  
 Or time your passion greatly alter ;  
 If both should unsuccessful prove,  
 I strongly recommend a halter.

Sayers.



## CCXXIII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν.

Εἰς Πλάτωνα.

- A. Αἰετέ, τίπτε βέβηκας ὑπὲρ τάφον, ἢ τίνος, εἰπέ,  
 Ἄστερόεντα Θεῶν οἶκον ἀποσκοπέεις ;  
 B. Ψυχῆς εἰμὶ Πλάτωνος ἀποπταμένης ἐς Ὀλυμπον  
 Εἰκῶν, σῶμα δὲ γῇ γηγενές Ἀθθῆς ἔχει.

INCERTI.

Quid monumenta super, volucrum regina, volasti ?  
 Tu mihi dic superum quam tueare domum ?  
 Diva ego sublata in cælum feror umbra Platonis,  
 At corpus terrenum Attica servat humus.

Ambrsius Camald.

*Viandante e Aquila.*

- V. Perchè su questa tomba, aquila, stai,  
 E all' eterna magione  
 Tieni rivolti immobilmente i rai ?  
 A. Dell' alma di Platone  
 L' immago io son, che al ciel disciolse il volo :  
 Suo terren manto ha sol l' Attico suolo.

Fagnani

Göttlicher Adler, warum stehst du, dem Himmel entflohen  
 Hier auf dem Grab und schaust kühn zu den Sternen hinauf ?  
 "Plato's Seele bild' ich dir vor : sie flog zu den Sternen ;  
 Nur den heiligen Leib decket das Attische Grab."

Herder.

Adler, weshalb zum bestirnten Pallast der Unsterblichen schauend,  
 Sitzest du hier ? und wen, sage, bedecket das Grab ?

Meyer.

Platon's Seele bezeichnet der Nar, die hier zum Olympos  
 Aufstieg ; aber der Leib blieb in dem Attischen Land.

Jacobs.

*Spirit of Plato.*

Eagle ! why soarest thou above that tomb ?  
 To what sublime and star-y-paven home  
 Floatest thou ?  
 I am the image of swift Plato's spirit,  
 Ascending heaven : Athens does inherit  
 His corpse below.

Shelley.

Why, eagle, o'er the tomb thus hovering fly?  
 Or on what starry dwelling in the sky  
 Is thy far vision stayed?  
 The imaged soul of Plato to Jove's throne  
 I soar aloft: his earth-born limbs alone  
 In Attic earth are laid.

T. P. R.

CCXXIV.

A Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

*Πλουτέϊν φασί σε πάντες, ἐγὼ δέ σε φημὶ πένεσθαι·  
 Χρῆσις γὰρ πλούτου μάρτυς, Ἀπολλόφανες.  
 Ἀν μετέχης αὐτῶν σύ, σὰ γίγνεται· ἂν δὲ φυλάττῃς  
 Κληρονόμοις, ἀπὸ νῦν γίγνεται ἀλλότρια.*

INCERTI.

Sis aliis dives: certe mihi pauper habetis:  
 Divitias usus monstrat, Apollophanes.  
 Uteris ipse bonis? tua sunt: hæredibus autem  
 Quæ servas jam nunc hæc aliena puto.

Grotius.

*A Luc.*

Chacun estime pour ton bien  
 Que tu es riche à l'avantage:  
 Mais tu es pauvre, et le soustien.  
 Qu'ainsi soit, de ton bien l'usage  
 M'en est suffisant témoignage.  
 Qui a des biens en sa puissance,  
 S'il s'en donne la jouissance,  
 Vraiment, Luc, les biens sont à luy:  
 Mais à toy n'est pas la chevance,  
 Que tu épargnes pour autrui.

Baif

They call thee rich; I deem thee poor,  
 Since, if thou darest not use thy store,  
 But savest it only for thine heirs,  
 The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

T. Cooper.

Men say that you are rich, but I refuse  
 That name for wealth which you do never use.  
 What you enjoy is your's, but what for heirs  
 You hoard, no longer can be your's, but their's.

E. S.

## CCXXV.

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ.

Γηράσκει καὶ χαλκὸς ὑπὸ χρόνον· ἀλλὰ σὸν οὔτι  
 Κῦδος ὁ πᾶς αἰὼν, Διόγενες, καθελεῖ·  
 Μοῦνος γὰρ βιοτῆς αὐτάρκεα δόξαν ἔδειξας  
 Θνητοῖς, καὶ ζωῆς οἶμον ἐλαφροτάτην.

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΙ.

Tempore fit vetus æs, sed et ære perennior ipso  
 Laus tua, Diogenes, tempus in omne manet.  
 Tranquillum vitæ cursum modicoque beatum  
 Quod nos callemus, consilii omne tui est.

T F

Copper decays with time, but thy renown,  
 Diogenes, no age shall e'er take down :  
 For thou alone hast taught us not to need,  
 By thinking that we don't : and hast us freed  
 From cares ; and shew'd the easy way to life.

W. Baxter.

E'en brass, Diogenes, to time gives place ;  
 But with thy praise time shall out-run its race.  
 'Twas thine frugality's best wealth to shew,  
 And man instruct life's easier ways to know.

T. F.

## CCXXVI.

ΗΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Εὐβοίης γένος ἐσμὲν Ἐρετρικόν, ἄγχι δὲ Σούσων  
 Κείμεθα· φεῦ, γαίης ὅσσον ἀφ' ἡμετέρης.

PLATONIS.

Euhoici sumus hic prope Susa : at Eretria nostris  
 Ossibus heu procul, heu dulcis abest patria !

G. F. D. T

Sanguine Eretriaco creti, prope Susa jacemus,  
 Euhoici, heu nostra quam procul a patria !

VV

Kinder Euböas sind wir Eretrier ; nahe bey Susa  
 Liegen wir ; ach, wie so fern, heimische Sturen von euch !

Jacobs

Eretrians of Eubœa we are laid in Susa's earth ;  
 Alas ! at what a distance from the land that gave us birth !

W.

CCXXVII.

ΕΥΗΝΟΥ.

*Πρὸς σοφίᾳ μὲν ἔχειν τόλμαν μάλα σύμφορόν ἐστι  
Χωρὶς δὲ βλάβερή καὶ κακότητα φέρει.*

EVENI.

Audendum est : multum, si sit sapientia, prodest ;  
Iac sine, causa mali plurima, causa probri.

W.

Ardir con senno, giovamento e frutto,  
Ma senza senno, reca ambascia e lutto.

Paolini

È ardir giunto a saggezza utile assai :  
Egli reca altramente e danno e guai.

M.

*Kühnheit, wenn sie sich eint mit der Weisheit, bringet dir Segen ;  
Wandelt sie aber allein, folget Verderben ihr nach.*

Jacobs.

With wisdom, daring is great gain :  
Without, it brings disgrace and bane.

G S.

CCXXVIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ.

*Μήτηρ υἷα λυπόντα μάχην μετὰ πότμον ἐταίρων  
Ἔκτανεν, ὠδίνων μνήστιν ἀνηναμένη.  
Καὶ γὰρ γνήσιον αἷμα διακρίνει Λακεδαίμων  
Ἀλκῇ μαρναμένων, οὐ γενεῇ βρέφειον.*

JULIANI AEGYPTII.

Occidit profugum sociorum ex funere natum  
Mater ; et hos partus abnuvit esse suos.  
Sic placuit Spartæ, veram dignoscere prolem :  
Virtus ingenuos, non genus, esse docet.

G. F. D T.

A Spartan, his companion slain,  
Alone from battle fled ;  
His mother, kindling with disdain  
That she had borne him, struck him dead ;  
For courage, and not birth alone,  
In Sparta, testifies a son !

W. Cowper.

## CCXXIX.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ.

"Ωριος εἶλε σε παστάς, ἁώριος εἶλέ σε τύμβος,  
 Εὐθαλέων Χαρίτων ἄνθος, Ἀναστασίη.  
 Σοὶ γενέτης, σοὶ πικρὰ πόσις κατὰ δάκρυα λείβει,  
 Σοὶ τάχα καὶ πορθμεὺς δακρυχέει νεκύων.  
 Οὐ γὰρ ὅλον λυκάβαντα διήνυσας ἄγχι συνεύνου,  
 Ἄλλ' ἐκκαϊδεκέτιν, φεῦ, κατέχει σε τάφος.

JULIANI.

Nacta torum matura, sed immatura sepulcrum,  
 Gratia mortales inter Anastasic;  
 Hæu tibi dat lachrymas pater, infelixque maritus,  
 Credo dat et Stygii portitor ipse lacus.  
 Unus conjugii nondum transiverat annus;  
 Hic tu sex annos nata decemque jaces.

Grotius.

Thine, Laura, thou, of every grace the bloom!  
 Were timely spousal, and untimely tomb.  
 Tears, bitter tears, thy sire, thy husband shed;  
 In tears shall melt the boatman of the dead.  
 Scarce one short year to marriage-joys allow'd,  
 Thy sixteenth summer wraps thee in thy shroud.

WrangLam.

## CCXXX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Τὸν παχὺν εἰς ἔγραψεν ὁ ζωγράφος· ἀλλ' ἀπόλοιτο,  
 Εἰ δύο μισητοὺς ἀνθ' ἑνὸς ὀψόμεθα.

INCERTI.

Hunc pinguem pictor posuit bene: sed male vortat;  
 Cernere erit pestes, quæ fuit una, duas.

Grotius.

Tam bene qui Rufum pinxit, pereat male pictor:  
 Olim unum, hædunt nunc duo monstra oculos.

Camichius.

Pera il pittore infesto  
 Che sì ben pinse le fattezze tue:  
 Eraci un mostro al mondo; eccone due.

Ronsard.

Celui qui peignit ton visage,  
A si bien fait que ton image  
Lui ressemble admirablement.  
Iris, c' est ton désavantage :  
Te voila laide doublement.

*De C. C. C. C.*

The likeness, hang the artist, is so true !  
Instead of one fat brute, we now see two.

W.

CCXXXI.

ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ.

*Αρχεάνασσαν ἔχω, τὰν ἐκ Κολοφῶνος ἐταῖραν,  
Ἐς καὶ ἐπὶ ῥυτίδων ὁ γλυκὺς ἔζετ' Ἔρως.  
Ἄ νέον ἥβης ἄνθος ἀποδρέψαντες, ἐρασταί,  
Πρωτοβόλου, δι' ὅσης ἦλθετε πυρκαϊῆς.*

ASCLEPIADIS.

Archeanassa mihi civis Colophonos amica est,  
Cujus et in rugis dulce resedit amor.  
Qui juvenis florem, juvenes, carpsistis amantes,  
Per quem transistis, quantus is ignis erat ?

Grotius.

Archeanassa, quell' amica or io  
Tengo da Colofon, sulle cui rughe  
Ancor sta crudo il pargoletto Dio.  
Amanti, che n' avete il novel fiore  
Dell' età colto che mettea le prime  
Bocce, per quanto mai passaste ardore !

Pompei.

L' aimable Arquéanasse a mérité ma foi.  
Elle a des rides, mais je voi  
Une troupe d' amours se jouer dans ses rides.  
Vous qui pûtes la voir avant que ses appas  
Eussent du cours des ans reçu ces petits vuides,  
Ah ! que ne souffrites vous pas ?

Fontenelle.

Archeanassa's my own one, the sweet courtesan Colophónian,  
E'en from her wrinkles I feel Love's irresistible steel !  
O ye wretches, whose húngr was raised for her when she was yóunger !  
Through what flames, alás ! must she have forced you to páss !

Benj. Dann Walsh.



## CCXXXII.

ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Αὐτόμαται δειλαὶ ποτὶ ταῦλιον αἱ βόες ἦλθον  
 Ἐξ ὄρεος, πολλῇ νιφόμεναι χιόνι.  
 Αἰ, αἰ, Θηρίμαχος δὲ παρὰ δρυὶ τὸν μακρὸν εὔδει  
 "Ἵπνον" ἐκοιμήθη δ' ἐκ πυρὸς οὐρανίου.

DIOTIMI VEL LEONIDÆ.

Ad stabulum, sed sponte sua, de monte redibant  
 Hiberno gelidæ de nivis imbre boves.  
 Eheu, Therimachus sub quereu nocte quiescit  
 Perpetua, sacro tactus ab igne Jovis.

Grotius.

Sparso di neve e pavido l'armento  
 Riede soletto or che sul monte steso  
 Giace, qual uom da cupo sonno preso,  
 Terimaco da strale etereo spento.

Pagnini.

Zurchtsam eilte die Heerde mit kalter Flocke beschneiet  
 Von den Bergen; der Hirt folgte der Heerde nicht mehr.  
 Ach Therimachus schläft hier seinen ewigen Schlummer,  
 Unter der Eiche, wo ihn Jener des Himmels traf.

Herder.

Covered with snow, the herd (with none to guide)  
 Came to the stall adown the mountain's side:  
 But ah, Therimachus beneath the oak  
 Slept the long sleep from which he ne'er awoke,  
 Lull'd to his slumber by the lightning's stroke!

A. W. B.

## CCXXXIII.

ΕΡΥΚΙΟΥ.

Οὐκέτι συρίγγων νόμιον μέλος ἀγχόθι ταύτας  
 Ἀρμόξῃ βλωθρᾶς, Θηρίμαχε, πλατάνου.  
 Οὐδέ σευ ἐκ καλάμων κερααὶ βόες ἀδὺ μέλισμα  
 Δέξονται, σκιερᾷ παρ δρυὶ κεκλιμένον.  
 "Ωλεσε γὰρ πρηστήρ σε κεράυνιος· αἱ δ' ἐπὶ μάνδραν  
 Ὅφρ' ἐ βόες νιφετῷ σπερχόμεναι κατέβαν.

## E R Y C I I.

Non posthac silvestre canet tibi fistula, fuso  
 Hujus sub platani tegmine Therimacho;  
 Nec tua mulcebunt quercus sub fronde jacentis  
 Carmina cornigeras corpora fessa boves.  
 Tu cadis igne Jovis: sero rediere juvencæ  
 Ad stabula, et multa permaduere nive.

Grotius.

Hanc prope proceram platanum tua, Tityre, posthac  
 Non dabit agrestes fistula nota modos;  
 Nec capient, quercu te sub pendente repôsto,  
 Suave tuum placida nunc melos aure boves.  
 Fulmine tactus eras: rediit, sed vespere sero,  
 Et nivis impulsu, te sine, triste pecus.

G. B.

Ahi misero Terimacho!  
 Non più di mele aspersi,  
 Sotto un eccelso platano  
 Andrai cantando versi;  
 Nè sotto quercia ombrifera  
 Ad ascoltarti intenti  
 Verran, lasciando i pascoli,  
 I vagabondi armenti.  
 Ah! tu se' morto. Un fulmine,  
 Che scagliò Giove, t'arse:  
 Le vacche a notte riedono  
 Di neve il tergo sparse.

Felici.

Nicht mehr stimmst du hinfort, Therimachos, unter des hohen  
 Platanos Laubdach hier ländliche Flöten zum Lied.  
 Nicht mehr lauschet dem lieblichen Ton von den Röhren das Hornvieh  
 Weidend umher; nicht mehr ruhst an der Eiche du selbst.  
 Denn dich traf aus den Wolken der Blitz; und es kehrten die Kinder  
 Eilend im flöbernden Schnee spät zu den Ställen zurück.

Jacobs.

O never more, beside this lofty plane,  
 Therimachus, thou'lt pipe thy pastoral strain:  
 The herd no more will drink thy soft sweet song,  
 Stretch'd in the oak-tree's shadow all along.  
 Thou wert by lightning stricken! 'Mid a fall  
 Of snow, thy herd benighted gain'd the stall.

J. B. F.

## CCXXXIV.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Α Α Λ Ε Ξ Α Ν Δ Ρ Ε Ω Σ.

Αἶαν ὅλην νήσους τε δῦπταμένη σὺ χελιδών,  
 Μηδείης γραπτῇ πυκτίδι νοσσοτροφεῖς.  
 Ἔλπη δ' ὀρταλίων πίστιν σέο τήνδε φυλάξειν  
 Κολχίδα, μηδ' ἰδίων φεισαμένην τεκέων ;

LEONIDÆ ALEXANDRINI.

Medeæ statua est, misella hirundo,  
 Sub qua nidificas. Tuosne credas  
 Huic natos, rogo, quæ suos necavit ?

Politianus

Colchidos in gremio nidum quid congeris ? cheu !  
 Nescia cui pullos tam malè credis, avis.  
 Dira parens Medæa suos sævissima natos  
 Perdidit ; et speras parcat ut illa tuis ?

V. Mart. Alamanni

Rondinella, che scorso hai tanti lidi,  
 Perchè a Medea, perchè, tuo nido affidi ?  
 Come puoi tu sperar che a' figli tuoi  
 Tenga fede costei che ancise i suoi ?

Pasolini

În questo quadro infido                      Salverà dunque i tuoi  
 Ov' è Medea, tu vuoi                              Chi uccise i figli suoi ?  
 Far, rondinella, il nido ?

Ronsard.

Gute Schwalbe, du flogst durch weite Vänder und Inseln ;  
 Und nun nistest du hier auf der Medea Gebild ?  
 Traust ihr deine Kinder noch unbesiedert, und hoffest,  
 Dass sie den Fremdlingen sey, was sie den Ihren nicht war ?

Joh. Jac.

Vänder und Inseln und Meer durchschweiftest du zwitternde Schwalbe,  
 Und nun haust du das Nest über der Kolscherin Bild !  
 Hoffest du, jene bewahre dir Treu, und beschütze die fremden  
 Kinder, die mitleidlos selbst nicht die eignen verschont ?

Joh. Jac.

Thou sie lie fowle, what meanes this foolish paine,  
 To flie to Colche too hatch thy chickens there ?  
 A mother thou mayst hap returne againe,  
 Medæa will destroy thy broode I feare :  
 For shee that spared not to spoile hir owne,  
 Will she stand friend to fowles that are unknowne ?

Turberville.

CCXXXV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Ἡρόδοτος Μούσας ὑπεδέξατο· τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐκάστη  
Ἀντὶ φιλοξενίης βίβλον ἔδωκε μίαν.

INCERTI.

Hospes ut Herodotus Musas exceperat, illi  
Hospitii pretium quæque dedere librum.

Grotius

Exceptæ hospitio Musæ, tribuere libellos  
Herodoto hospitii præmia, quæque suum.

Stat. J. H. C. J.

Erodoto alle Muse ospizio diede,  
E un libro da ciascuna ebbe in mercede.

Pagnini.

Als Herodotus einst die Musen freundlich bewirthe't,  
Schenkte zum Danke sie ihm, jede derselben ein Buch.

Herder

The Muses to Herodotus one day  
Came, nine of them, and dined ;  
And in return, their host to pay,  
Each left a book behind.

G. F. D. T.

CCXXXVI.

Α Ρ Χ Ι Λ Ο Χ Ο Υ .

Οὐ μοι τὰ Γύγῳ τοῦ πολυχρύσου μέλει.  
Οὐδ' εἰλέ πώ με ζῆλος, οὐδ' ἀγαλομαι  
Θεῶν ἔργα, μεγάλης δ' οὐκ ἐρῶ τυραννίδος.  
'Απόπροθεν γάρ ἐστιν ὀφθαλμῶν ἐμῶν.

ARCHILOCHI.

Me Gygis aurum divitis nihil movet ;  
Nec inquieta cepit æmulatio,  
Nec facta divâm mente miror invida,  
Magnive regis ambio potentiam :  
Remota nam sunt ista conspectu meo.

G. B.

I do not wish the wealth of Gyges mine ;  
Never did emulate, nor e'er repine  
At Heaven's decrees ; nor covet I to be  
A mighty Prince : these things are far from me.

S. J. H. C. J.

## CCXXXVII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εὖ πράττων, φίλος εἰ θνητοῖς, φίλος εἰ μακάρεσσι,  
 Καί σευ ῥηϊδιῶς ἔκλυον εὖξαμένον.  
 Ἦν πταίσῃς, οὐδεὶς ἔτι σοι φίλος, ἀλλ' ἥμα πάντα  
 Ἐχθρά, Τύχης ριπαῖς συµμεταβαλλόμενα.

LUCIANI.

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos :  
 Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.  
 Diligitur nemo nisi cui fortuna secunda est :  
 Quæ simul intonuit, proxima quæque fugat.

Grotius.

Dum fortuna manet, vultum servatis, amici ;  
 Cum cecidit, turpi vertitis ora fuga.

Petronius.

Donec eris felix, homines tibi semper amicos,  
 Et precibus faciles experiere Deos.  
 Si secus acciderit, jam nullus amicus, et hostes  
 Undique : Fortunæ motus et ista trahit.

Grotius.

Sin che dura fortuna, o amici, voi  
 Bella cera tenete,  
 E con vil fuga poi  
 Altrove il volto, al suo cessar, volgete.

Lamartine.

*A Don Rodrigo.*

Miéntras fueres feliz serás amigo  
 De los hombres y Dioses, Don Rodrigo ;  
 Mas si á ser infeliz acaso vienes,  
 Ni hombres, ni Dioses por amigos tienes.

Arroyal.

Nacht dir das Glück, so bist du geliebt von den Göttern und Menschen,  
 Und sie erfüllen dir gern, was du auch immer begehrst.  
 Strauchelst du aber und fällst, wer liebt dich noch ? Alles ist feindlich ;  
 Und mit dem Hauche des Glücks wandelt sich plötzlich die Welt.

Jacobs.

Whilst fortune favour'd, friends, you smil'd on me ;  
 But when she fled, a friend I could not see.

Burton.

While all goes smooth with thee, men hold thee dear ;  
And Gods, whenc'er thou prayest, lend an ear.  
Slip once ; the friends are foes, foes far and near :  
With fortune's lightest puffs they shift and veer.

G. C. S

CCXXXVIII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ ἢ ΚΑΛΔΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ.

Οὐτ' ἐκλυσεν Φείδων μ', οὐθ' ἤψατο· ἀλλὰ πυρέξας  
'Εμνήσθη αὐτοῦ τοῦνομα, καπέθανον.

NICARCHI, VEL CALLICTERIS.

Me non attigerat Phidon, neque laverat alvum :  
In febre sed memini nomen, et hinc perii.

Grotius

Fidon non m' applicò mano, o clistero ;  
Ma mentr' io era un dì febbricitante,  
Solo il suo nome mi tornò al pensiero,  
E mi fe' cader morto in un istante.

Fagnini.

Phædon, dans un accès de fièvre assez légère,  
Ne m' a rien ordonné, ni boisson, ni clystère ;  
Ne m' a même pas vu. Mais qui peut fuir son sort ?  
Le seul nom de Phædon m' a frappé : je suis mort.

Jean-Saint-Simon

Auf einem Arzt.

Wandrer, mich tödtete nicht der Medicus ! Oh' ich sein Pulver  
Einnahm, fragt' ich : Von wem ? Hörte den Namen und starb.

Voss.

Celsus nor gave me purge, nor clyster,  
Nor felt my pulse, nor order'd blister :  
But, being ill, I chanc'd to hear  
The doctor's name, and died for fear.

Graves.

No, blame not the doctor ; no clyster he gave me,  
He ne'er felt my pulse, never reach'd my bed-side ;  
But, as I lay sick, my friends, anxious to save me,  
In my hearing just mentioned his name, and I died.

Merivale

The physician who kill'd me,  
Neither bled, purg'd, or pill'd me,  
Nor counted my pulse, but, it comes to the same,  
In the height of my fever I thought of his name.

W



## CCXXXIX.

ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Εἴ σε φίλων ἀδικῶ, καὶ τοῦτο δοκεῖς ὕβριν εἶναι,  
Τὴν αὐτὴν κόλασιν καὶ σὺ φίλει με λαβών.

STRATONIS.

Basia surripui : Sæva est injuria, clamas :  
Basia mî referas ; pœna sit ista reo.

Se il mio baciarti ingiuria  
Estimi, e te ne offendi,  
A te dunque ; puniscimi,  
E 'l bacio mio mi rendi.

M.

Ne me reproche point, Philis,  
Les baisers que je t' ai ravis ;  
Je suis fier, et pret à les rendre,  
Philis, si tu veux les reprendre.

Le Brun.

Lorsque pour satisfaire à mon brûlant désir  
Je te baisai, jeune merveille,  
Si ce trait te causa le moindre déplaisir,  
Venge-toi, rends-moi la parçille.

De Caillj.

Whilst thus a few kisses I steal,  
Dear Chloris, you gravely complain :  
If resentment you really do feel,  
Pray give me your kisses again.

Ph. Smyth.

If of my kisses you complain,  
Then take and kiss me back again.

G. S.

## CCXL.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Τοῦτο τὸ Βουλευεῖν εἶχες πάλαι. ἀλλὰ τὸ Βῆτα  
Οὐκ ἐπιγινώσκω· Δέλτα γὰρ ἐγράφετο.

INCERTI.

Pastorem populi scribi te præcipis : illud  
A non agnosco : sed fac I quod fuerat.

Grotius.

Observant wert thou always, yet that 'Ob'  
Seems new ; the rest thou wert for any job.

R. S.

## CCXLI.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Εἰς τὸ τοῦ Ὀλυμπίου Διὸς ἄγαλμα.

Ἡ θεὸς ἦλθ' ἐπὶ γῆν ἐξ οὐρανοῦ, εἰκόνα δείξων,  
 Φειδία, ἢ σύ γ' ἔβης τὸν θεὸν ὁψόμενος.

PHILIPPI.

Juppiter ad terras, an ad æthera Phidia venit,  
 Ut viso fieret talis imago Deo?

Grotius.

O il nume è in terra giù dal ciel disceso  
 A mostrarti sua forma, o sei lo stesso  
 Nume tu, Fidia, a rimirarne asceso.

Fauvel.

O discese quaggiù da' regni sui  
 Giove a mostrarti la sua immago, o Fidia,  
 O tu salisti al cielo a veder lui.

M.

Il faut que Jupiter soit descendu des cieux,  
 Et que visible il soit apparu à Phidie ;  
 Ou que luy soit monté jusqu' aux célestes lieux,  
 Pour y veoir Jupiter, et prendre l' effigie.

'Lamisier

À Phidias.

Ou ce dieu, pour offrir un modèle à tes yeux,  
 Ici bas descendit lui-même ;  
 Ou c' est toi qui montas aux cieux,  
 Phidias, pour y voir sa majesté suprême.

Cocquard

Dir entweder ist Zeus vom Himmel hernieder gestiegen ;  
 Oder du stiegst hinauf, Künstler, und sahst den Gott.

Herder.

Zeus kam selbst vom Olympos herab, dir zu zeigen sein Antlitz,  
 Phidias ; oder Du stiegst ihn zu beschauen hinauf.

Jacobs

On the statue of Jupiter, by Phidias.

Did Jove descend, and thus unveil  
 His form before the sculptor's eyes ?  
 Or Phidias self Olympus scale  
 To view the monarch of the skies ?

Graves.

Say, Phidias, did the God appear to thee ?  
 Or didst thou mount to heav'n his form to see ?

W

## CCXLII.

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ.

Εἰς δῆϊων πέμψασα λόχους Δημαινέτη ὀκτὼ  
 Παῖδας, ὑπὸ στήλῃ πάντας ἔθαπτε μιᾷ.  
 Δάκρυα δ' οὐκ ἔρρηξ' ἐπὶ πένθεσιν· ἀλλὰ τόδ' εἶπεν  
 Μοῦνον· ἰὼ Σπάρτα, σοὶ τέκνα ταῦτ' ἔτεκον.

DIOSCORIDIS.

In bellum natos Demæneta miserat octo,  
 Uno quos tumulo condidit octo simul.  
 Nec lacrymis sua damna fuit testata, sed unum :  
 Euge tibi, Sparte, dixit, ego hos peperì.

Grotius

Demenète perdit ses huit fils à la guerre :  
 Elle scella leur tombe avec la même pierre,  
 Et dit, mais les yeux secs, de gloire triomphants :  
 Sparte, j'avais pour vous élevé ces enfants.

F. de Saint-Simon.

Nehte der Söhn' entsandte Demæneta gegen der Feinde  
 Heerschaar. Aller Gebein decket ein einziges Grab.  
 Thränen entfielen der Trauernden nicht. Dieß einzige Wort nur  
 Sagte sie : Sparta, für dich bracht' ich die Söhne zur Welt.

Jacobi.

Eight sons Demæneta at Sparta's call  
 Sent forth to fight ; one tomb received them all.  
 No tear she shed, but shouted, " Victory !  
 Sparta, I bore them but to die for thee."

G. S.

## CCXLIII.

ΑΔΗΑΟΝ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἀφροδίτης τῆς ἐν Κνίδῳ, καὶ τὴν ἐν Ἀθήναις Ἀθηνᾶν.  
 Ἀφρογενοῦς Παφίης ζάθεον περιδέρκεο κάλλος,  
 Καὶ λέξεις· Αἰνῶ τὸν Φρύγα τῆς κρίσεως.  
 Ἀτθίδα δερκόμενος πάλι Παλλάδα, τοῦτο βοήσεις·  
 Ὡς βούτης ὁ Πάρις τήνδε παρετρόχασεν.

INCERTI.

Ætherium Paphiæ decus aspice, jam puto dices :  
 Subscribo Phrygii judicis arbitrio.  
 Atthida sed videas idem si Pallada, dices :  
 Hanc qui præterit, rusticus ille fuit.

Grotius.

Die Statue der Kypris und Pallas.

Schaue die himmlische Schönheit der Wellenentstiegenen Kypris,  
Und du wirst sprechen, gerecht preis ich des Phrygiers Spruch.

Wiederum schauend sodann die Nekropische Pallas, rufst du:

Paris: des Hirten Blick eilte vorüber an ihr.

Ericksen.

*On the statues of Venus Anadyomene at Cnidos, and of Minerva at Athens.*

When foam-sprung Venus' charms divine you view,

You'll own the Phrygian herdsman's verdict true.

But when th' Athenian Pallas you survey,

"Oh, what a clown to pass her by," you'll say.

CCXLIV.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Τοῖσι μὲν εὖ πράττουσιν ἅπας ὁ βίος βραχύς ἐστιν·

Τοῖς δὲ κακῶς, μία νύξ ἄπλετός ἐστι χρόνος.

LUCIANI.

Quantum vita patet, brevis est felicibus: una

Nox miseris ingens temporis est spatium.

Grotius.

Cui sorte arride, è assai breve ogni vita;

Ma all' infelice una notte è infinita.

M.

Ay de mi! un año felice

Parece un soplo ligero;

Però sin dicha, un instante

Es un siglo de tormento.

Le Sage, Gil Blas.

Un siècle n' est qu' un jour, quand le bonheur nous luit:

Pour un infortuné, quel siècle qu' une nuit!

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Kurz scheint Glücklichen zwar ein langes Leben, doch Kranken

Dünkt eine einzige Nacht eine unendliche Zeit.

Glockinger.

In pleasure's bowers whole lives unheeded fly,

But to the wretch one night's eternity.

Merrill.

Short to the happy life's whole span appears,

But to the wretch one night is endless years.

G. B.

## CCXLV.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Οὔτε σε Πραξιτέλης τεχνάσατο, οὔθ' ὁ σίδαρος·

Ἄλλ' οὕτως ἔσσης, ὥς ποτε κρινομένη.

PLATONIS.

Nil tu Praxiteli, nil debes, Cypria, ferro ;

Sed stas qualis eras iudice sub Paride.

Henr. Stephanus :

Nec te Praxiteles, nec ferrum, Cypria, finxit :

Tu coram Phrygio iudice talis eras.

Paulus Stephanus.

Weder Praxiteles hat dich geformt, noch die Spitze des Eisens ;

Sondern du zeigst dich hier, wie du dem Richter erscheinest.

Jacobs.

No chisel of Praxiteles

Hath sculptur'd limbs so fair as these :

But thou wert standing thus divine

When Paris cried : The prize is thine !

J. W. B.

## CCXLVI.

ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ.

Ὁ Ζεὺς τὴν Δαναὴν χρυσοῦ· καὶ γὰρ δὲ σὲ χρυσοῦ.

Πλείονα γὰρ δοῦναι τοῦ Διὸς οὐ δύναμαι.

PARMENIONIS.

Ut Danaën auro quæsit Jupiter, auro

Sic ego te. Possem qui dare plura Jove?

Grotius.

Oro diè Giove a Danae,

Ed oro io pur do a te :

Dar più che Giove in poter mio non è.

M.

Zeus gab Danaen Gold ; so biet' auch dir ich ein Goldstück.

Denn mehr geben als Zeus kann ich, o Liebliche, nicht.

Jacobs.

Be mine for gold :

Thus Jove of old

Won Danae's love.

I cannot give thee more than Jove.

TT.

CCXLVII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

ὦ ξένε, τόνδε τάφον τὸν Ἀνακρείοντος ἀμείβων,  
Σπείσόν μοι παριών· εἰμὶ γὰρ οἰνοπότης.

INCERTI.

Anacreontis busta, forte qui transis,  
Affunde vini paululum; nam amo vinum.

J. J. Camerarius.

Hospes, Anacreontis ut hoc tuare sepulcrum  
Funde merum: ejus vivus amator eram.

J. J. Camerarius.

Tou qui veux honorer l'urne d'Anacréon  
Arrose-la de vin, car il le trouvoit bon.

Tamisius.

Fremdling, schreitest du hier an Anacreons Grabe vorüber,  
Spende mir! Trinker des Weins bin ich im Wides noch.

Jacobs.

Anacreon's tomb is this! make a libation,  
Good passenger, of wine, my lov'd potation.

CCXLVIII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ καὶ εὐχομένοις καὶ ἀνέυκτοις  
Ἄμμι δίδου· τὰ δὲ λυγρὰ καὶ εὐχομένων ἀπερύκοις.

INCERTI.

Summe parens, nobis, sileamus sive precemur,  
Da bona; quæ mala sunt, quamvis orantibus, arce.

Grotius.

Sive petam, seu non, quæ sunt bona, Jupiter o Rex,  
Da mihi; quæ mala sunt mihi nec largire petenti.

Leximos Uthalmus.

Chiesto o no il ben ci dona, o Dio che il puoi;  
E tien lungi, anche chiesto, il mal da noi.

M.

Jupiter, Gutes gieb mir, und wenn ich auch nicht darum bâte;  
Böses wende von mir, fleht' ich auch sehnlich darum.

Herder.

Vater Zeus das Gute, wir flehen dir, oder wir flehn nicht,  
Gib uns stets: doch Böses, obgleich wir flehen, versag' uns.

Voss.

Pray we or not, great God! do Thou supply  
All good; all harm, e'en to our pray'rs, deny.

H.



## CCXLIX.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Σοὶ μορφῆς ἀνέθηκα τῆς περικαλλὲς ἄγαλμα,  
 Κύπρι, τῆς μορφῆς φέρτερον οὐδὲν ἔχων.

LUCIANI.

Te tibi, sancta, fero nudam; formosius ipsa  
 Cum tibi, quod ferrem, te, Dea, nil habui.

Th. Gray.

Effigies tibi danda tuæ pulcerrima formæ;  
 Quum melius forma nil mihi, Cypri, tua.

G. B.

Pour te faire un présent beau comme ton visage,  
 Le monde n'en a point si ce n'est ton image.

C. L. L.

Halte Götten, ich weih' dir aller schönen Gestalten  
 Schönste, dein eigenes Bild. Fänd' ich ein schöner Geschenk?

H. v. d. H.

Venus, thine own sweet image take!  
 The fairest offering I can make.

Thine own fair form's sweet image, Venus, take:  
 Than this no choicer offering could I make.

G. P.

## CCL.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

Εἰ δυσὶν οὐκ ἴσχυσας ἴσῃν φλόγα, πυρφόρε, καῦσαι,  
 Τῇν ἐνὶ καιομένην ἢ σβέσον, ἢ μετάθες.

RUFINI.

Ne sis nunc injusta, Venus, sed serviat æque  
 Vincetus uterque tibi, vel mea vincla leva.

Titullus

Aut restingue ignem, quo torreo, alma Dione;  
 Aut transire jube; vel face utrimque parem.

Luschnig

Ó haz, Cupido, non ame á Luisa,  
 Ó haz Luisa me ame, Cupido,  
 Para que ó me aparte de ella,  
 Ó ella se junte conmigo.

A. v. d. H.

Die einseitige Liebe.

Nemtest mit Einer Flamme du nicht zwei Herzen entzünden,  
 Liebe, so nimm sie auch mir, oder verbrenne mich ganz.

H. v. d. H.

O quench, or rid me of this cruel flame;  
 Or kindle, Love! in both our hearts the same.

W. A.

## CCLI.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ.

Ποίσας δαπάνην ἐν ὕπνοις ὁ φιλάργυρος Ἑρμών,  
Ἐκ περιωδυνίας αὐτὸν ἀπηγχόρτισεν.

LUCILLII.

In somnis sumptum semel Hermon fecit avarus,  
Æger et in laqueum colla dolore dedit.

D' aver fatto una spesa  
L' avaro Ermon sognò,  
E n' ebbe tanto duol che s' appiccò.

M.

Hermus erut en dormant dépenser en effiet :  
L' avare, à son réveil, s' en pendit de regret.

G. C. D. T.

Großer Aufwand machte der geizige Hermon in Traum einst ;  
Angstlich sprang er empor, lief und erhenkte sich selbst.

Herder

Hermon träumte der Knicker, er gäb' ein köstliches Gastmahl ;  
Und ausummer deshalb hing er am Morgen sich auf.

Jacobs.

The miser Hermon dreamt one night  
He'd spent some cash. The painful fright  
Caused him to hang himself outright.

G. F. D. T.

## CCLII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς λουτρόν.

Κύπρις, Ἑρως, Χάριτες, Νύμφαι, Διόνυσος, Ἀπόλλων  
Ἦμοσαν ἀλλήλοις ἐνθάδε ναιετάειν.

INCERTI.

Phœbus, Amor, Nymphæ, Venus, Evan, Gratia trina  
Jurarunt hoc se degere velle loco.

Grotius.

Ciprigna, Amor, le Grazie, Apollo ancora,  
Le Ninfe e Bacco, insieme  
Giuraro di far qui la lor dimora.

M.

Das Bad der Götter.

Nymphen, Apoll und Bacchus, die Grazien, Amor und Cypris  
Schwuren einander : dieß Bad sey uns auf immer gemein.

Herder

Venus, and Love, the Nymphs, and Graces three,  
And Bacchus, and Apollo, did agree,  
(Yea swore) that this their dwelling-place should be !

## CCLIII.

ΑΡΙΣΤΩΝΟΣ.

ὦ μῦες εἰ μὲν ἐπ' ἄρτον ἐληλύθατ', ἐς μυχὸν ἄλλον  
 Στείχετ', ἐπεὶ λιτὴν οἰκέομεν καλύβην,  
 Οὐ καὶ πίονα τυρὸν ἀποδρέψεσθε, καὶ αὔην  
 Ἰσχάδα, καὶ δεῖπνον συχνὸν ἀπὸ σκυβάλων.  
 Εἰ δ' ἐν ἐμαῖς βίβλοισι πάλιν καταθήξεται ὁδόντα,  
 Κλαύσεσθ', οὐκ ἀγαθὸν κῶμον ἐπερχόμενοι.

ARISTONIS.

Si petitis victum, mures, absistite parco  
 Limine. Sunt quæ vos aurea tecta vocent,  
 Ficus ubi vobis, et copia multa coacti  
 Lactis, et e cœnis altera cœna datur.  
 At nostras iterum petitis si dente papyros,  
 Flebitis; expletos mœsta chorea manet.

Grotius

O Mouse, if rich and luscious cheese,  
 Or the dried fig your palate please,  
 Go, and some statelier mansion seek,  
 With dainty tooth and skin so sleek.  
 But if, less nice by hunger made,  
 Those dusty volumes you invade,  
 Disgusted soon by morsels crude,  
 You'll scorn the scholar's tasteless food.

Th Smyth.

Hence, hence, away! I'm much mistaken  
 If here you'll smell of cheese or bacon.  
 Mark my spare form, my pallid looks,  
 And pry about: I've nought but books.  
 If, my good friends, you wish to dine,  
 You'll seek some richer house than mine;  
 For sure you're mice of more discerning  
 Than here to live, like me, on learning.

F. Sayers

## CCLIV.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ.

Εἰς τοὺς ἀεὶ νοσοῦντας.

Τοὺς καταλείψαντας γλυκερὸν φάος οὐκέτι θρηνῶ  
 Τοὺς δ' ἐπὶ προσδοκίῃ ζῶντας ἀεὶ θανάτου.

LUCILLII.

Non fleo vitalem qui carpere desiit auram,  
 Sed si quis mortis carpitur usque metu.

Heur. Stephanus.

Non di chi trapassò, piango la sorte  
Di chi vive aspettando ognor la morte.

Nicht die bedaur' ich, die den holden Schimmer  
Der Morgenröthe nicht mehr sehn.  
Wohl aber alte, die noch immer,  
In Furcht vor nahem Tode stehn.

Goethe.

For those, whom Death's unerring dart  
Has reach'd, no more my tears shall flow ;  
But he with sorrow wrings my heart,  
Who waits each hour the menac'd blow.

Ph Smyth

*On Invalids.*

Far happier are the dead, methinks, than they  
Who look for death, and fear it every day.

W Cowper

## CCLV.

## Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Τρεῖς εἰσὶν Χάριτες· σὺ δὲ δὴ μία ταῖς τρισὶ ταύταις  
Γεννήθης, ὅν' ἔχωσ' αἱ Χάριτες Χάριτα.

INCERTI.

Tres fuerant olim Charites ; tu nasceris illis  
E tribus una, habeant ut Charites Charita.

Hardesoperni

Gratia trina ; tribus tu nata sed adderis illis  
Una, sit ut vere Gratia grata, comes.

G. B.

Tre son le Grazie ; e tu se' nata ad esse,  
Perchè lor Grazia abbian le Grazie stesse.

Præpici

An ein Mädchen.

Drei nur waren bisher der Grazien. Siehe da schuf dich  
Jupiter, daß du den drei Grazien Grazie wärst.

Voss.

Drei sind der Anmuth Schwestern ; doch daß auch die Grazien eine  
Grazie hätten, erschuf, Daphne, dem Chore dich Zeus.

Frichson

Three are the Graces. Thou wert born to be  
The Grace that serves to grace the other three.

W

## CCLVI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἐνθάδε Πυθώνακτα κασίγνητόν τε κέκευθε  
 Γαῖ, ἐρατῆς ἥβης πρὶν τέλος ἄκρον ἰδεῖν.  
 Μνήμα δ' ἀποφθιμένοισι πατὴρ Μεγάριστος ἔθηκεν  
 Ἀθάνατον, θνητοῖς παισὶ χαριζόμενος.

SIMONIDIS.

Puberibus prius hîc quam grata adoleverat ætas,  
 Pythonacta solum, non sine fratre, tegit.  
 His tumulum posuit genitor Megaristus, ut esset  
 Immortale decus mortis honor pueris.

G. F. D. T.

Below Pythonax and his brother lie,  
 Before they saw their blooming youth pass by.  
 Their father, Megaristus, raised the tomb  
 That here for ever shall record their doom.

Sterling.

## CCLVII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ἦν νέος, ἀλλὰ πένης· νῦν γηρῶν πλούσιός εἰμι·  
 ὦ μόνος ἐκ πάντων οἰκτρὸς ἐν ἀμφοτέροις·  
 Ὃς τότε μὲν χρῆσθαι δυνάμην, ὁπότε οὐδὲ ἐν εἰχον·  
 Νῦν δ' ὁπότε χρῆσθαι μὴ δύναμαι, τότε ἔχω.

INCERTI.

Me miserum sors omnis habet! Florentibus annis  
 Pauper eram; nummis diffluit arca senis:  
 Queis uti poteram quondam, Fortuna negavit;  
 Queis uti nequeo, nunc mihi præbet opes.

Sam. Johnson.

Pauper eram juvenis, senior sum dives, utraque  
 Scilicet in vitæ conditione miser.  
 Queis uti poteram, cunctis tunc rebus egebam;  
 Queis nequeo, cunctas nunc ego res habeo.

Lord Grenville

Pauper qui primis, sum extremis dives in annis;  
 Quam mea sors vitæ tristis utraque vice!  
 Olim ætas risit, sed res angusta negabat,  
 Cumque habeam, prohibent invida fata, frui.

F F

Povero giovin fui, ricco in vecchiezza,  
 Misero in ogni età più d' altro assai.  
 Mentre usar la potei, non l' ebbi mai,  
 Or che usar non la posso, ho gran ricchezza.

*Il. Ariosto.*

*A Luis.*

Mendigo jóven, viejo rico, has sido  
 Infeliz, Luis, en uno y otro estado :  
 Quando gastar podias, no has tenido,  
 Ahora que no puedes, te ha sobrado.

*Arroyal.*

Tandis que j' estois en jeunesse,  
 Je fus pauvre, et je n' avoy rien ;  
 Et maintenant, sur ma vieillesse,  
 Je suis riche, et j' ay trop de bien.  
 O vray Dieu ! en tous deux combien  
 Suis malheureux ! Quand je pouvoy  
 Jouir des biens, je n' en avoy :  
 Et quand je n' ay plus la puissance,  
 Ni l' age pour la jouïssance,  
 Riche, mais en vain, je me voy.

*Barr.*

In youth by cheerless poverty oppress'd,  
 By fortune's flatt'ring smiles in age caress'd ;  
 I sure was doom'd, of all mankind alone,  
 To live, to all the joys of life unknown :  
 Without the means, when young and bless'd with health ;  
 When past enjoyment, tantaliz'd with wealth !

*Granger.*

*On late acquired wealth.*

Poor in my youth, and in life's later scenes  
 Rich to no end, I curse my natal hour,  
 Who nought enjoy'd while young, denied the means ;  
 And nought when old enjoy'd, denied the power.

*Cooper.*

Young, I was poor ; when old, I wealthy grew ;  
 Unblest, alas ! in want and plenty too !  
 When I could all enjoy, fate nothing gave ;  
 Now I can nought enjoy, I all things have.

*G. S.*



## CCLVIII.

M E L E A G R O Y.

Αἰεὶ μοι δύνει μὲν ἐν οὐασιν ἦχος Ἐρωτος,  
 Ὅμμα δὲ σῖγα πόθοις τὸ γλυκὺ δάκρυ φέρει.  
 Οὐδ' ἡ νύξ, οὐ φέγγος ἐκοίμισεν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ φίλτρων  
 Ἦδη που κραδίᾳ γνωστὸς ἔνεστι τύπος.  
 ὦ πτανοί, μὴ καὶ ποτ' ἐφίπτασθαι μὲν, Ἐρωτες,  
 Οἶδατ', ἀποπτῆναι δ' οὐδ' ὅσον ἰσχύετε ;

M E L E A G R I.

Semper in aure mea resonat tinnitus Amoris,  
 Et confessa Deum lumina nostra madent.  
 Nec tenebris, nec luce quies. Jam nota puellæ  
 Effigies cordi vivit inusta meo.  
 Pennigeri Veneris pueri, mihi dicite, num vos ;  
 Quæ tulit huc, vires perdidit ala suas ?

G. S.

Erinnerung

Immer ertönen im Ohr mir des Gro's süßeste Töne,  
 Und still füllt sich mein Aug wonnig mit zärtlichen Thau.  
 Nicht mit der Nacht, mit dem Tag nicht setzt mich Ruhe ; der Liebe  
 Ach, kennbar schon trägt inner die Wunde das Herz.  
 O ihr beschwingten Groten, herbey wohl mißt ihr zu flattern,  
 Aber zurück, das nein ! findet ihr nimmer den Weg.

Friedrichson.

Immer verweilt und tönt in den Ohren mir Flüstern des Gro's ;  
 Thränen der Sehnsucht auch gleiten vom Aug mir herab.  
 Rastlos wacht er am Tag, und rastlos wacht er die Nacht auch ;  
 Kenntliche Male vom Brand zeigt das liebende Herz.  
 Habt ihr, beschwingte Groten, vielleicht wohl Flügel zum Kommen,  
 Aber von hinnen zu fliehn fehlet den Schwingen die Kraft ?

Jacobs

The voice of love still tingles in my ears ;  
 Still from my eyes in silence flow my tears ;  
 By night, by day, no respite do I find ;  
 One dear idea fills my anxious mind.  
 Say, winged lovelings ! round my aching heart  
 Still will ye flutter, never to depart ?

W. Shepherd

Ever sinks the chime of love  
 Ringing deep within mine ear ;  
 Ever in my longing eye  
 Fondly stands the silent tear.

Never night, nor morning light  
 Brings my heart its wonted rest :  
 Charms have stamp'd an image there  
 Long familiar to my breast.

Winged Cupids, well, I ween,  
 Ye can light upon the heart ;  
 But from off that heart again  
 Never, never, can depart.

C F D P

## CCLIX.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ.

*Ναὶ λίτομαι, παροδίτα, φίλῳ κατάλεξον ἀκοίτην,  
 Εὖτ' ἂν ἐμὴν λεύσης πατρίδα Θεσσαλίην·  
 Κάτθανε σὴ παράκοιτις, ἔχει δέ μιν ἐν χθονὶ τύμβος,  
 Αἰ αἶ, Βοσπορίης ἐγγύθεν ἡϊόνοσ'  
 Ἀλλὰ μοι αὐτόθι τεύχε κενήριον ἐγγύθι σείο,  
 Ὅφρ' ἀναμιμνήσκη τῆς ποτὲ κουριδίης.*

A G A T H I Æ.

Thessaliam si forte meam, bone, viseris, hospes,  
 Dignere hæc nostro verba referre viro :  
 Mortua sum, patriaque elheu ! tellure carentem  
 Extera Threicii littoris ora tegit.  
 At prope te tumulus saltem mihi surgat inanis,  
 Quæ doceat sponsæ te memorem esse tuæ.

G S

Stranger, should'st thou to Thessaly repair,  
 To my loved lord, I pray, this message bear.  
 Thy wife is dead, far from her native land  
 Laid in the grave, that grave the Thracian strand.  
 Build me a cenotaph by thy dear side,  
 That thou may'st think on me, thy virgin bride.

G S.

## CCLX.

## ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Εὐφορτοὶ νᾶες πελαγίτιδες, αἰ πόρον Ἑλλας  
 Πλείτε, καλὸν κόλποις δεξάμεναι βορέην,  
 Ἦν που ἐπ' ἡϊόνων Κῶαν κατὰ νᾶσον ἴδητε  
 Φανίον εἰς χαροπὸν δερκομέναν πέλαγος,  
 Τοῦτ' ἔπος ἀγγεῖλαι· καλὴ νυέ, σός με κομίζει  
 Ἴμερος οὐ ναύταν, ποσσὶ δὲ πέξοπόρον.  
 Εἰ γὰρ τοῦτ' εἴποιτ', εὖ τέλοι αὐτίκα καὶ Ζεὺς  
 Οὐρίος ὑμετέρας πνεύσεται εἰς ὀθόνας.

## MELEAGRI.

Velivolæ pinus, quæcunque Aquilonis egentes  
 Hellespontiacum finditis ære salum,  
 Si mea se vobis in Coa Phanion offert  
 Littore, venturas prospicit unde rates,  
 Hæc illi pro me vos pauca: Quid anxia nautam  
 Expectas? peditem dux tibi sistet Amor.  
 Nulla mora, his dictis, Boreas a puppe secundus  
 Flabit, et ad portum lintea vestra feret.

Bernardus Moneta.

Ye light-wing'd barks, that o'er the tide  
 Of Helle's waters go,  
 Speed with your swelling sails of pride,  
 While northern breezes blow.

And if, along the lonely shore,  
 That fronts the Coan isle,  
 My love may gaze the ocean o'er,  
 And sigh for me the while;

Then tell her thus: Sweet lovely maid,  
 All fickle is the sea;  
 My deep love may not be delayed:  
 I come by land to thee.

This message to my loved one bring,  
 And fair your path shall be;  
 For Boreas with his favoring wing  
 Shall waft you o'er the sea.

T. P. R

## CCLXI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Εὐθυμάχων ἀνδρῶν μνησώμεθα, τῶν ὅδε τύμβος,  
 Οἷ θάνον εὐμηλον ῥυόμενοι Τεγέαν,  
 Αἰχμηταὶ πρὸ πόλλος, ἵνα σφίσι μὴ καθέληται  
 Ἑλλὰς ἀποφθιμένου κρατὸς ἐλευθερίαν.

SIMONIDIS

*De Atheniensium potissimis ad Tegeam mortuis.*

Vivat et in tumultu virtus his strenua, vivat,  
 Pascua quæ Tegeæ tuta habitare dedit:  
 Prælia pro patria mortemque obiere: nec ipsis  
 Libertatis honor manibus intereat.

G. F. D. T.

*Inscription for the Athenians who unsuccessfully defended Tegea.*

The men of fearless heart, whose tomb is here,  
 Who died to rescue Tegea's pastoral town,  
 Remember we, that Hellas' voice may ne'er  
 Deny their vanquished heads fair freedom's crown.

Sleeping

## CCLXII.

ΑΛΚΑΙΟΥ.

Ἀκλαυστοὶ καὶ ἄθαρπτοι, ὁδοιπόρε, τῷδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
 Θεσσαλίας τρισσαὶ κείμεθα μυριάδες,  
 Ἡμαθίῃ μέγα πῆμα· τὸ δὲ θρασὺ κείνο Φιλίππου  
 Πνεῦμα θοῶν ἐλάφων ὄχετ' ἐλαφρότερον.

ALCÆI.

Hoc tumultu indefleta, atque intumulata jacemus  
 Triginta Emathiae millia militiæ;  
 Non levis Emathiae hæc jactura; sed illa Philippi  
 Vel levior cervis gloria tanta fugit.

Q. Septimii Florentis Christiani.

Unwept, unhonoured with a grave,  
 Full thrice ten thousand warriors brave,  
 Sons of Thessalia, here lie sleeping,  
 Well worthy they Thessalia's weeping.  
 Yet Philip too, tho' proud and bold,  
 Full soon his fleeting days were told,  
 Gone swift as stags that scour along the wold.

T. P. R.

## CCLXIII.

N I K A P X O Y.

*Εἰς Ῥόδον εἰ πλεύσει τις Ὀλυμπικὸν ἦλθεν ἐρωτῶν  
 Τὸν μάντιν, καὶ πῶς πλεύσεται ἀσφαλῆως.  
 Χὼ μάντις, πρῶτον μὲν, ἔφη, καὶνὴν ἔχε τὴν ναῦν,  
 Καὶ μὴ χειμῶνος, τοῦ δὲ θέρους ἀνάγον·  
 Τοῦτο γὰρ ἂν ποιῇς, ἥξεις κἀκείσε καὶ ὠδε,  
 Ἄν μὴ πειρατῆς ἐν πελάγει σε λάβῃ.*

N I C A R C H I.

*Præscius a nauta consultus Olympicus, iret  
 Anne Rhodum, quam tutus, et iret ope ;  
 Esto, inquit, primum navis nova : tu neque brumæ,  
 Si sapis, at veris tempore vela dato.  
 Hoc etenim facto, peregreque domumque meabis ;  
 Injiciat prædo ni maris ante manus.*

G B

Die Astrologen.

*Einstmals kam zu dem Seher Olympikos einer und fragt ihn,  
 Ob er wol ohne Gefahr führe nach Rhodos, und wie ?  
 Weise versetzt der Prophet : Nimm erstlich ein tüchtiges, neues  
 Fahrzeug ; halt' auch nie während des Sturmes die See.  
 Folgest du mir, so kömmt du, es kann nicht fehlen, nach Rhodos,  
 Und auch wieder zurück, raubt ein Pirate dich nicht.*

Jacobs

*Tom prudently thinking his labour ill spared,  
 If e'er unadvised for his plans he prepared,  
 Consulted a witch on his passage to Dover,  
 If the wind would be fair, and the passage well over.  
 The seer gravely answer'd, first stroking his beard :  
 " If the vessel be new, and well rigg'd, and well steer'd ;  
 " If you stay all the winter, and still wait on shore  
 " 'Till spring is advanced, and the equinox o'er,  
 " You may sail there and back, without danger or fear,  
 " Unless you are caught by a French privateer."*

Merivale

CCLXIV.

ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΥΠΑΤΟΥ.

Παρμενὶς οὐκ ἔργῳ· τὸ μὲν οὖνομα καλὸν ἀκούσας  
 'Ωϊσάμην'· σὺ δέ μοι πικροτέρῃ θανάτου.  
 Καὶ φεύγεις φιλέοντα, καὶ οὐ φιλέοντα διώκεις,  
 "Ὅφρα πάλιν κείνον καὶ φιλέοντα φύγῃς.

MACEDONII CONSULIS.

Parmenis es non re: verum te nomen habere  
 Credideram; sed tu plus nece dura mihi.  
 Si quis amat, fugis hunc, et amas qui te fugit, ut si  
 Hic te rursus amet, rursus et hunc fugias.

Grotius

Ruthless to me as death! in sound how fair,  
 Inconstant Constance, is the name you bear!  
 Belov'd, you fly; not courted, you pursue;  
 That you may fly again, when loved anew.

W.

CCLXV.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Ὅρθῶσαι τὸν κυρτὸν ὑποσχόμενος Διόδωρον  
 Σωκλῆς, τετραπέδους τρεῖς ἐπέθηκε λίθους  
 Τοῦ κυρτοῦ στιβαροὺς ἐπὶ τὴν ῥάχιν· ἀλλὰ πιεσθεὶς  
 Τέθνηκεν, γέγονεν δ' ὀρθότερος κανόνος.

NICARCHI.

Corrigat ut Socles Diodori in corpore gibbum,  
 Trina simul dorso saxa quadrata locat.  
 Ille gravi pressus posuit sub pondere vitam,  
 Rectus ita, ut non sit regula recta magis.

Grotius

Diodorus the hunch-back in sorrowful plight  
 Went to Socles, who promis'd to set him all right.  
 So on crooky's back-bone  
 He piled three tons of stone,  
 Which crushed him to death with the weight:  
 But when he came out  
 It appear'd beyond doubt,  
 That no ruler was ever so straight.



## CCLXVI.

ΑΡΧΙΛΟΧΟΥ.

Θυμὲ, θύμ' ἀμηχάνοισι κήδεσιν κυκώμενε,  
 Ἄνεχε, δυσμενέων δ' ἀλέξει προσβαλὼν ἐναντίον  
 Στέρνον, ἐν δοκοῖσιν ἐχθρῶν πλησίον κατασταθεὶς  
 Ἀσφαλέως· καὶ μήτε νικῶν ἀμφάδην ἀγάλλεο,  
 Μηδὲ νικηθεὶς ἐν οἴκῳ καταπεσὼν ὀδύρεο.  
 Ἄλλὰ χαρτοῖσιν τε χαῖρε, καὶ κακοῖσιν ἀσχάλα  
 Μὴ λήν· γίγνωσκε δ' οἷος ῥυθμὸς ἀνθρώπους ἔχει.

ARCHILOCHI.

Anime noster, anime jam nunc æstuans cura gravi,  
 Fortis obdura, atque in hostes obvium pectus ferens  
 Imminentes inter hastas pone securum pedem;  
 Nec data nimium feroci, si datur, victoria;  
 Nec, secus si quid ceciderit, stratus in luctum jace,  
 Cum modo lætare felix, cum modo infelix dole,  
 Qui, videns, quantique casus res agant mortalium.

Grotius.

Mens mea! mens incompositis exercita curis!  
 Surge age! et adversum infensis vigil objice pectus,  
 Arma inter media, atque hastis hostilibus instans  
 Incolumis. Ne tu, victrix, ostende triumphos;  
 Victa, domi neu procumbas labefacta dolore;  
 At neque læta nimis lætis, neque mœsta sinistris  
 Cognoscas, quò sit revolvibilis ordine vita.

Wellesley, Marchi.

Sei getroßt, mein Herz, in deinen rettungslosen  
 Leiden! auf! ermanne dich, und dringe vorwärts  
 In die Speere deiner Feinde, die den Tod dir  
 Dräuen. Nur der Muth giebt Sicherheit! doch siegst du,  
 O, so hemme deiner Freude wildes Jauchzen!  
 Siegen deine Feinde, laß du dann von deinem  
 Jammer dich nicht kraftlos winselnd niederschlagen!  
 Nur dich dessen stets zu freuen, was der Freude  
 Werth ist, strebe du, und dich im Unglück durch der  
 Menschen immer wandelbares Loos zu trösten!

Christian von Stiller.

My Soul, my Soul, care-worn, bereft of rest,  
 Arise! and front the Foe with dauntless breast;  
 Take thy firm stand amidst his fierce alarms;  
 Secure, with inborn valour meet his arms.  
 Nor, conquering, mount vain-glory's glitt'ring steep;  
 Nor, conquered, yield, fall down at home, and weep.  
 Await the turns of life with duteous awe;  
 Know, Revolution is great Nature's law.

Marquis Wellesley

## CCLXVII.

Α Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Ν Ο Υ .

Ἐν πᾶσιν μεθύουσιν Ἀκινδυνος ἤθελε νήφειν,  
 Τούνεκα καὶ μεθύειν αὐτὸς ἔδοξε μόνος.

LUCIANI.

Sobrius in potis dum quærit Acindynus esse,  
 Solus ab his potus cur habeatur, habet.

Gratius

Vuol fra gli ebbri Acindin sobrio restare;  
 Così egli solo esser briaco appare.

M.

Entre todos los borrachos  
 Luis quiere parecer sobrio;  
 Y aun por esto me parece  
 Que es mas borracho que todos.

Arroyal.

An den Paul.

Es scheint, daß du Paul, der einz' ge Trunkne bist:  
 Denn du willst nüchtern seyn, wo keiner nüchtern ist.

Lessing

Unter den Trunk'nen begehrte Akindynos nüchtern zu scheinen,  
 Darum schien er allein unter den Trunknen berauscht.

Jacobus

Akindynus kept sober, when all were drunk but he;  
 So that he seemed the only one beside himself to be.

Imitation.

Enough! old Sober cried, and pass'd the wine:  
 My head's all right, you're all as drunk as swine.  
 Drunk! with one shout respond the jovial crew;  
 That's capital! there's no one drunk but you.

## CCLXVIII.

## ΑΡΧΙΛΟΧΟΥ.

Χρημάτων ἄελπτον οὐδέν ἐστιν, οὐδ' ἀπόμοτον,  
 Οὐδὲ θαυμάσιον· ἐπειδὴ Ζεὺς πατὴρ Ὀλυμπίων  
 Ἐκ μεσημβρίας ἔθηκε νύκτ' ἀποκρύψας φάος  
 Ἑλλίου λάμποντος· λυγρὸν δ' ἦλθ' ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους δέος.  
 Ἐκ δὲ τοῦ οὐκ ἄπιστα πάντα κἀπείλεπτα γίνεται  
 Ἀνδράσιν· μηδεὶς ἔθ' ὑμῶν εἰσορῶν θαυμαζέτω,  
 Μηδ' ἵνα δελφῖσι θῆρες ἀνταμείβονται νομὸν  
 Εἰνάλιον, καὶ σφί θαλάσσης ἡχρήεντα κύματα  
 Φίλτερ' ἠπείρου γένηται, τοῖσι δ' ἡδὺν ἦν ὄρος.

## ARCHILOCHI.

Nil supra spem collocatum est, nil futurum quod neges,  
 Nil quod admirere: quippe cœlitum summus pater  
 Noctis excivit tenebras in mero meridie,  
 Sole se condente magno cum metu mortalium.  
 Inde nil sperare vetitum, nil quod exsuperet fidem.  
 Nulla jam miranda nobis amplius spectacula;  
 Nec suas si forte delphin horrido migrans mari  
 Cum feris mutet latebras, hisque telluris solo  
 Carius sit æquor, illum celsa delectent jуга.

Grotius

## Der gesetzzte Muth.

An nichts verzweifle. Alles ist möglich; nichts  
 Ist ohne Hoffnung; aber auch nichts der Bewundrung werth.  
 Der Vater der Götter macht aus Mittag' oft  
 Die Nacht; das Licht verschwand bey der Sonne Glanz,  
 Und traurige Furcht defallt der Menschen Herz.  
 Nichts ist unglaublich; nichts ohne Hoffnung ganz  
 Für Männer; aber auch nichts der Bewundrung werth.  
 Und sähest du mit Delphinen des Waldes Wild  
 Im Meere weiden und sähest, dass jenem dort  
 Der tobenden Wellen Sturm erfreulicher sey  
 Als festes Land und jenem ein nackter Fels.

Herder.

## The Eclipse.

Never man again may swear, things shall be as erst they were;  
 Never more in wonder stare, since the Olympian thunderer  
 Bad the sun's meridian splendour hide in shade of murky night;  
 While affrighted nations started, trembling at the sudden sight.

Who shall dare to doubt hereafter whatsoever man may say?  
 Who refuse with stupid laughter credence to the wildest lay?  
 Though for pasture dolphins ranging, leap the hills, and scour the wood,  
 And fierce wolves, their nature changing, dive beneath the astonish'd flood.

*Horivale.*

CCLXIX.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Νάξιος οὐκ ἐπὶ γῆς ἔθανεν Λύκος, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ  
 Ναῦν ἅμα καὶ ψυχὴν εἶδεν ἀπολλυμένην,  
 Ἐμπορος Αἰγίνηθεν ὅτ' ἔπλεε· χῶ μὲν ἐν ὑγρῇ  
 Νεκρός· ἐγὼ δ' ἄλλως οὖνομα τύμβος ἔχων,  
 Κηρύσσω πανάληθες ἔπος τόδε· φεῦγε θαλάσση  
 Συμμίσγειν, ἐρίφων, ναυτίλε, δυομένων.

CALLIMACHI.

Naxius haud tumulum subiit Lycus, æquore in alto  
 Perdidit elisa cum rate dulcem animam,  
 Solvit ab Egina dum vela; furentibus undis  
 Obruitur, tumulus nomen inane refert,  
 Et monet: Æquoreas, hædis obeuntibus, iras,  
 Navita, ab exemplo discite timere meo.

*Averardus Medicus*

In terra no, ma in mar con la sdruscita  
 Barca perdè la vita  
 Lico di Nasso nel partir da Egina.  
 S'aggira or l'infelice  
 In grembo alla marina.  
 Quest'urna sol ne serba il nome, e dice:  
 De' Capri al tramontare  
 Bada, nocchier, di non fidarti al mare.

*Tagliani*

Lycus the Naxian perished not on shore:  
 Both bark and life he lost amid the roar  
 Of the rough billows, from Ægina sailing.  
 His corse floats there! and I, his unavailing  
 Tenantless tomb, proclaim: O never be,  
 What time the kids are setting, far at sea!

*J. T. J.*

## CCLXX.

## Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Γαῖα φίλη, τὸν πρέσβυν Ἀμύντιχον ἔνθεο κόλποις,  
 Πολλῶν μνησαμένη τῶν ἐπὶ σοὶ καμάτων.  
 Καὶ γὰρ αἰεὶ πρέμνον σοι ἀνεστήριξεν ἐλαίης,  
 Πολλάκι καὶ Βρομίου κλήμασιν ἠγλαΐσεν,  
 Καὶ Διουὶς ἔπλησε, καὶ ὕδατος αὐλακας ἔλκων,  
 Θῆκε μὲν εὐλάχανον, θῆκε δ' ὀπωροφόρον.  
 Ἀνθ' ὧν σὺ πρηεῖα κατὰ κροτάφου πολιοῖο  
 Κεῖσο, καὶ εἰαρινὰς ἀνθοκόμει βοτάνας.

## INCERTI.

Alma sinu vetulum Tellus amplectere Thyrsin,  
 Hunc memor assidua te coluisse manu.  
 Namque tibi semper stirpem defixit olivæ,  
 Addidit et Bacchi palmite sæpe decus ;  
 Et Cerere implevit ; ductisque per arida rivis,  
 Edere te fructus, edere jussit olus.  
 Pro quibus officiis cani senis, ipsa jacenti  
 Sis levis, et verna floreat herba coma.

G B

## Das Grab eines Landmannes

Gütige Mutter, Erde, nimm leicht und freundlich den alten,  
 Guten Amyntichos auf, der dich im Leben geliebt ;  
 Denn er schmückte dich unverdorren mit emsigen Händen ;  
 Öluren von Öhl und Wein kränzten sein friedliches Haus ;  
 Reiche Saaten der Ceres und milde Gewächse belebten  
 Seinen Boden, den er tränkte, mit frohem Genuss.  
 Darum decke nun sanft den grauen Scheitel, und lass ihn  
 Dankbar über dem Haupt Kräuter und Blumen blüh'n.

Herder

Freundlich empfang' den Greis Amyntichos, gütige Erde,  
 Der sein Leben hindurch deine Gefilde verschönt ;  
 Denn er reihete dir bald Sproßflinge fetter Oliven,  
 Bald der bromischen Traub' edle Gesenke zum Schmuck ;  
 Reichlich lohn' ihm auch Deo, und froh der wässernden Quellen  
 Prangte das Gartengewächs, prangte balsamisches Obst.  
 Darum decke du sanft die silberhaarige Scheitel,  
 Und mit blühendem Kraut schwell' der Nasen empor.



*Verses left on a seat, at the Leasowes; the hand unknown.*

O Earth! to his remains indulgent be,  
 Who so much care and cost bestow'd on thee!  
 Who crown'd thy barren hills with useful shade,  
 And cheer'd with tinkling rills each silent glade;  
 Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,  
 And there enliven'd nature's vernal bloom.  
 Propitious earth! lie lightly on his head,  
 And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories spread!

Anon. Shenstone's! m

Take to thy bosom, gentle Earth! a swain  
 With much hard labour in thy service worn.  
 He set the vines that clothe yon ample plain,  
 And he these olives that the vale adorn.  
 He fill'd with grain the glebe; the rills he led  
 Through this green herbage, and those fruitful bowers.  
 Thou, therefore, Earth! lie lightly on his head,  
 His hoary head, and deck his grave with flowers.

W. Chapman.

Take to thy bosom, Earth! the dear remains  
 Of sage Amynticus, whose kindly pains  
 Raised the green olives, train'd the cluster'd vines,  
 And led the irriguous rill in lengthen'd lines;  
 Nurtured of herbs and plants the tender shoots,  
 And fill'd the gardens with autumnal fruits.  
 Lie lightly on the old man's hoary brow,  
 And on his grave let thy first flow'rets blow.

W. Shepherd

Dear Earth, take old Amyntas to thy breast,  
 And for his toils not thankless give him rest.  
 On thee the olive's stem 'twas his to rear;  
 His, with the mantling vine to grace thy year.  
 Through him thy furrows teem'd with plenty; he  
 Fed with rich streams each herb and fruit for thee.  
 For this lie lightly on his hoary head,  
 And with thy choicest spring-flowers deck his bed.

Wranſham.



## CCLXXI.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Τίς σε πάγος δυσέρημος, ἀνήλιος, ἐξέθρεψεν  
 Βορρᾶίου Σκυθίης, ἄμπελον ἀγριάδα,  
 ἥ Κελτῶν νιφοβλήτες αἰὲ κρυμώδεες Ἀλπεις,  
 Τῆς τε σιδηροτόκου βῶλος Ἰβηριάδος ;  
 ἥ τοὺς ὀμφακοῦρας ἐγείναο, τοὺς ἀπεπάντους  
 Βότρυας, οἳ στυφελὴν ἐξέχεον σταγόνα.  
 Δίζηναι, Λυκόεργε, τεὰς χέρας, ὥς ἀπὸ ρίζης  
 Κλήματος ὠμοτόκου βλαστὸν ὅλον θερίσης.

PHILIPPI.

Nutrit agrestem te solis nescia vitem  
 Quæ Scythicæ rupis non habitanda silex ;  
 Usque vel horrentes Gallûm nivis imbris Alpes,  
 Et gravidus ferri durus Iberus ager ?  
 Tam tuus immitis sit et asper ut ille racemus,  
 Unde mihi pressus contrahit ora liquor.  
 Digna, Lycurge, tuis manibus de stirpe recidi,  
 Quæ peperit crudum palmitis arbor onus.

C. 1

Welcher verödete Fels von Scythien, Boreas' Heimath,  
 Hat dich, wildes Gewächs, fern von der Sonne, genährt ?  
 Oder der Kelten beschneites Gebirg, eisstarrende Alpen,  
 Und der Iberischen Flur Eisengebärender Schoos ?  
 Dich, die bewilderte Mutter der Herlinge, nimmer erweichter  
 Beeren—ein herbes Getränk presset die Kelter dir ab.  
 Hätten wir jetzt dein Weil, o Lycurgos ! Oder wer sonst mäht  
 Uns dieß wilde Gerank bis zu der Wurzel hinweg ?

Jacobi.

What cheerless, sunless crag, ill-favoured tree,  
 Mid northern Scythia's wilds gave birth to thee ?  
 Or didst thou mid the Alps' perpetual snow,  
 Or in Spain's soil, parent of iron, grow ?  
 Thy harsh tart grapes ne'er felt the sunny south ;  
 Like verjuice are they to the puckered mouth.  
 O ! for thy hand, Lycurgus, to uproot  
 The graceless plant that bears such bitter fruit !

G. S.

CCLXXII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Μή με θοῶς κύδιστε παρέρχεο τύμβον ὁδῖτα,  
 Σοῖσιν ἀκοιμήτοις ποσσὶ κέλευθοπόρε·  
 Δερκόμενος δ' ἐρέεινε, τίς, ἢ πόθεν ; Ἀρμονίαν γὰρ  
 Γνώσεται, ἥς γενεὴ λάμπεται ἐν Μεγάροις·  
 Πάντα γὰρ, ὅσσα βροτοῖσι φέρει κλέος, ἦεν ἰδέσθαι,  
 Εὐγενίην ἐρατὴν, ἥθεα, σωφροσύνην·  
 Τοίης τύμβον ἄθρησον· ἐς οὐρανίας γὰρ ἀταρπούς  
 Ψυχὴ παπταίνει σῶμ' ἀποδυσαμένη.

INCERTI.

Ne me prætercas gressu properante, viator,  
 Perpetuum insomni dum pede tendis iter :  
 Respice ! Posce simul quæ sim, et quo sanguine ? Nosces  
 Harmoniam : Megaris est mihi clara domus.  
 Quicquid enim in terris pulchrum est, convenit in unam ;  
 Nobilitas, virtus, et sine labe pudor.  
 Quod superest, cineres age contemplare, soluta  
 Corpore cœlestes prospicit Ipsa vias.

G. S.

O traveller, pass not here with steps  
 That rest may ne'er beguile :  
 Speed not so swiftly by the grave,  
 But stay and gaze awhile.

Ask, who and whence, within this tomb  
 Is laid, and thou shalt know,  
 That one in Megara dear to fame,  
 Harmonia, sleeps below.

Each virtue, that may honour bring  
 To man, in her was seen ;  
 Of noble birth, of modest ways,  
 Of wise and prudent mien.

Mark well her tomb ; and let the while  
 This thought thy spirit raise ;  
 Her soul has doff'd its mortal frame  
 To seek Heaven's happy ways.

T. F. R.

F f

## CCLXXIII.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Ἀνθοδίαίτε μέλισσα, τί μοι χροὸς Ἡλιοδώρας  
 Ψαύεις, ἐκπρολιποῦς' εἰαρινὰς κάλυκας ;  
 Ἡ σύ γε μὲν νύεις ὅτι καὶ ἑλγυκὴ καὶ δυσύποιστον  
 Πικρὸν αἰὲ κραδίᾳ κέντρον Ἔρωτος ἔχει ;  
 Ναὶ δοκέω, τοῦτ' εἶπας· ἰώ, φιλέραστε, παλὶμπους  
 Στείχε· πάλαι τὴν σὴν οἶδαμεν ἀγγελίην.

MELEAGRI.

Flores nata sequi, quid corpus ad Heliodoræ  
 Nunc, apis, oblitis floribus advolitas?  
 Hoc an significas, pariter quod corde sub illo  
 Dulcia, quæque ferat nullus, amara latent?  
 Hoc erat, ut credo: satis est, nec abire vetaris:  
 Jamdudum venit nuntius iste mihi.

Grotius.

Ape che pasci i fior, perchè le belle  
 Bocce lasciando tu di primavera,  
 D' Eliodora mia tocchi la pelle?  
 Mi vuoi forse accennar ch' essa al mio core  
 Un dolce e acerbo sempre, e tal che male  
 Soffrir si puote, ha pungolo d' Amore?  
 Sì, credo, il dici. O degli amanti amica,  
 Vanne; tornati in dietro; il so ben io:  
 Quella che or tu m' annunzi, è cosa antica.

Pompeii.

Abejita, que vagas  
 Buscando florecillas,  
 Por qué de mi Eliodora  
 Los bellos labios picas?  
 Y por qué del ameno  
 Florido valle olvidas  
 Las coloradas rosas  
 Y varias clavellinas?  
 Qué buscas temeraria?

Dónde vas semplecilla?  
 No sabes tú que tiene  
 En su labio escondida  
 La punta dulce amarga  
 Que Amor el crudo vibra?  
 Pareceme que dices:  
 Lo sé; y si quieres vida,  
 Huye del dulce beso  
 Que amoroso suspiras.

Conde

Blumenkostende Biene, warum verlässest du deine  
 Süßen Blumen und störst summend der Liebenden Kuß?  
 Oder willst du mir segnen: o Freund, die Biene der Liebe,  
 Auch im süßesten Kuß, drückt den Stachel in's Herz.  
 Ja, das willst du mir sagen: geh' hin zu deinem Geschäfte,  
 Gute Biene, das sprach lange die Liebe mir selbst.

H. P. 17.

## Die Deutung der Biene

Biene, von Blumen genährt, was berührst du mir Heliodora's  
 Reizende Glieder, der Au würzigen Kelchen entschwehst?  
 Willst du mir etwa deuten, sie trag' im Herzen den Stachel  
 Gro's, bitter und süß, ach den gefährlichen ihn?  
 Ja, das wolltest du künden; so kehre denn jetzt, o geliebte,  
 Fleug nur! was du gewollt mußt' ich, wie lange ja schon.

Erichson.

Blumengenährte, warum o berührst du Heliodora's  
 Wangen, o Bien'? und verläßt alle die Blüthen der Au?  
 Willst du mich lehren vielleicht, daß die Liebliche Pfeile des Gro's,  
 Süß und bitter zugleich, stets in dem Herzen verbirgt?  
 Ja, das hast du gemeint. Doch kehre nur, freundliche Botin,  
 Kehre zurück. Schon längst wußten wir, was du mich lehrst.

Jewels.

Little bee, on blossoms faring,  
 Why neglect the spring to seek?  
 Why to settle art thou daring  
 On my Heliodora's cheek?

Is it that thou'rt me assuring,  
 Love has something sweet to bring,  
 But withal past hearts' enduring  
 Leaves a bitter in his sting?

Yes: I ween, this was your presage:  
 Get thee hence, thou lover's friend:  
 Long ago I've known your message:  
 Hence, begone; I cannot mend.

G. F. D. T.

## CCLXXIV.

Π Α Λ Α Δ Α.

Ἀνδροφόνῳ σαθρὸν παρὰ τειχίον ὑπνώνοντι  
 Νυκτὸς ἐπιστῆναι φασὶ Σάραπιν ὄναρ,  
 Καὶ χρησμοφῶσαι κατακείμενος οὗτος, ἀνίστω,  
 Καὶ κοιμῶ μεταβάς, ὦ τάλας, ἀλλαχόθι.  
 Ὃς δὲ διϋπνισθεὶς μετέβη. τὸ δὲ σαθρὸν ἐκείνο  
 Τειχίον ἐξαίφνης εὐθὺς ἔκειτο χαμαί.  
 Σῶστρα δ' ἔωθεν ἔθνε θεοῖς χαίρων ὁ κακοῦργος,  
 Ἥδεσθαι νομίσας τὸν θεὸν ἀνδροφόνοις.  
 Ἄλλ' ὁ Σάραπις ἔχρησε πάλιν, διὰ νυκτὸς ἐπιστάς·  
 Κήδεσθαι με δοκεῖς, ἄθλιε, τῶν ἀδίκων ;  
 Εἰ μὴ νῦν σε μεθήκα θανεῖν, θάνατον μὲν ἄλνπον  
 Νῦν ἔφυγες, σταυρῷ δ' ἴσθι φυλαττόμενος.

P A L L A D Æ.

Sub muro dormit dum putri homicida, Serapis  
 Huic fuit in somnis visus adesse deus.  
 Surge, inquit, miser ; inque alio citò carpere somnos  
 Festina, tutus si cupis esse, loco.  
 Hic surgens migrat : murusque repentè ruinam,  
 Sub quo decubuit, dat resupinus humi.  
 Diis ratus acceptos homicidas improbus esse,  
 Manè orto, fecit diis sacra multa pius.  
 Dixit at huic adstans iterum sub nocte Serapis :  
 Me curare malos, furcifer, anne putas ?  
 Te morti eripui leni expertique doloris,  
 Ut subeas, quam scis te meruisse, crucem.

L'antique.

Au pied d' un méchant mur dormait un meurtrier.  
 Sérapis d' accourir, Sérapis de crier :  
 Lève-toi, lève-toi. Quel danger te menace !  
 Malheureux ! pour dormir choisis une autre place.  
 Notre homme éveillé fuit. Il était à deux pas ;  
 Soudain le mur éclate, et tombe avec fracas.  
 Dès l' aurore, ex voto, sacrifice splendide.  
 Les dieux apparemment protégeaient l' homicide.

Sérapis reparaît. Monstre, as-tu pu penser  
 Qu'aux jours d'un scélérat j'irais n'intéresser?  
 D'une mort sans douleur sauvé par providence,  
 Une autre mort t'attend. On dresse ta potence.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Ein Räuber schlief an einer alten Wand  
 Da stand der Gott Serapis ihm im Traum  
 Vor Augen, und weisfagend sprach der Gott:  
 "Glender, schläfst du hier? erwach' und flich'  
 Von dieser Mauer." Er erwacht' und floh;  
 Die Mauer stürzt' herab mit schnellem Sturz.  
 Wie dankte der Errettete dem Gott!  
 Frühmorgens bringt er schon sein Opfer dar,  
 Und wähnt—der Bube wähnt, den Göttern sey  
 Sein Leben lieb. Doch kaum entschlief er wieder,  
 Als abermahls Serapis vor ihm stand  
 Weisfagend: "Wie? Glender, glaubest du,  
 Dass ich der Mörder pflege? Wenn ich dich  
 Von diesem Tod errettete, der schnell  
 Und schmerzlos auch den Unschuld'gen trifft,  
 So wiss: ich that es, dass ich dich damit  
 Aufsparete für deinen Tod—das Kreuz.

Herder.

A murderer, sleeping by a tottering wall,  
 Saw in a dream Serapis' awful face;  
 And, "Ho! thou sleeper, rise!" he heard him call;  
 "Go, take thy slumber in some other place."  
 The murderer woke; departed: and behold,  
 Straight to the earth the tottering fabric rolled.  
 The wretch, next morning, offerings brought, as fain  
 To think himself to great Serapis dear;  
 But the god came by night and spoke again:  
 "Wretch! dost thou think the like of *thee* my care?  
 To avert a painless death I bade thee wake:  
 But learn that Heaven reserves thee for the stake!"

J. W. B.



## CCLXXV.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Τίπτε με τὸν φιλέρημον ἀναιδεῖ, ποιμένες, ἄγρη  
 Τέττιγα δροσερῶν ἔλκετ' ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων,  
 Τὴν Νυμφέων παροδίτιν ἀηδόνα, κῆματι μέσσω  
 Οὔρεσι καὶ σκιεραῖς ξουθᾶ λαλεῦντα νάπαις ;  
 Ἥνιδε καὶ κίχλην καὶ κόσσυφον, ἥνιδε τόσσους  
 Ψᾶρας ἀρουραῖης ἄρπαγας εὐπορίας.  
 Καρπῶν δηλητήρας ἐλέιν θέμις· ὅλλυτ' ἐκείνους.  
 Φύλλων καὶ χλοερῆς τίς φθόνος ἐστὶ δρόσου ;

INCERTI.

Cur me pastores foliorum abducitis umbrâ,  
 Me quam delectant roscida rura vagam ?  
 Me quæ Nympharum sum Musa ? atque æthere sudo  
 Hinc recino umbrosis saltibus, inde jugis.  
 En ! turdum et merulam, si prædæ tanta cupido est,  
 Quæ late sulcos deripuere satos,  
 Quæ vastant fruges, captare et fallere fas est :  
 Roscida non avidæ sufficit herba mihi.

T. Warton

Warum verfolget ihr mich, ihr Ungerechten, und gönnet  
 Eurer Cicada nicht Einen bethaueten Zweig ?  
 Ihr, der Einsamen, Ihr, der Sängerin, die euch am Wege  
 Unter des Mittags Gluth, euch an der Quelle vergnügt.  
 Fanget andere Feinde, die euch der Saaten berauben,  
 Mir, der Unschädlichen, gönnt grü nende Blätter und Thau.

Herber.

Warum reißt ihr die einsame nur, die Cicade, der Wildniß  
 Freundin, schonungslos, Hirten, vom thäufigen Zweig ?  
 Mich Philomele der Nymphen am Weg, die unter des Mittags  
 Gluth auf den Berghöhn zirpt, oder im Schatten des Hains ?  
 Seht die geschwägigen Staaren umher, und die Drosseln und Amseln,  
 All' die gefräßige Schaar, Räuber der fröhlichen Saat.  
 Diese Verheerer zu fahn, ist Recht ; sie mögt ihr vertilgen ;  
 Aber was neidet ihr mir Blätter und Blumen und Thau ?

Jacobs

Why do ye, swains, a grasshopper pursue  
 Content with solitude, and rosy dew ?  
 Me, whose sweet song can o'er the nymphs prevail ?  
 I charm them in the forest, hill, or dale,  
 And me they call their summer-ningtingale.

See, on your fruits the thrush and black-bird prey !  
 See, the bold starlings steal your grain away !  
 Destroy your foes : why should you me pursue  
 Content with verdant leaves, and rosy dew ?

*Howe.*

Why, ruthless shepherds, from my dewy spray  
 In my lone haunt, why tear me thus away ?  
 Me, the Nymphs' wayside minstrel, whose sweet note  
 O'er sultry hill is heard, and shady grove to float ?  
 Lo ! where the blackbird, thrush, and greedy host  
 Of starlings fatten at the farmer's cost !  
 With just revenge those ravagers pursue :  
 But grudge not my poor leaf, and sip of grassy dew.

*Wraugh.*

## CCLXXVI.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

*Ἄϊλιος ὁ θρασύχειρ, Ἄργους πρόμος, ὁ ψελιώσας  
 Ἀύχένα χρυσοδέτοις ἐκ πολέμου στεφάνοις,  
 Τηξιμελεῖ νούσῳ κεκολουμένος, ἔδραμε θυμῷ  
 Ἐς προτέρην ἔργων ἄρσενα μαρτυρίην,  
 Ὡσε δ' ὑπὸ σπλάγχνοις πλατὺ φάσγανον, ἐν μόνον εἰπών·  
 "Ἀνδρας Ἀρης κτείνει, δειλοτέρους δὲ νόσος.*

PHILIPPI THESSALONICI.

*Ælius, in bellis nulli virtute secundus,  
 Cinxerat et cujus laurea sæpe caput,  
 Tabifico implicitus morbo, memorique revolvens  
 Mente manûs olim fortia facta suæ ;  
 Intrepidus ferro trajecit viscera, et inquit ;  
 Mars fortes perimit, morbus iners timidos.*

*Maittaire.*

When Ælius of the iron hand (the Argive chief, whose neck  
 Full many a victor's golden chain, in battle won, did deck),  
 Was wasting with a slow disease, one savage deed expressed  
 How brooded he on by-gone deeds within his gloomy breast :  
 Pierced by his own broad sword, 'twas thus his parting accents ran :  
 "Let the coward die by sickness ; 'tis a sword should slay the man !"

J. W. B.

## CCLXXVII.

Π Α Λ Λ Α Δ Α.

Μάγνος, ὅτ' εἰς Ἀΐδην κατέβην, τρομέων Ἀΐδωνεὺς  
 Εἶπεν' ἀναστήσων ἦλυθε καὶ νέκυας.

PALLADÆ.

Magnus ut in nigrum Styga venerat, intremuit Dis:  
 Reddat ut et vitam manibus, inquit, adest.

Grotius.

Quando Magno discese  
 Alle infernali arene,  
 Palpitante gridar Pluto s' intese:  
 Ah costui l' ombre a ravvivar sen viene!

Pagnini

Hippocrates.

Zitternd sah Gott Pluto den Koer kommen im Orkus;  
 "Dass er mir nur nicht gar, rief er, die Todten erweckt!"

Herder

Auf den Tod des D. Mead.

Als Mead am Styx erschien, rief Pluto voller Schrecken:  
 Weh mir! nun kommt er gar, die Todten zu erwecken!

Lessing

On Dr. Mead.

When Mead reach'd the Styx, Pluto started and said:  
 Confound him! he's come to recover the dead.

Anon. Translations from Lessing, 1825.

## CCLXXVIII.

Α Ν Υ Τ Η Σ.

Κύπριδος οὗτος ὁ χώρος, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἔπλετο τήνῃ  
 Αἰὲν ἀπ' ἡπείρου λαμπρὸν ὄρῃν πέλαγος,  
 "Ὅρφρα φίλον ναύτησι τέλῃ πλόον' ἀμφὶ δὲ πόντος  
 Δειμαίνει, λιπαρὸν δερκόμενος ξόανον.

ANYTES.

Ista decet Venerem sedes, quæ lucida gaudet  
 Æquora de specula littoris adspicere;  
 Ut placidum præstet nautis iter, et tremat ipsam,  
 Effigiem pulchram dum videt, unda maris.

Grotius.

Cypris wohnet allhier. Vom hohen Gestade gefällt ihrs,  
 Auf die Wellen zu schaun, auf das beglänzte Meer  
 Schiffern euch zur glücklichen Fahrt. Das stürmende Meer schweigt  
 Ringsum, wenn es ihr Bild, wenn es ihr Antlitz schaut.

Herder

*Kypris am Meer.*

Dieser Ort ist der Kypris geheiligt; denn es gefiel ihr,  
Stets zu schaun vom Gestad' über das schimmernde Meer:  
Dass erwünscht sei die Fahrt den Schiffenden, und das Gewässer  
Ehrfurchtsvoll anstaun' ihre verklärte Gestalt.

Voss.

*On a Statue of Venus.*

Cythera from this craggy steep  
Looks downward on the glassy deep,  
And hither calls the breathing gale,  
Propitious to the venturous sail;  
While Ocean flows beneath, serene,  
Awed by the smile of Beauty's Queen.

Wrangham

CCLXXIX.

Λ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Ν Ο Υ .

Οὐδὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι Φύσις χαλεπώτερον εἶπεν  
'Ανθρώπου καθαρὰν ψευδομένου φιλίην  
Οὐ γὰρ ἔθ' ὥς ἐχθρὸν φυλασσόμεθ', ἀλλ' ἀγαπῶντες  
'Ως φίλον, ἐν τούτῳ πλείονα βλαπτόμεθα.

LUCIANI.

Non aliud usquam gignitur molestius  
Sacram homine mentito fidem:  
Hunc non cavemus hostem, amico hōc utimur  
In nostra fecundo mala!

G F. D. T'

Tra gli uomini non v' ha d' un alma infida,  
Che simuli amistà, mostro peggiore.  
Tant' ella recar suol danno maggiore,  
Quanto più credulo altri in lei s' affida.

Pagnini

No mischief worthier of our fear  
In nature can be found  
Than friendship, in ostent sincere,  
But hollow and unsound;  
For lull'd into a dangerous dream  
We close infold a foe,  
Who strikes, when most secure we seem,  
The inevitable blow.

W. Cowper

## CCLXXX.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

*Ναυηγού τάφος εἰμί· ὁ δ' ἀντίον ἐστὶ γεωργού·  
 Ὡς ἀλλ' καὶ γαλή ξυνὸς ὕπεστ' Ἀΐδης.*

PLATONIS.

*Naufragus hic jaceo ; contra, jacet ecce colonus :  
 Idem orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.*

Sam Johnson

*D' un naufrago son io la tomba, e quella  
 Che sta dicontro un campagnuol rinserra :  
 Morte ha balía del pari e in mare e in terra.*

M

Der gleiche Tod.

*Ein Schiffbrüchiger ruht hier neben dem eifrigen Landmann :  
 Ach ! auf Erden und Meer findet uns alle der Tod.*

Herder.

*Ein Schiffbrüchiger ruht in dem Wahl hier, drüben ein Landmann.  
 Ach, auf der Erd', auf dem Meer geht's in den Hades hinab.*

Erichsen

*This is a sailor's, that a peasant's tomb :  
 'Neath sea and land there lurks one common doom.*

R. C. C.

## CCLXXXI.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.

*Φεῦγε Λάκων ποτὲ δῆριν· ὑπαντιάσασα δὲ μήτηρ  
 Εἶπε, κατὰ στέρνων ἄορ ἀνασχομένη·  
 Ζώων μὲν σέο μητρὶ διαμπερὲς αἰσχος ἀνάπτεις,  
 Καὶ κρατερῆς Σπάρτης πάτρια θεσμὰ λύεις·  
 Ἦν δὲ θάνης παλάμησιν ἐμαῖς, μήτηρ μὲν ἀκούσω  
 Δύσμορος, ἀλλ' ἐν ἐμῇ πατρίδι σωζομένη.*

PALLADÆ.

*Hosti terga dedit Spartanus, at obvia mater  
 Dixit, in adverso pectore ferrum adigens :  
 Dedecus æternum matri fers vivus, et urbis  
 Antiquum evertis fas Lacedæmoniaë :  
 Sin nostra moriere manu, misera ipsa vocabor  
 Mater, servata sed misera in patria.*

Grenville, Baro.



A Spartan 'scaping from the fight,  
His mother met him in his flight,  
Upheld a falchion to his breast,  
And thus the fugitive address'd :  
Thou canst but live to blot with shame  
Indelible thy mother's name,  
While every breath that thou shalt draw  
Offends against thy country's law ;  
But if thou perish by this hand,  
Myself indeed, throughout the land,  
To my dishonour, shall be known  
The mother still of such a son ;  
But Sparta will be safe and free,  
And that shall serve to comfort me.

W. Cowper.

CCLXXXII.

Α Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Δ Ι Ο Υ .

Τὰς τρίχας, ὦ Νίκυλλα, τινὲς βάπτειν σε λέγουσιν,  
Ἄς σὺ μελαινοτάτας ἐξ ἀγορᾶς ἐπρίω.

LUCILLII.

Tingere te falso memorant, Nicylla, capillos,  
Emta foro medio nam tibi nigra coma est.

Grotius.

Che Chloe si tinga il crin, no non è vero :  
Io la vidi comprarlo, ed era nero.

Roncalli.

Auf die Galathee.

Die gute Galathee ! Man sagt, sie schwärz' ihr Haar ;  
Da doch ihr Haar schon schwarz, als sie es kaufte, war.

Lessing.

Manche behaupten, du pflegtest dein Haar, O Nicylla, zu schwärzen,  
Das du doch schwarz, wie es ist, schon von dem Markte gekauft.

Jacobs

Nycilla dyes her locks, 'tis said ;  
But 'tis a foul aspersion ;  
She buys them black ; they therefore need  
No subsequent immersion.

W. Cowper.

Some say, Nicylla, that you dye your hair,  
Those jet-black locks !—you bought them at the fair !

E. S.



## CCLXXXIII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Εἰς ἀγαλμα Νίκης ἄπτερον ἐν Ῥώμῃ, ἧς τὰ πτερὰ κεραυνῷ κατεφλέχθη.

Ῥώμῃ παμβασιλεια, τὸ σὸν κλέος οὐποτ' ὀλεῖται·

Νίκη γάρ σε φυγεῖν ἄπτερος οὐ δύναται.

INCERTI.

*De simulacro Victoriae sine alis Romae, quod fulmine crematae essent alae.*

Te nunquam amissis fugiet Victoria pennis,

Nec tua laus poterit, maxima Roma, mori.

Jos. J. Scaliger.

En ne te fugiat Victoria, perdidit alas :

Roma, tuæ semper laudis id omen erit.

Grotius.

Cum fugere haud possit, fractis Victoria pennis,

Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.

Sam Johnson

Non est quod pereat victricis gloria Romæ :

Nempe sedet raptis custos Victoria pennis.

G. F. D. T.

Auf die Bildsäule der Göttinn Roma, als ein Blitzstrahl der Victoria, die sie in der Hand hält, die Flügel getroffen hatte

Weltbeherrscherinn Rom ! Die Siegesgöttin entfliehet dir  
Nimmer ; Jupiter selbst hat ihr die Flügel verbrannt.

Herder.

Niemals wird dein Nahme vergehn, allherrschendes Roma,  
Denn nie fliehet dich der Sieg, den du der Flügel beraubt.

Jacobs

Queen of the world, how should thy glory die,  
While Vict'ry stays, and hath no wings to fly.

G. F. D. T.

## CCLXXXIV.

Α Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Λ Ι Ο Υ .

Πλούτον μὲν πλουτοῦντος ἔχεις, ψυχὴν δὲ πένητος,

ᾧ τοῖς κληρονόμοις πλούσιε, σοὶ δὲ πένης.

LUCILLII.

Divitias locupletis habes, inopis tibi mens est :

O miser, hæredi dives, inopsque tibi.

T. Morus.

Ditis opes tibi sunt, animus sed pauperis : ergo

Hæredi locuples, at tibi pauper eris.

Dan. Heinsius

Gran ricchezza tu possiedi;  
 Ma il tuo cor ricco non è.  
 Tu se' ricco per gli credi,  
 E se' povero per te.

Pagnini.

Der arme Reiche.

Schätze des Reichen hast du von aussen, von innen des Armen  
 Kleinmuth; bist du dir selbst oder den Erben nur reich?

Herder

Auf einen Geizigen.

Reichthum hast du des Reichen, doch ganz die Seele des Armen,  
 Du den Erben allein Reicher, und Armer ihr selbst.

Voss

*Of a ritch miser.*

A misers minde thou hast,  
 Thou hast a prince's pelfe:  
 Which makes thee welthy to thine heire,  
 A beggar to thy selfe.

Turberville

With narrow soul thou swim'st in glorious wealth;  
 Rich to thy heir, but wretched to thyself.

Cotton

CCLXXXV.

Κ Α Λ Λ Ι Μ Α Χ Ο Υ.

Κύζικον ἦν ἔλθης, ὀλίγος πόνος, Ἴππακὸν εὐρέϊν  
 Καὶ Διδύμην· ἀφανὴς οὐτι γὰρ ἡ γενεή·  
 Καὶ σφιν ἀνιηρὸν μὲν ἐρεῖς ἔπος, ἔμπα δὲ λέξαι  
 Τοῦθ', ὅτι τὸν κείνων ὦδ' ἐπέχω Κριτίην.

CALLIMACHI.

*Critiae epitaphium.*

Cyzicon ingresso, facili est reperire labore  
 Hippacon et Didumen; nobile quippe genus.  
 His tu mœsta quidem referes jam nuntia, natum  
 Dic tamen illorum quòd teneo Critiam.

N. Frischlinus.

If thou should'st go to Cyzicus, pray seek  
 For Hippacus and Didyme!  
 (Their name is known there: 'twill no trouble be)  
 And tell them . . . (well I wot the words thou'lt speak  
 Will cut them to the heart!) . . . yet tell them, Here  
 I hold the ashes of their Critias dear.

J. T. B.

CCLXXXVI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ.

Els Troίαν.

ὦ πόλι, πῇ σέο κείνα τὰ τείχεα ; πῇ πολύολβοι  
 Νηοί ; πῇ δὲ βοῶν κράατα τεμνομένων ;  
 Πῇ Παφίης ἀλάβαστρα, καὶ ἡ πάγχρυσος ἐφειστρίς ;  
 Πῇ δὲ Τριτογενοῦς δείκελον ἐνδαπίης ;  
 Πάντα μόθος, χρονίη τε χύσις, καὶ Μοῖρα κραταιή  
 Ἥρπασεν, ἀλλοίην ἀμφιβαλοῦσα τύχην  
 Καί σε τόσον νίκησε βαρὺς φθόνος. ἀλλ' ἄρα μόνον  
 Οὔνομα σὸν κρύψαι καὶ κλέος οὐ δύναται.

AGATHIAS.

*De Troja.*

Nunc ubi, Troja, precor, tua mœnia, templaque Divina  
 Splendida, et aurati, victima pulchra, boves?  
 Et Veneris fulgens alabaster, et aurea vestis,  
 Inclitaque indigenæ Palladis effigies?  
 Cuncta ferus Mavors, et vis fatalis, et ætas  
 Abstulit, in varias sæpe voluta vices.  
 Hactenus invidiæ licuit te vincere: verum  
 Hac nolente tibi fama decusque manent.

Grotius

Oh! City, where are those walls of thine?  
 And thy temples rich with slaughter'd kine?  
 And where are the perfumes, the vest all gold,  
 That the Paphian queen adorn?  
 And where the image thou hadst of old  
 Of thy native Triton-born?  
 The toils of war, and the ruins of time, and the might of Destiny  
 Have seiz'd on all, and brought in their stead far different hap to thee.  
 Thus far bitter Envy hath conquered thee,  
 But alone survives thy name;  
 And Envy itself shall conquered be,  
 For it cannot hide thy fame.

E. S.

CCLXXXVII.

K P I N A Γ Ο Ρ Ο Υ .

Ἐρνήσαντο καὶ ἄλλαι ἐὼν πάρος οὐνομα νῆσοι  
 Ἀκλεές, ἐς δ' ἀνδρῶν ἦλθον ὁμωνυμίην.  
 Κληθείητε καὶ ὕμμες Ἐρωτίδες· οὐ νέμεσις τοι  
 Ἥξει δὴ ταύτην κλήσιν ἀμειψαμέναις.  
 Παιδὶ γάρ, ὃν τύμβῳ Δίης ὑπεθήκατε βώλον,  
 Οὐνομα καὶ μορφὴν αὐτὸς ἔδωκεν Ἐρωτος.  
 ὦ χθὼν σηματοέσσα, καὶ ἡ παρὰ θινὶ θάλασσα,  
 Παιδὶ σὺ μὲν κούφη κείσο, σὺ δ' ἡσυχή.

C R I N A G O R Æ.

*De puero formoso, cui nomen Ἐρωτος, in insula Dia sepulto.*

Mutavit non una suum prius insula nomen  
 Ex hominum dici nomine læta magis.  
 Istud ad exemplum vos jam quoque Erotides este:  
 Non erit hic vobis invidiosus honor;  
 Nam puero præbet Diæ cui gleba sepulchrum,  
 Ut dederat formam, sic quoque nomen Amor.  
 Ossa tegens tellus, et proxima littoris unda,  
 Esto levis puero tu, rogo, tuque sile.

Grotius.

Wandte der Inseln nahm, statt ihres, den Namen der Menschen  
 An, und pflanzte damit sich in des Ruhmes Gerücht.  
 Insel, nenne du dich fortan die Insel der Liebe.  
 Nemesis zürnt dir nicht, daß du den Namen erwählst;  
 Denn den du verbirgst, an deinem heiligen Ufer,  
 Ihm gab die Liebe Gestalt, wie sie den Namen ihm gab.  
 Deck' ihn sanft o Erde, den holden Knaben der Liebe,  
 Und ihr Wellen, berührt leise sein ruhiges Grab.

Herder.

Full oft, of old, the islands changed their name,  
 And took new titles from some heir of fame:  
 Then dread not ye the wrath of gods above,  
 But change your own, and be the Isles of Love;  
 For 'Love's' own name and shape the infant bore  
 Whom late we buried on your sandy shore . . .  
 Break softly there, thou never-weary wave,  
 And earth, lie light upon his little grave!

J. W. B.

## CCLXXXVIII.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

Παλλὰς ἐσαθρήσασα καὶ Ἥρη χρυσοπέδιλος  
 Μαιονίδ', ἐκ κραδῆς ἰαχὸν ἀμφότεραι  
 Οὐκέτι γυμνούμεσθα· κρίσις μὶα ποιμένος ἀρκεῖ  
 Οὐ καλὸν ἡττᾶσθαι δις περὶ καλλοσύνης.

RUFINI.

Mæonida aspexit cum Pallas et aurea Juno,  
 Hos simul ex imo corde dedere sonos.  
 Stabimus haud iterum nudæ: satis illud in Ida;  
 In formæ vinci lite bis est nimium.

Grotius

Come Palla e Giunon dai calzar d' oro  
 Veduto ebber Meonide, amendue  
 Dall' interno gridaron del cor loro:  
 Non mostriamci no più dai veli sciolte:  
 Del pastor basta un sol giudizio: bello  
 Non è vinte in bellezza esser due volte.

Pompei.

Pallas with golden-sandall'd Juno gazed  
 On Mæonis, till both cried out amazed:  
 Once to the shepherd-judge our charms we bared:  
 Twice 'tis not well to be 'less fair' declared.

W.

*Imitation.*

When Minerva, and Juno with gold-sandall'd feet  
 Saw Matilda, they cried from their heart: We are beat.  
 The case was made plain  
 By the Judgment of Paris; we'll not strip again;  
 For it never looks well  
 To be twice disappointed of being the 'Belle.'

W.

## CCLXXXIX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Παμμήτορ γῆ, χαῖρε, σὺ τὸν πάρος οὐ βαρὺν εἰς σὲ  
 Αἰσιγένην καὶ τὴν νῦν ἐπέχοις ἀβαρῆς.

MELEAGRI.

Salve progenitrix cunctorum terra, gravisque  
 Ausigeni ne sis; non fuit ille tibi.

Grotius.



Cunctiparens Tellus, salve, levis esto pusillo

Lysigeni; fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Sam. Johnson

Sii leggiero, o terreno,

All' ossa di Bireno:

Uomo di minor pondo

Giammai non ebbe il mondo.

Cesare Monti.

Terra, madre comune, a te fu lieve

Peso Esigèn; non gli esser or tu greve!

M

Gütige Mutter Erde, wer dir im Leben nich Last war,

O den birgest du sanft: birg' den Ausigenes so.

Herder

Erde, sey mir gegrüßt, Allmutter, und welcher im Leben

Dir nicht Last war, leicht sey dem Ausigenes auch.

Erichson

Sey, Allmutter, gegrüßt! Wie Ausigenes nie dich gedrückt hat,

Also belaste du jetzt auch den Ausigenes nicht.

Jacobs.

Earth, lightly press Ausigenes, for he,

Mother, ne'er set a heavy foot on thee.

I B

CCXC.

M N A Σ A Λ K O Y.

\**Ἦσο κατ' ἡγάθεον τόδ' ἀνάκτορον, ἀσπὶ φαεινῶ,*

*Ἀνθεμα Λατώα δῆϊον Ἀρτέμιδι.*

*Πολλάκι γὰρ κατὰ δῆριν Ἀλεξάνδρου μετὰ χερσὶν*

*Μαρναμένα, χρυσέαν οὐκ ἐκόνισσας ἵπν.*

MNASALCÆ.

Pensilis in sancta Latoidis æde Dianæ,

Parma nitens, bello functa, quieta mane:

Nam tibi Alexandri pugnanti sæpe lacertis,

Aurea pulvereum nesciit ora solum.

G. B.

Rast' ist, glänzendes Schild, in der Artemis heiligem Tempel,

Letos Tochter, des Kriegs würdiges Zeichen, geweiht.

Oftmals strahlend im Kampf in der Kräftigen Hand Alexanders,

Rast du den goldenen Rand nimmer mit staube bedeckt.

Jacobs.

A holy offering at Diana's shrine,

See Alexander's glorious shield recline;

Whose golden orb, through many a bloody day

Triumphant, ne'er in dust dishonour'd lay.

Merivale



## CCXCI.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝ.

Μούναν σὺν τέκνοις νεκροστόλε δέξο με πορθμεῦ  
 Τὰν λάλον· ἀρκεῖ σοι φόρτος ὁ Τανταλίδος·  
 Πληρώσει γαστήρ μία σὸν σκάφος, εἴσιδε κούρους  
 Καὶ κούρας, Φοίβου σκύλα καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος.

ANTIPATRI THESSALONICENSIS.

Pertitor umbrarum, solam cum prole loquacem  
 Me cape : fert oneris Tantalus una satis.  
 En natos spoliū Phœbi, natasque Dianæ :  
 Ex utero nostro plena carina tua est.

Grotius

Charon ! receive a family on board,  
 Itself sufficient for thy crazy yawl.  
 Apollo and Diana, for a word  
 By me too proudly spoken, slew us all.

W. Cowper

Me with my children only, Charon, take  
 Across thy lake :  
 Lading enough is rash-tongued Niobe.  
 That single womb shall fill thy bark ; for see  
 Her victim train !  
 Youths by Apollo, maids by Dian slain !

W.

## CCXCII.

ΑΝΥΤΗΣ.

Εἰς δελφῖνα ἐκβρασθέντα ἐκ θαλάσσης ἐν τῇ χέρσῳ.  
 Οὐκέτι δὴ πλωτοῖσιν ἀγαλλόμενος πελάγῃσιν  
 Αὐχέν' ἀναρρίψω βυσσόθεν ὀρνύμενος,  
 Οὐδὲ περὶ σκαλμοῖσι νεὼς περικύλλεα χεῖλη  
 Ποιφύσσω, τὰμᾶ τερπόμενος προτομᾶ.  
 Ἀλλὰ με πορφυρέα πόντου νοτὶς ὧς' ἐπὶ χερσόν,  
 Κεῖμαι δὲ ῥαδινὰν τάνδε παρ' ἡϊόνα.

ΑΝΥΤΗΣ.

Non iterum lætus pelagi exultantibus undis  
 Jactabo e mediis edita colla fretis ;  
 Nec ratis ad scalmos pulchris proflans mare labris  
 Mirabor faciem rostra imitata meam.  
 Huc me cæruleis egit ferus imbris Auster,  
 Et dedit ejecto mollis arena torum.

G. S.

*On a Dolphin cast ashore.*

No more exulting o'er the buoyant sea  
High shall I raise my head in gambols free ;  
Nor by some gallant ship breathe out the air,  
Pleas'd with my own bright image figur'd there.  
The storm's black mist has fore'd me to the land,  
And laid me lifeless on this couch of sand.

F. H

CCXCIII.

Σ Ε Κ Ο Υ Ν Δ Ο Υ .

‘Ολκὰς ἀμετρήτου πελάγευς ἀνύσσασα κέλευθον,  
Καὶ τοσάκις χαροποῖς κύμασι νηξαμένη,  
“Ἦν ὁ μέλας οὔτ’ Εὐρος ἐπόντισεν, οὔτ’ ἐπὶ χέρσον  
“Ἦλασε χειμερίων ἄγριον οἶδμα Νότων,  
‘Εν πυρὶ νῦν ναυηγὸς ἐγὼ χθονὶ μέμφομ’ ἀπίστω,  
Νῦν ἀλὸς ἡμετέρης ὕδατα διζομένη.

SECUNDI.

Quæ toties puppis cursu felice natavi,  
Per maris immensas velificata vias ;  
Quam neque Corus aquis mersit, nec in horrida saxa  
Impulit hyberni sæva procella Noti ;  
De tellure queror, flammis ubi naufraga fio :  
Hei mihi ! quod nostræ tam procul estis aquæ.

Grotius.

*La nave incendiata nel lido.*

Io, che tra il flutto e la tempesta avversa  
Mille rischi sostenni e mille stenti,  
Che salda e integra ognor, nè mai sommersa  
D' Euro e Noto sprezzai l' ire frementi,  
Or naufraga nel foco in questa sponda,  
Cerco e domando invan soccorso all' onda.

Roncalli.

Framed as a ship long voyages o'er ocean's paths to brave,  
And often floating jauntily upon the merry wave,  
I, whom black Eurus could not sink, nor ever on the sand  
The billowy strength of stormy waves had might enough to strand,  
A wreck amid the fire at last I curse the faithless shore,  
And fain would ask some quenching aid from mine own ocean's store.

R. C. C.

## CCXCIV.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Αὐτά τοι, τρέσσαντι παρὰ χρέος, ὤπασεν ἄδαν,

Βαψαμένα κοίλων ἐντὸς ἄρη λαγόνων,

Μάτηρ, ἃ σ' ἔτεκεν, Δαμάτριε· φᾶ δὲ σίδαρων·

Παῖδός ἐοῦ φύρδαν μεστὸν ἔχουσα φόνου,

Ἀφριόεν κοναβηδὸν ἐπιπρίουσα γένειον,

Δερκομένα λοξαῖς, οἷα Λάκαινα, κόραις·

Λεῖπε τὸν Εὐρώταν, ἴθι Τάρταρον· ἀνίκα δειλὰν

Οἶσθα φυγάν, τελέθεις οὐτ' ἐμός, οὔτε Λάκων.

ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

Te verso properantem hostili ex agmine tergo,

Trajecit ferro vindice mater atrox,

Te tua quæ peperit mater: gladiumque recenti

Spumantem pueri sanguine crebra rotans,

Dentibus et graviter stridens, qualisque Lacæna,

Igne retrò torquens lumina glauca fero,

Lingue, ait, Eurotam; et si mors est dura, sub Oreum

Effuge; non meus es; non Lacedæmonius.

T. Warton.

Thy mother gave the death thou'dst basely fled;

Through thy deep flank the sword thy mother sped,

Demetrius, she that bare thee, and she cried,

Her hand upon the steel thy life-blood dyed,

Champing her foamy lip in furious wise,

And Sparta's daughter glaring in her eyes:

Eurotas spurns; Hell calls thee. Thou could'st flee!

Craven! thou'rt nought to Sparta, nought to me!

G. S.

## CCXCV.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔ'Α.

Γῆς ἐπέβην γυμνός, γυμνός θ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν ἄπειμν

Καὶ τί μάτην μοχθῶ, γυμνὸν ὄρων τὸ τέλος;

PALLADÆ.

Nudus in hanc terram matris sum lapsus ab alvo:

Quo terra excedam tempore nudus ero.

Quid gravibus curis, studiis quid inanibus angor?

Dum loquor, à tergo mors quoque nuda venit.

F. Melancthon.

Terram adii nudus, de terra nudus abibo.  
 Quid labor efficiet? non nisi nudus ero.

Stam. J. J. J. J. J. J.

Ignudo venni in terra,  
 E ignudo andrò sotterra.  
 A che mi affanno e sudo  
 Se finir debbo ignudo?

Paolini.

Nackt kam ich und nackt geh' ich einst unter die Erde;  
 Nackt von hinnen zu gehn, braucht es wohl Kummer und Leid?

Herder

Nackt einst kam ich zur Welt; nackt wandel' ich unter die Erde.  
 Solch ein nacktes Geschick ist es der Mühen wohl werth?

Jacobs.

Naked I came upon earth, and naked beneath it I'm going;  
 Why then labour in vain, seeing that naked's the end?

W.

Naked, I entered at my birth;  
 Naked, I hie me back to earth:  
 Why then should I so anxious be,  
 Since naked still the end I see?

J. W. B.

CCXCVI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

"Αἰθρῶπ', οὐ Κροίσου λεύσσεις τάφον, ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς  
 Χερνήτεω· μικρὸς τύμβος, ἐμοὶ δ' ἱκανός.  
 Οὐκ ἐπιδὼν νύμφεια λέχη κατέβην τὸν ἄφυκτον  
 Γόργυππος ξανθῆς Φερσεφόνης θάλαμον.

SIMONIDIS.

Non Cræsi hic tumulus; privata condor in urna:  
 Ut tenui, tenuis sufficit iste lapis.

Nomine Gorgippus, vixi sine conjuge: nunc me  
 Persephone thalamo non fugienda tenet.

W.

Kroisos Grab nicht siehst du, o Wanderer; sondern des armen  
 Söldlings. Klein nur ist's, aber genügend für mich.  
 Folgsam stieg Gorgippos hinab zu Persephons dunkler  
 Wohnung, ohne sich je bräutlichen Lagers zu freun.

Jacob's.

A poor man, not a Cræsus, here lies dead,  
 And small the sepulchre befitting me:  
 Gorgippus I, who knew no marriage-bed,  
 Before I wedded pale Persephone.

Sterling.

## CCXCVII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Οὐκ ἀποθνήσκειν δεῖ με ; τί μοι μέλει, ἣν τε ποδαγρός,  
 Ἦν τε δρομεὺς γεγυνώς εἰς Ἀῖδην ὑπάγω ;  
 Πολλοὶ γάρ μ' αἴρουν· ἔα χαλόν με γενέσθαι.  
 Τῶνδ' ἕνεκεν γὰρ ἴσως οὐποτ' ἐὼ θιάσους.

NICARCHI.

Quidquid agam, mors certa manet. Refertne podager,  
 An cursor Ditis limina nigra petam ?  
 Multi me tollent. Fiam sine claudus : ob illud  
 Ne dulces thiasos sit mihi deserere.

Grotius

Muß ich nicht sterben darcinst ? Was kummert's mich, ob ich podagrisch,  
 Oder als Läufer behend steige zum Hades hinab ?  
 Viele ja tragen mich dann ; drum laßt mich hinken, o Freunde ;  
 Deshalb bleib ich fürwahr nicht von dem Schmause zurück.

Jacobs

Must I not die at all events, and go,  
 Nimble or gouty, to the shades below ?  
 Then what if I grow lame ? There will be found  
 Bearers enough, to lift me off the ground :  
 Is it to ease them that you'd now perchance  
 Bid me leave off the revels and the dance ?

W.

## CCXCVIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

ᾧ ξεῖν', ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις, ὅτι τᾷδε  
 Κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

SIMONIDIS.

Dic, hospes, Spartæ, nos te hic vidisse jacentes,  
 Dum sanctis patriæ legibus obsequimur.

Cicero

Nos Lacedæmoniis refer hic, peregrine, jacentes,  
 Exhibito illorum vocibus obsequio.

Laur Valla

Nos hic esse sitos Spartæ dic, quæsumus, hospes,  
 Dum facimus prompto corde quod ipsa jubet.

Grotius

Annunzia a Sparta, o passegger, che noi  
 Qui giacciam, fidi a quanto impone a' suoi.

M.



Wandrer, sag' es in Sparta: Wir sind im Streite gefallen,  
Saben gehorsam erfüllt unsers Landes Gesetz.

Christian von Stolberg

Wanderer, bringe von uns Lacedæmons Bürgern die Botschaft:  
Folgsam ihrem Gesetz liegen im Grabe wir hier.

Jacobs.

Go, tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,  
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

W. L. Bowles.

Stranger! to Sparta say, her faithful band  
Here lie in death, remembering her command.

F. H.

To those of Lacedæmon, stranger, tell,  
That, as their laws commanded, here we fell.

Sterling

Tell the Spartans, passer-by,  
At their bidding here we lie.

J. R.

CCXCIX.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛ.

Τῇ Παφίῃ στεφάνους, τῇ Παλλάδι τὴν πλοκαμίδα,  
'Αρτέμιδι ζώνην ἄνθετο Καλλιρόῃ·  
Εὔρετο γὰρ μνηστήρα τὸν ἤθελε, καὶ λάχεν ἥβην  
Σώφρονα, καὶ τεκέων ἄρσεν ἔτικτε γένος.

AGATHIÆ.

Has Paphiæ sertas, crinem hunc tibi, maxima Pallas,  
Dictynnæ hanc zonam Calliroë posuit;  
Quod placito jam juncta viro est, casteque juventam  
Transiit, et prolem masculine peperit.

Dan. Heinsius.

Mutter der Liebe, Dir weiht Callirhoe den Kranz hier  
Pallas, die Locke dir; Dir o Diana den Gurt;  
Denn ihr gabet ihr, Gute, den Mann, den sie wünschte, die Jahre  
Kluger Vernunft und dann Kinder, ein männlich Geschlecht.

Herder.

Venus, this chaplet take! (Callirrhoe pray'd)  
The youth I loved, thy power hath made him mine.  
These locks to thee I vow, Athenian maid!  
By thee I holy kept my virgin shrine:  
To Artemis my zone; a mother's joy  
She gave me to possess; my beauteous boy.

Merivale



CCC.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Πολλὰ πινὼν καὶ πολλὰ φαγὼν καὶ πολλὰ κάκ' εἰπὼν  
 Ἀνθρώπους, κείμαι Τιμοκρέων Ῥόδιος.

SIMONIDIS.

Edi multa, bibi multa, et probra plurima dixi,  
 Qui situs hic nunc sum, Timocreon Rhodius.

Grotius.

*Epitaphium Joannis Eccii sophistæ et parasiti Pontificii.*

Πολλὰ πινὼν, καὶ πολλὰ φαγὼν καὶ πολλὰ κάκ' εἰπὼν  
 Ἐν δὲ τάφῳ Ἐκίος γαστέρ' ἔθηκε ἔην.

Multa vorans, et multa bibens, mala plurima dicens  
 Eccius, hac posuit putre cadaver humo.

Ph. Melancthon

Timocreon da Rodi è qui sepolto,  
 Ghiotton, beone e maldicente molto.

Timocréon de Rhodes est mort, et git icy,  
 Grand mangeur, grand beuveur, et grand moqueur aussi.

Painister.

After much eating, drinking, lying, slandering,  
 Timocreon of Rhodes here rests from wandering:

Merivale.

Timocreon of Rhodes, who much devoured,  
 Much drank, much slandered, lies by death o'erpowered.

Sterling

Timocreon of Rhodes lies here, and freely does confess,  
 He eat and drank, and slander'd folks, to a very great excess.

CCCI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ.

Πάντα Χάρων ἀπληστε, τί τὸν νέον ἤρπασας αὐτῷ;  
 Ἄτταλον; οὐ σὸς ἦν, κεί' θάνε γηραλέος;

INCERTI, VEL BIANORIS.

Insatiate Charon, juvenem cur Attalon aufers?

Non tuus ille, senex si moreretur, erat?

Grotius.

O tu, Caron, insaziabil fera,

A che sì giovin Attalo rapisti?

S' ei moria vecchio, forse tuo non era?

M.

Nimmergesättigter Tod, was raubst du den blühenden Knaben,  
Attalos? War er nicht dein, wenn er im Alter erblich?

Jacobs.

Why, greedy Charon, haste to take  
Young Attalus away?  
If in old age he cross'd thy lake,  
Were he not still thy prey?

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## CCCII.

A Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Πίνε' καὶ εὐφραίνου· τί γὰρ αὔριον, ἢ τί τὸ μέλλον;  
Οὐδεὶς γινώσκει· μὴ τρέχε, μὴ κοπία.  
Ὡς δύνασαι, χάρισαι, μετὰδος, φάγε, θνητὰ λογίζου.  
Τὸ ζῆν τοῦ μὴ ζῆν οὐδὲν ὅλως ἀπέχει.  
Πᾶς ὁ βίος τοιῶσδε, ῥοπή μόνον· ἂν προλάβῃς, σοῦ·  
Ἄν δὲ θάνῃς, ἐτέρου πάντα, σὺ δ' οὐδὲν ἔχεις.

INCERTI.

Pelle mero curas! Sudare et currere frustra  
Mitte. Latet multa postera nocte dies.  
Ut potes, indulge genio; mortalia cura:  
Inter se distant vitæque morsque nihil.  
Momentum est ætas omnis brevis; cunctaque tu si  
Præripias, alter, si moriaris, habet.

G. S.

Trinke, genieße der Zeit! was bringt du der Morgen? die Zukunft?  
Niemand weiß es. Wohlan, laufe nicht, mühe dich nicht!  
Freue dich, liebe, genieße, du kannst es noch, denke des Todes;  
Zwischen Leben und Tod liegt ein unmerklicher Punkt.  
Leben ist nur ein Moment. Ergreifst du ihn, ist er der Deine;  
Stirbst du, so nehmen dein Gut Andre, nichts bleibt dir selbst.

Jacobs.

Drink and be merry. What the morrow brings  
No mortal knoweth: wherefore toil or run?  
Spend while thou mayst, eat, fix on present things  
Thy hopes and wishes: life and death are one.  
One moment: grasp life's goods; to thee they fall.  
Dead, thou hast nothing, and another all.

G S

## CCCIII.

Δ Κ Η Ρ Α Τ Ο Υ Γ Ρ Α Μ Μ Α Τ Ι Κ Ο Υ .

"Εκτορ 'Ομηρείησιν ἀεὶ βεβοημένε βίβλοισ,  
 Θειοδόμου τείχευς ἔρκος ἐρυμνότατον,  
 'Εν σοὶ Μαιονίδης ἀνεπαύσατο· σοῦ δὲ θανόντος,  
 "Εκτορ, ἐσιγήθη καὶ σελὶς 'Ιλιάδος.

ACERATI.

Hector Homeriæcis semper celeberrime libris,  
 Grande decus patriæ præsidiumque tuæ,  
 Mæonidi finis tu carminis; Hectore cæso,  
 Protinus Iliados pagina clausa tacet.

G. S.

Hektor, o du, der Held in allen Gesängen Homerus;  
 Der seinem Vaterland Mauer und stütze vertieft.  
 Auf dir ruhte der Mæonide; denn als du gefallen  
 Warest, o Hektor, da schwieg mit dir die Ilias auch.

Hesiod.

Hektor, immer und laut im homerischen Liede gepriesen,  
 Göttergegründeter Burg Schützer und kräftiger Hort,  
 Bey dir endet der Sängers der Ilias; als du gestorben,  
 Hektor, schweiget sogleich auch das mæonische Lied.

J. Voss.

Name ever rife in Homer's lore!  
 Hector, of God-built walls the stay!  
 With thine the poet's toils are o'er,  
 And with thy death dies Ilium's lay.

G. S.

## CCCIV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Η Ο Τ Ο Ν .

'Απλήρωτ' Αἶδα, τί με νήπιον ἤρπασας ἐχθρῶς;  
 Τί σπένδεις; οὐ σοὶ πάντες ὀφειλόμεθα;

INCERTI.

Infantem quid me rapis, insatiabilis Oree?  
 Omnes debemur nos tibi: quid properas?

Grotius.

Nich unmmündigen Knaben entrafftest du, gieriger Tod, schon?  
 Was so geist? Sind nicht alle dir sicher genug?

Voss.

Insatiate Grave! we all are due to thee.  
 Then why such haste? Why seize a babe like me?

V.

## CCCV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ οἱ δὲ ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Δεξιτερὴν Ἀῖδαο θεοῦ χέρα, καὶ τὰ κελαιναῖα  
 Ὀμνυμεν ἀρρήτου δέμνια Περσεφόνης,  
 Παρθένοι ὡς ἔτυμον καὶ ὑπὸ χθονί· πολλὰ δ' ὁ πικρὸς  
 Αἰσχροῖα καθ' ἡμετέρης ἔβλυσε παρθενίης  
 Ἀρχίλοχος· ἐπέων δὲ καλὴν φάτιν οὐκ ἐπὶ καλὰ  
 Ἔργα, γυναικεῖον δ' ἔτραπεν ἐς πόλεμον.  
 Πιερίδες, τί κόρησιν ἐφ' ὑβριστῆρας ἰάμβους  
 Ἐτράπετ' οὐχ ὁσίῳ φωτὶ χαριζόμεναι ;

## INCERTI.

Juramus Ditis dextram, nigrumque nefandæ  
 Persephones, nos hæc dicere vera, torum :  
 Castæ migrantes et ad Orcum mansimus, in nos  
 Archilochus quamvis multa vomente probra.  
 At vero is pulchra fama male carminis usus  
 Virgineis movit barbara bella choris.  
 Cur in eos sævis faciles armastis iambis,  
 Musæ, haud curantem fasque nefasque virum ?

Liebel

Vertreibung der Epambiden gegen Archilochos.

Ja bei der Rechte des Hades beschwören es, bei dem geschwärmten  
 Lager Persephone's auch, jener Unnennbaren wir :  
 Jungfrau'n sind wir selbst in der tiefe noch ; Schmähungen hast nur  
 Unserer Jungfrauschaft, bitter Archilochos, du  
 Viele geschwagt, und gewandt Beredtheit schöner Gesänge  
 Auf nicht schönen Gebrauch, weiber befehdenen Krieg.  
 Sagt, Pieriden, weswegen ihr höhrende Zamben auf Mädchen  
 Habet gewandt, dem nicht heiligen Manne geneigt ?

W. Schlegel.

By his right hand that rules the dead we swear,  
 By Proserpine's dread name and darksome lair,  
 True maids are we ; though on our maidenhood  
 Archilochus poured forth his venom's flood.  
 Each nobler theme that fills the poet's page,  
 He basely left, on women war to wage.  
 Shame on ye, Muses, that, poor maids to harm,  
 Could thus with ribald verse the miscreant arm.

G. S.

## CCCVI.

## ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Σῆμα παρ' Αἰάντειον ἐπὶ Ῥοιτηΐσιν ἀκταῖς  
 Θυμοβαρὴς Ἀρετὰ μύρομαι ἐζομένα,  
 Ἀπλόκαμος, πινόεσσα, διὰ κρίσιν, ὅττι Πελασγῶν  
 Οὐκ ἄρετὰ νικᾶν ἔλλαχεν, ἀλλὰ δόλος.  
 Τεύχεα δ' ἂν λέξειεν Ἀχιλλέος· Ἄρσενος ἀκμᾶς,  
 Οὐ σκολιῶν μύθων ἄμμες ἐφίεμεθα.

## ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Hic, ubi Rhœteïs Ajax tumultatur in actis,  
 Assideo Virtus icta dolore gravi,  
 Squalida, sparsa comas, quod iniqua lege Pelasgûm  
 Fraudibus heu victas sum dare jussa manus!  
 Arma hæc inclamant: Nos fortia pectora bello,  
 Non artem ambigui poscimus eloquii.

Averardus Medices.

Io qui sul Retèo margine,  
 Da doglia il core oppresso,  
 Virtù siedo mestissima  
 D' Ajace all' urna appresso.  
 Qui rasa e in veste sordida  
 Il Greco stuol condanno  
 Che sopra me vittoria  
 Diede a facondo inganno.  
 L' armi gridato avrebbero  
 Del Tessalo maggiore:  
 Non vogliam noi facondia;  
 Vogliam l' uomo e il valore.

Felici.

Bey dem Miantischen Grab, am rhöteïschen Meeresgestade,  
 Siget die Tugend und klagt kummerbelasteten Sinns,  
 Sonder Gelock, und in Trauer gehüllt, weil nach der Pelasger  
 Urtheil, täuschende List, aber nicht Tugend gestiegt.  
 Fraget die Waffen Achills, und sie sagen euch: Mannlicher Muth nur,  
 Nicht ein betrüglisch Geschwätz reget Verlangen in uns.

Jacobs.



By Ajax' tomb, on the Rhœtean strand,  
Weigh'd down with grief see Virtue takes her stand  
In mournful guise, because the Greeks confer  
The meed of valour upon Fraud, not Her.  
"Achilles' arms themselves would claim," she cries,  
"Not cunning words, but manly enterprise."

V.

CCCVII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ι Ο Τ Ο Ν .

*Καλὰ Ποσειδάων δίκασεν πολὺ μᾶλλον Ἀθήνης·  
'Ασπὶς ἐν αἰγιαλοῖσι βοᾷ, καὶ σῆμα τινάσσει,  
Ἀντόν σ' ἐκκαλέουσα, τὸν ἄξιον ἀσπιδιώτην.  
'Εγρεο, παῖ Τελαμῶνος, ἔχεις σάκος Αἰακίδαο.*

INCERTI.

Æquius arbitrium Neptunus Pallade dixit :  
Testis adest clypeus, tumulumque in littora pulsat,  
Et velut inclamat dignum te talibus armis :  
Surge, genus Telamonis, habes quod gessit Achilles.

Grotius.

Neptune has well reversed Minerva's doom !  
Hurled by the breakers to its Lord, that shield  
Rings out a righteous summons on thy tomb :  
Wake, son of Telamon, Achilles' arms to wield !

V.

CCCVIII.

Μ Ε Λ Ε Α Γ Ρ Ο Υ .

*Καὶ τὸς Ἔρωσ ὁ πτανὸς ἐν αἰθέρι δέσμιος ἦλω,  
'Αγρευθεὶς τοῖς σοῖς ὄμμασι, Τιμάριον.*

MELÆAGRI.

Quinetiam captus medio est Amor ipse volatu :  
Timarion, oculis præda fit ille tuis !

G. F. D. T.

Ich selbst, schwebend im Äthergewölz, der geflügelte Erös,  
Wurde gefangen, dein Blick fing, o Timarion, mich.

Erichson.

'Tis Love himself, entangled as he flies !  
Timarion, you've caught him with those eyes.

W.



## CCCIX.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Οὐκ ἔστι γήμας, ὅστις οὐ χειμάζεται.  
 Λέγουσι πάντες, καὶ γαμοῦσιν εἰδότες.

INCERTI.

Ducis uxorem ! pateris procellas :  
 Dicis hoc, et scis : tamen ipse ducis.

Paulus Stephanus.

Omnis maritus in procelloso est mari :  
 Dicunt id omnes : cum sciant, ducunt tamen.

Grotius.

Sta in burrascoso pelago chi ha moglie :  
 Ognun lo dice, e il sa, ma ognun la toglie.

M.

Wedlock is but a stormy kind of life.  
 So says each fool, and straightway takes a wife.

W. Shepherd

The man that marries leads a stormy life,  
 Say all, and with eyes open take a wife.

G. B.

## CCCX.

Α Λ Φ Ε Ι Ο Υ Μ Ι Τ Υ Α Η Ν Α Ι Ο Υ.

Χειμερίοις νιφάδεσσι παλυνομένα τιθὰς ὄρνις,  
 Τέκνοις εὐναίαις ἀμφέχρε πτέρυγας,  
 Μέσφα μιν οὐράνιον κρύος ὥλεσεν· ἦ γὰρ ἔμεινεν  
 Αἰθέρος, οὐρανίων ἀντίπαλος νεφέων.  
 Πρόκνη καὶ Μήδεια, κατ' Αἴδος αἰδέσθητε,  
 Μητέρες, ὀρνίθων ἔργα διδασκόμεναι.

ALPHEI.

Sparsa licet nivibus, pennarum stragula pullis  
 Explicuit fida vernula cortis ope,  
 Frigore deriguit donec pia : namque caducis  
 Nubibus et gelido restitit usque polo.  
 Vos pudeat matres, Progne et Medea, sub Orco,  
 Quod faciunt teneræ cum scieritis aves.

G. B.

Gallina mansuetissima,  
 D' aspra neve brumale  
 Aspersa tutta, i teneri  
 Polli copria coll' ale.

Scudo costante ai miseri

Fu contra il cielo argente,  
Fin che non cadde vittima  
Dell' etere inclemente.

Progne e Medea vergogninsi  
Laggiù nel cupo Averno,  
E dagli augelli imparino  
Ciò ch' opri amor materno.

Felici.

Liebe Henne, du triffest von Schnee und himmlischer Kälte,  
Indeß immer du noch mütterlich wärmest das Nest.  
Sicht, sie ist schon erstarrt und deckt mit schützenden Flügeln  
Auch im Tode die ihr zärtlich geliebete Brut.

O ihr Menschenmütter im Schattenreiche, Medea,  
Progne, erröthet ihr nicht, wenn euch der Vogel erscheint?

Herder.

Gegen den stürmischen Schnee umschirmete brütend die Henne,  
Ueber dem einsamen Nest sorglich der Kinder Geschlecht,  
Bis sie dem Froste des Himmels erlag; denn über den Jungen  
Während dem Sturm und Gewölk harrete sie mütterlich aus.  
Progne, schämst du dich nicht in dem Nidus? hebst du, Medea,  
Nicht vor dir selber zurück, hörst du die Thaten des Huhns?

Jaeger.

When winter's snow in beating storms descends,  
Her callow brood the mother bird defends:  
Her fostering wings their tender limbs embrace:  
Till froze to death, she still retains her place.  
In Pluto's realm, amidst the illustrious dead  
Blush, Progne, blush; Medea, hide your head,  
Whilst a poor bird, by nature taught alone,  
To save her younglings' lives could sacrifice her own.

Sir A. Crooke

'Twas winter; and the farm's domestic bird  
Shed her soft pinions round her nestling brood,  
Sprinkled the while with snows: nor yet she stirr'd  
Though 'neath heav'n's frost to perish, as she stood  
Their champion still 'gainst storm and cruel sky!  
Hear, Progne, and Medea, hear, for you  
Were mothers: and, from where in death ye lie,  
Know your full shame by what the fowls can do.

G. F. D. 1

## CCCXI.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Εἰς Λεωνίδην.

Πολλὸν ἀπ' Ἰταλίας κείμει χθονός, ἔκ τε Τάραντος  
 Πάτρης· τοῦτο δέ μοι πικρότερον θανάτου.  
 Τοιοῦτος πλανίων ἄβιος βίος· ἀλλὰ με Μοῦσαι  
 Ἔστερξαν, λυγρῶν δ' ἀντὶ μελιχρὸν ἔχω.  
 Οὖνομα δ' οὐκ ἤμυνσε Λεωνίδου· αὐτά με δῶρα  
 Κηρύσσει Μουσέων πάντας ἐπ' ἡέλους.

INCERTI.

Italia longe jaceo, patriaque Tarento,  
 Et magis hæc res est aspera morte mihi.  
 Invita usque adeo vita est peregrina: sed ipsis  
 A Musis melior nunc mihi vita data est.  
 Quippe per Aonidum sacra munera tempus in omne  
 Concelebrat nomen fama Leonideum.

Grotius.

Fern Gesperiens Lande, der glücklichen Heimath Tarantos  
 Deckt mich das Grab; schmerzvoll mehr als der Tod ist mir das.  
 Ein Unleben, ach, lebt der Verbannete. Aber die Musen  
 Waren mir hold; und entvölkt lächelt mir heiter mein Tag.  
 Nimmer vergehet Leonidas's Ruhm; die Geschenke der Musen  
 Selber erhöh'n mich, wie lang Helios strahlend erwacht.

Erichson.

Fern von Italiens Land und den heimischen Fluren Tarentums  
 Lieg' ich im Grab; und dieß dünket mir herber als Tod.  
 Freudlos schwindet das Leben dem Irrenden; aber der Musen  
 Liebende Guld hat mir Süßes für Bitteres verliehn.  
 Nimmer verwehlet der Ruhm des Leonidas; sondern der Musen  
 Gaben verkünden ihn stets bis zu dem Ende der Zeit.

Jacobs

Far from Tarentum's native soil I lie,  
 Far from the dear land of my infancy.  
 'Tis dreadful to resign this mortal breath,  
 But in a stranger clime 'tis worse than death!  
 Call it not life, to pass a fever'd age  
 In ceaseless wanderings o'er the world's wide stage.  
 But me the Muse has ever lov'd, and giv'n  
 Sweet joys to counterpoise the curse of Heav'n,  
 Nor lets my memory decay, but long  
 To distant times preserves my deathless song.

Merivale.

A long way from the land of Italy,  
And, bitterer to me than death ! I lie  
Not in my native Táranto : so fares  
The needy wand'rer ! But the tuneful Nine  
Gave me their love, and sweets in lieu of cares.  
And now can no oblivion sink my name ;  
For to all time the Muses' gifts proclaim  
Leonidas, where'er the orb of day doth shine.

W

CCCXII.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Α Α Λ Ε Ξ Α Ν Δ Ρ Ε Ω Σ .

*Λυσίππης ὁ νεογνὸς ἀπὸ κρημνοῦ πάϊς ἔρπων*  
*Ἄστυανακτεῖς ἤρχετο δυσμορίας*  
*Ἢ δὲ μεθωδήγησεν ἀπὸ στέρνων προφέρουσα*  
*Μαζόν, τὸν λιμοῦ ῥύτορα καὶ θανάτου.*

LEONIDÆ ALEXANDRINI.

Serpserat in scopulum Lysippæ parvulus infans,  
Nec procul a fatis Astyanactos erat.  
Sed retrahit genitrix ostensa a pectore mamma,  
Quæ mortem pepulit, pellere sueta famem.

Grotius

*On an Infant playing on the edge of a precipice.*

Her infant playing on the verge of fate,  
When but an instant's space had been too late,  
And pointed crags had claim'd his forfeit breath,  
The mother saw ; she laid her bosom bare ;  
Her child sprang forward the known bliss to share ;  
And that which nourish'd life now saved from death.

Monn

While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,  
And the blue vales a thousand joys recal,  
See, to the last last verge her infant steals !  
O fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.  
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,  
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

— R —

## CCCXIII.

## Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

A. Εἰπέ, τί σοὶ ξυνὸν καὶ Παλλάδι; τῇ γὰρ ἄκοντες  
Καὶ πόλεμοι πάρα· σοὶ δ' εὖαδον εἰλαπίναι.

B. Μὴ προπετῶς, ὦ ξεῖνε, θεῶν πέρι τοῖα μετέλλα·  
Ἴσθι δ' ὅσοις ἵκελος δαίμονι τῇδε πέλω.

Καὶ γὰρ ἐμοὶ πολέμων φίλιον κλέος· οἶδεν ἅπας μοι  
Ἥφου δμηθεὶς Ἰνδὸς ἀπ' Ὠκεανοῦ.

Καὶ μερόπων δὲ φυὴν ἐγερήραμεν, ἡ μὲν, ἐλαίη,  
Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γλυκεροῖς βότρυσιν ἡμερίδος.

Καὶ μὴν οὐδ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μήτηρ ὠδῖνας ὑπέτλη·  
Δῦσα δ' ἐγὼ μηρὸν πάτριον, ἡ δέ, κάρη.

## INCERTI.

*De Bacchi imagine juxta Minervam stante.*

Quid tibi, Bacche, gravi cum Pallade? sanguis et arma

Illi sæva placent: at tibi cura dapes.

De Dis ne nimium propera cum disseris, hospes:

Huic ego sum similis plurima namque Deæ.

Est mihi bellatrix etiam manus; India novit

Edomita Eoi littus ad Oceani.

Munera mortali generi donavimus ambo,

Illa olcam, placidæ gaudia vitis ego.

Præterea neque me matris peperere dolores;

Ipsæ Jovis solvi sed femur, illa caput.

Grotius.

Bacco, alla Dea Tritonia

Come ti stai vicino?

L'armi diletta Pallade,

Te la crapola e il vino.

L'opre de' Numi a svolgere,

Rispose, è gran follia;

Pur odi quanto simile

A Palla Bacco sia.

Me pur l'armi diletta;

Me gl'Indi e i climi Eoi

Vider fin all'oceano

Fra i vincitori eroi.

Ambi rendiamo agli uomini

Gli spiriti smarriti,

Col pingue ulivo Pallade,

Io coll'amate viti.

Non io discesi a vivere

Dal sen d'alcuna madre:

Nacque dal capo Pallade;

Io dal fianco del Padre.

Felici



A. Sprich, was hast du gemein mit Tritonien? Jener gefallen  
 Lanzen und Waffengeräusch, dir das erfreuliche Mahl.  
 B. Forsch', o Fremdling, nicht nach den göttlichen Dingen mit Vorwitz.  
 Aber doch wisse, mir ist Vieles mit dieser gemein.  
 Denn auch mich freut Ruhm in dem Kampf; ich besiegte der Inder'  
 Weithinwohnend Geschlecht an des Okeanos Rand.  
 Beyde begabten das Leben der Sterblichen; sie, mit dem Delbaum,  
 Ich, mit dem süßen Gewächs, welches die Trauben erzeugt.  
 Ohne den Schmerz der Geburt erblickten wir beyde das Leben.  
 Denn sie trennte das Haupt, Bacchos die Lenden des Zeus.

(Jacq.)

A. What hath Bacchus to do with Minerva? the spear  
 And the battle please her, thee the feast and good cheer.  
 B. Not so fast, my good friend, when you question the Gods:  
 'Twixt that Goddess and me there are no such great odds.  
 As a proof that war's glories me also can please,  
 Take all India subdued to the easternmost seas.  
 To enliven man's race both our blessings combine,  
 Her's the olive, my gift is the sweet clust'ring vine.  
 Nor of me was a mother in pangs brought to bed:  
 I slipt out of Jove's thigh, and she sprang from his head.

CCXCIV.

A Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς λουτρὸν μικρόν.

Μὴ νεμέσα βαιοῖσιν· χάρις βαιοῖσιν ὀπηδεῖ.  
 Βαῖδς καὶ Παφίης ἔπλετο κοῦρος Ἔρως.

INCERTI.

Parvula ne temnas, parvis nam gratia juncta est:  
 Parvulus et Paphiæ filius ales Amor.

(Jannet La Harpe.)

Why should little things be blamed?  
 Little things for grace are famed;  
 Love, the winged and the wild,  
 Love is but a little child.

I. I. R.



## CCCXV.

ΜΟΥΣΙΚΙΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ἄ Κύπρις Μούσαισιν κοράσια, τὰν Ἀφροδίταν  
 Τιμᾶτ', ἢ τὸν Ἑρῶν ὕμνιν ἐφοπλίσομαι.  
 Χαί' Μοῦσαι ποτὶ Κύπριν Ἄρει τὰ στωμύλα ταῦτα  
 Ἀμῶν δ' οὐ πέταται τοῦτο τὸ παιδάριον.

MUSICII, VEL PLATONIS.

Cypris ait Musis : Agnoscite nostra, puellæ,  
 Numina, vel jussus vos male perdet Amor.  
 Ias, Dea, respondent Musæ, Marti occine nugas.  
 Ad nos lascivus non volat ille puer.

Comminius.

Ad Musas Venus hæc : Veneri parete, puellæ,  
 In vos ne missus spicula tendat Amor.  
 Hæc Musæ ad Venerem : Sic Marti, Diva, mineris ;  
 Huc nusquam volitat debilis iste puer.

Sam. J. Clarke.

Vener disse alle Muse : O m' onorate,  
 Ovver l' arme d' Amor tosto aspettate.  
 Ed elle : Non dir più ; che 'l tuo figliuolo  
 Così alto ove siam, non drizza il volo.

L. Alamanni.

Disse alle Muse un dì la Cipria Dea :  
 Fate a Dione, o verginelle, onore,  
 O v' arme contro Amore.  
 E le Muse alla vaga Citerea :  
 Queste belle parole  
 Serba al tuo Marte amato ;  
 Chè intorno a noi mai non avvien che vole  
 Quel garzoncello alato.

Fr. Forzani Accolti.

Alle Muse Ciprigna : Fate onore,  
 O giovincelle, a Venere ; od armato  
 Farò che contra voi ne venga Amore.  
 E a Ciprigna le Muse : Questi tuoi  
 Ciarlari a Marte. Non ispiega il volo  
 Cotesto fanciulluzzo inverso noi.

P. Monti.

Venus und die Musen.

Paphia sprach zu den Musen: " verehrt, o Mädchen, die hohe  
Paphia, oder ich . . . rüste den Amor auf euch!"  
Schwägerinn, sprachen die Musen, dem ungestitteten Mayors  
Drohe; den Musen bringt nimmer dein Knabe Gefahr.

Herder

Eros und die Musen.

Kypria sprach zu den Musen: ihr Mädchen, verehrt Aphroditens  
Gottheit, oder ich rüst' Eros zum Kampfe mit euch.  
Aber der Göttin erwiederten jen', Enyalios sage  
Die Prahlworte; bedroht uns das geflügelte Kind?

Erichson.

Musen und Aphrodite.

Kypria sprach zu den Musen: Ihr Mädglein, ehrt Aphroditen,  
Oder mit Waffen bewehrt send' ich den Eros zu euch.  
Aber die Musen erwiederten ihr: Dieß drohe dem Ares;  
Gegen uns, Kypria, kehrt nimmer der Knabe den Flug.

Jacobs

Yee Nymphs, quoth Venus, stand of mee in awe,  
Or armed Love shall all your hearts invade.  
Goddesse, sayd they, wee reckon not a straw  
That winged boy; these threats to Mars upbraid.

Leximos Uthalmus

*Imitation.*

Thus to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame:  
Adore my altars, and revere my name;  
My son shall else assume his potent darts:  
Twang goes the bow: my girls, have at your hearts!

The Muses answer'd Venus: We deride  
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride.  
Send him to nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,  
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade.

Our thoughts are settled, and intent we look  
On the instructive verse and moral book:  
On female idleness his power relies,  
But when he finds us studying hard, he flies.

Prior

## CCCXVI.

ΕΥΗΝΟΥ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἀφροδίτης τῆς ἐν Κνίδῳ.

Παλλὰς καὶ Κρονίδαο συνευνέτις εἶπον, ἰδοῦσαι  
 Τὴν Κνιδίην· ἀδίκως τὸν Φρύγα μεμφόμεθα.

EUVENI.

Ut Cnidiā videre Jovis soror atque Minerva,  
 Dixerunt: Querimur non bene de Paride.

Grotius

Palla e Giunon, allor che vedut' hanno  
 La Gnidia Citerea, dissero: A torto  
 Biasmi al Frigio pastor da noi si danno.

Pompei.

Schauend die Knidische Kypriß, begannen Athen' und des Donn'ers  
 Gattinn: mit Unrecht doch strafen wir Priamos Sohn.

Emcher

Hier und Pallas, als sie die Knidische Göttin erblickten,  
 Riefen: Mit Unrecht, traun, schalten wir Paris Gericht.

Jacobs

When Pallas and Jove's bedfellow  
 Survey'd the Cnidian dame,  
 We have no right, they cried, to throw  
 On Paris all the blame.

## CCCXVII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Μὴ σύ γ' ἐπ' οἰονόμοιο περίπλεον ἱλὺς ᾧδε  
 Τοῦτο χαραδραίης θερμόν, ὀδῖτα, πῆγς·  
 Ἀλλὰ μολὼν μάλα τυτθὸν ὑπὲρ δαμαλήβοτον ἄκραν,  
 Κεῖσέ γε πὰρ κείνα ποιμενία πίτῃ  
 Εὐρήσεις κελαρύζον εὐκρήνου διὰ πέτρης  
 Νᾶμα, Βορειαίης ψυχρότερον νιφάδος.

LEONIDE.

Hic, ubi pascit ovis, luteam torrentis ab alveo,  
 Si sapis, hanc tepidam sperne, viator, aquam.  
 Sed juga tu supera, brevis est via, tonsa juvenæ;  
 Grata ubi pastori pinus obumbrat humum:  
 Irrigua de rupe latex ibi murmurat; illic  
 Fonte leva nivibus frigidior sitim.

; B

Nicht aus dem seichten Gesümpf, o Wanderer, das von den Anhöhn  
 Niedergeschwemmt nachblieb, schöpfe den laulichen Trunk.  
 Weiter ein wenig nur um den kälberweidenden Hügel,  
 Dort, wo Hirten zur Lust säuselnd die Fichte sich hebt,  
 Sindest du voll aufströmend des quelligen Felsengeklüftes  
 Klare Fluth, wie des Nord's Flockengestöber, so kalt.

Voss.

Trinke nicht hier aus dem einsamen Sumpf und des wilden Gewässers  
 Nesten das laulige Nass, Wanderer, mit schlammig gemischt;  
 Sondern ein wenig entfernt an der Kinderernährenden Anhöhn,  
 Neben der Fichte, dem Sitz weidender Hirten zunächst,  
 Gießet sich dir ein silberner Bach aus der moßigen Felskluft,  
 Kalt wie thrakischer Schnee, rieselnd zur Ebne herab.

Jacobs

Too lonely is this place; nor cool nor clear  
 The torrent's water; wand'rer, drink not here.  
 Climb but yon knoll, the heifer's pasture sweet;  
 There, by yon pine, the shepherd's noonday seat,  
 Thou'lt see from out its rocky fountain flow  
 The gurgling wave, more cold than Scythian snow.

G. S.

## CCCXVIII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

*Πάντες, Μιλτιάδη, τὰ σ' ἀρήϊα ἔργα ἴσασιν  
 Πέρσαι, καὶ Μαραθῶν σῆς ἀρετῆς τέμενος.*

INCERTI.

Cognita, Miltiade, tua facta ingentia Persis:  
 Virtuti Marathon est sacra terra tuæ.

Grotius.

Was du im Kriege gethan, o Miltiades, kennet der Perser  
 Heerschaar. Marathons Feld ist dir ein Tempel des Ruhms.

Jacobs

Miltiades! thy valour best  
 (Although in every region known)  
 The men of Persia can attest,  
 Taught by thyself at Marathon.

W Cowper.

Miltiades, thy victories  
 Must ev'ry Persian own;  
 And hallow'd by thy prowess lies  
 The field of Marathon.

W.

## CCCXIX.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΝΤΙΚΕΝΣΟΡΟΣ.

Ἀσφαλῆως οἴκησον ἐν ἄστεϊ, μή σε κολάψῃ  
Αἵματι Πυγμαίων ἡδομένη γέρανος.

JULIANI ANTECESSORIS.

Obvia, Pygmæo quæ gaudet sanguine, ne te  
Grus fodiat rostro, tutus in urbe mane.

G. B.

Statti in casa, o le grù ti assaliranno,  
Chè de' pigmei ghiotte del sangue vanno.

M.

Don't venture out of town : a crane, may be,  
Scenting out pigmy blood, will peck at thee.

W.

Keep safe in town ; some rav'ning crane, mayhap,  
In pigmy's blood delighting, thine may tap.

G. B.

*Rondeau.*

Stay in town, little wight,  
Safe at home :  
If you roam,  
The cranes, who delight  
Upon pigmies to sup,  
Will gobble you up.  
Stay at home.

W.

## CCCXX.

ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εἰ βούλει τὸν παῖδα διδάξαι ῥήτορα, Παῦλε,  
Ὡς οὗτοι πάντες, γράμματα μὴ μαθέτω.

AMMIANI.

Institui puerum si vis a rhetore, Paule,  
Nil legat : illorum more disertus erit.

Grotius

Vuoi che a' nostri orator divenga pari,  
Paolo, tuo figlio ? Fa che nulla impari.

Pañini.

Would you breed your son a speaker, like the men who rule the nation,  
Have a care you don't unfit him by a learned education.

W.



## CCCXXI.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ.

Ἀρχίλοχον καὶ στᾶθι καὶ εἴσιδε τὸν πάλαι ποιητάν,  
 Τὸν τῶν ἰάμβων οὐ τὸ μυρίον κλέος  
 Διήλθε κῆπ'ι νύκτα καὶ ποτ' ἄω.  
 Ἡ ῥά νιν αἱ Μοῦσαι καὶ ὁ Δάλιος ἠγάπεν Ἀπόλλων,  
 Ὡς ἐμμελής τ' ἔγεντο κῆπιδέξιος  
 Ἐπεὰ τε ποιεῖν, πρὸς λύραν τ' ἀείδειν.

LEONIDÆ, VEL THEOCRITI.

Consiste, Archilochumque hic aspice principem poetam  
 Antiquum iambi, cujus ingens gloria  
 Ad vesperum pervenit atque ad ortum.  
 Is sane a Musis, et Apolline Delio est amatus ;  
 Tam suavis, et tam carminis solers fuit  
 Pangendi, et ad modos lyræ canendi.

Lieliel

Il piè sofferma, o passeggiere, e mira  
 Archiloco di iambi autore antico,  
 Il cui gran nome Occaso ed Orto ammira :  
 Fu al Delio Apollo ed alle Muse amico ;  
 Sì egli era in compor versi abile e destro,  
 E in su la lira del cantar maestro.

Vicini.

Wanderer, steh' und schau den Archilochos, Baros alten Sprössling,  
 Des Iambus Säng'er ; endlos ist sein hoher Ruhm  
 Vom Morgen bis zum Niedergang gedrungen.  
 Denn ihn liebten die Mäsen, und Delios schützte huldreich ihn,  
 Daff vielgewandt er und der Liedergabe voll  
 Des Epos Weisen und den Lyra Ton fand.

Jacobus

On Archilochus.

Archilochus, that antient bard, behold !  
 Arm'd with his own iambics keen and bold ;  
 Whose living fame with rapid course has run  
 Forth from the rising to the setting sun.  
 The Muses much their darling son approv'd,  
 The Muses much, and much Apollo lov'd ;  
 So terse his style, so regular his fire,  
 Composing verse to suit his sounding lyre.

Fawkes.



## CCCXXII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Πινδάρου.

Νεβρείων ὀπόσον σάλπιγξ ὑπερίαχεν αὐλῶν,  
 Τόσσον ὑπὲρ πάσας ἔκραγε σείο χέλυσ·  
 Οὐδὲ μάτην ἀπαλοῖς ξουθὸς περὶ χεῖλεσιν ἐσμός  
 Ἕπλασε κηρόδετον, Πίνδαρε, σείο μέλι.  
 Μάρτυς ὁ Μαινάλιος κερόεις θεός, ὕμνον ἀείσας  
 Τὸν σέο, καὶ νομίων λησάμενος δονάκων.

ANTIPATRI.

Ut pastorales vincit tuba martia cantus,  
 Exsuperat cunctas sic tua voce chelys.  
 Nec frustra in teneris puero tibi mellea labris  
 Dona supervolitans, Pindare, finxit apis.  
 Mænalius Pan testis erit: tua carmina namque  
 Jam canit, et calamos abjicit ille suos.

G. S.

Wie die Tuba den Klang der kleinen ländlichen Flöte  
 Übertönt, so tönt, Pindar, dein hoher Gesang  
 Über alle Gesänge. Vergebens trugen die Bienen  
 Dir, dem Kinde, nicht schon Honig im Schlummer herbey;  
 Selbst der Mänalische Pan vergiffet seine Gesänge,  
 Singt statt ihrer anjetzt, Pindar, dein heiliges Lied.

Herder

So wie die Tuba des Kriegs weit über die knöchernen Pfeife  
 Hinschallt, weicht dir auch jeglicher Laute Getöse,  
 Pindaros. Nicht umsummten vergebens dich Schwärme der Bienen,  
 Dir süßduftenden Seim bildend auf lieblichem Mund.  
 Zeugte nicht Pan dir selbst, der Mänalische, welcher bey deinen  
 Liedern, den Hirtengesang ländlicher Flöten vergaß.

Jacobs.

On Pindar.

As the loud trumpet to the goatherd's pipe,  
 So sounds thy lyre, all other sounds surpassing;  
 Since round thy lips, in infant fulness ripe,  
 Swarm'd honied bees, their golden stores amassing.  
 Thine, Pindar, be the palm, by him decreed  
 Who holds on Mænalus his royal sitting;  
 Who for thy love forsook his simple reed,  
 And hymns thy lays in strains a god befitting.

Merivale

As the voice of the jubilant trumpet's swell  
 Surpasses the goatherd's flute,  
 So, Pindar, whenever thou strik'st the loud shell,  
 Overpower'd all others are mute.  
 T' was for this, on thy soft lips the bees in a throng  
 Honied labours are said to have plied,  
 And Mænalian Pan, for the charm of thy song,  
 Laid his pastoral ditty aside.

W.

CCCXXIII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

*Δαίμονα τίς δ' εἶδ' οἶδε τὸν αὔριον, ἀνίκα καὶ σέ,  
 Χάρμι, τὸν ὀφθαλμοῖς χθίζον ἐν ἀμετέροις,  
 Τᾷ ἑτέρα κλαύσαντες ἐθάπτομεν; οὐδὲν ἐκείνου  
 Εἶδε πατὴρ Διοφῶν χρῆμ' ἀνιηρότερον.*

CALLIMACHI.

Fata, quis est hominum, novit qui crastina, Charmi,  
 Si te, quem populus vidimus omnis heri,  
 Nunc flemus, terræque damus? Nil tempore tanto  
 Aspexit Diophon tam sibi triste pater.

Grotius.

Crastina nescimus quæ lux mala proferat: et te  
 Vidit heri in vivis deliciasque pater,  
 Charmi, novâ quem luce sepulcro tradimus: istâ  
 Nil poterit, Diophon, tristius esse die.

T. F.

Chi può il domane saper mai, se visto  
 Te ieri, o Carmi, co' nostri occhi abbiamo,  
 E sotterra piangendo or ti poniamo?  
 Tuo padre non provò caso più tristo!

Pagnini

Who shall pretend to read tomorrow's doom?  
 O Charmis dear!  
 One day, our eyes beheld thee in thy bloom;  
 The next, we laid thee weeping in the tomb:  
 Ne'er knew thy sire a sorrow so severe!

J. W. B.

## CCCXIV.

ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ.

Ἀνδρομάχης ἔτι θρήνον ἀκούομεν, εἰσέτι Τροίην  
 Δερκόμεθ' ἐκ βάθρων πᾶσαν ἐρειπομένην,  
 Καὶ μόθον Αἰάντειον, ὑπὸ στεφάνῃ τε πόλῃος  
 Ἔκδετον ἐξ ἵππων Ἑκτορα συρόμενον,  
 Μαιονίδεω διὰ μοῦσαν, ὃν οὐ μίᾳ πατρὶς ἀοιδὸν  
 Κοσμεῖται, γαίης δ' ἀμφοτέρης κλίματα.

ALPHEI MITYLENÆI.

Nunc etiam Andromaches auditur planctus, et imis  
 Sedibus ante oculos Troja revulsa ruūt.  
 Iliacis ciet arma furens sub mœnibus Ajax,  
 Raptus Achilleis et volat Hector equis,  
 Carmine Mæonidis, quem non sua patria vatem  
 Sola, sed Europæ vox Asiæque colit.

G S

D' Andromaca odo ancor gli alti lamenti,  
 E di Troja le mura desolate  
 Svelte rimiro ancor da' fondamenti,  
 E le prodi d' Ajace opre onorate,  
 E strascinato da' corsier frementi  
 Ettor, pe' carmi del Meonio vate,  
 Che cittadin non d' una patria sola,  
 Ricco d' onor per l' universo vola.

Eg. ali

Der unsterbliche Homer.

Immer noch tönen sie mir, der Andromache Klagen. In Klammern  
 Stehet Troja vor uns, stürzend in Trümmer und Graus.  
 Niar kämpfet noch jetzt vor Iliens heiligen Mauern,  
 Hektorn sehen wir noch sinken in schmachlichen Staub.  
 Giner, der Mäonide, gab Allen unsterbliches Leben,  
 Und sein Vaterland ist jede bewohnte Welt.

Herder

Immer noch hör' ich den Schmerz Andromachens; immer noch sehn wir  
 Iliens heilige Burg tief aus den Wurzeln zerstört;  
 Und den Miantischen Kampf, und von feurigen Rössen Achilleus  
 Hektors Leiche geschleift unter den Mauern der Stadt,  
 Durch die Gesänge Homers. Nicht bloss ein Vaterland preißt ihn;  
 Beyde Klimaten der Welt feyern den Sänger zugleich.

V. G. 18

Still in our ears Andromache complains,  
 And still in sight the fate of Troy remains ;  
 Still Ajax fights, still Hector's dragged along,  
 Such strange enchantment dwells in Homer's song ;  
 Whose birth could more than one poor realm adorn,  
 For all the world is proud that he was born.

Andr. Spectator.

Troy from its base all tott'ring still we see,  
 Still hear thy wail, Andromache,  
 See Ajax toil, and Hector dragg'd beneath  
 The high embattled wreath  
 That girds the city round,  
 To war steeds bound ;  
 Through Homer's muse : whom not one land alone  
 Boasts, for the world declares the bard her own.

E. S.

CCCXXV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Η Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Αἰνιγματώδη. Εἰς ἔσοπτρον.

\* *Ἄν μ' ἐσίδης, καὶ ἐγὼ σέ· σὺ μὲν βλεφάροισι δέδορκας,*  
*Ἄλλ' ἐγὼ οὐ βλεφάροισ· οὐ γὰρ ἔχω βλέφαρα.*  
 \* *Ἄν δ' ἐθέλῃς, λαλέω φωνῆς δίχα· σοὶ γὰρ ὑπάρχει*  
*Φωνή, ἐμοὶ δὲ μάτην χεῖλε' ἀνοιγόμενα.*

INCERTI.

Specto, si spectas : oculis tu, non ego vero  
 Cerno oculis ; nulli nam mihi sunt oculi.  
 Quod si vis, sine voce loquar ; nam vox tibi ; vano  
 Sola labore mihi labra movere datum.

Grotius

Allor che tu mi guardi, anch' io ti guardo,  
 Bench' io non abbia come hai tu pupille :  
 Se vuoi ch' io parli, a spalancar non tardo  
 Mie labbra, ma parlar nessun udille.

Fagnani

As we gaze on each other, your eyes look at me ;  
 But eyes I have none ; though I look, I don't see.  
 I'll converse if you please : you'll hear nothing it's true,  
 For I open my lips, but have no voice like you.

## CCCXXVI.

ΜΑΚΚΙΟΥ.

Αὐτός, ἄναξ, ἔμβαينه θεῶ πηδήματι, ληνοῦ  
 Λακτιστής, ἔργου δ' ἡγέο νυκτερίου,  
 Λεύκωσαι πόδα γαῦρον, ἐπὶ ῥῶσαι δὲ χορείην  
 Λάτριν, ὑπὲρ κούφων ζωσάμενος γονάτων  
 Εὐγλωσσον δ' ὀχέευνε κενούς, μάκαρ, ἐς πιθεῶνας  
 Οἶνον, ἐπὶ ψαιστοῖς καὶ λασίῃ χιμάρῳ.

MACCII.

*Ipsē meum calca prelum pede, Liber, ovanti,  
 Et te nocturnum præsīde currat opus.  
 Crura, age, detractis nudes animosa cothurnis :  
 Turba volet celeri te duce serva choro,  
 Inque cados vacuos derives dulcia vīna.  
 Digna tibi merces, liba, capella manent.*

G. S.

Die Weinlese.

Komm und stürze dich, Bacchos, mit schnellem Sprung' in die Kelter,  
 Stampfe die Trauben, und sei König des nächtlichen Werks!  
 Schürze dich auf, und ermunte den Keltertanz, von den leichten  
 Füßen triefe der Most und vom geschmeidigen Knie,  
 Daß der zungebelebende Wein, bei 'm Opfer der Fladen  
 Und der zottigen Geiß, ström' in die Fässer hinein!

Christian von Steiberg.

Steige nur selber herein mit dem flüchtigen Fusse, des Weinfests  
 Müstiger Tänzer, o Herr! Leite das nächtliche Werk.  
 Nimm bis über das kräftige Knie dir das lange Gewand auf;  
 Treibend die Keltreer zum Tanz, färbe die Füße mit Schaum.  
 Leit' auch endlich den Most in die reinlichen Fässer, und nimm dann  
 Freundlich die zottige Geiß, freundlich die Kuchen zum Dank.

Mac. II.

Come, Lord of joy, with bound so light,  
 Thyself our wine-press deign to tread,  
 That merrily the livelong night  
 Our work may run, by Bacchus led.  
 Gird up thy kirtle, and lay bare  
 Thy lusty shank, thy li'some knee :  
 Our maidens all more feat and yare  
 The round will pace cheered on by thee.



Fill to the brim each empty cask  
 With rivulets of luscious wine;  
 And then, blest sprite, to quit thy task  
 Cakes and a shaggy kid are thine.

G. S.

## CCCXXVII.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ.

Ὁ πρὶν ἀμαλθάκτοισιν ὑπὸ φρεσὶν ἡδὺν ἐν ἥβῃ  
 Οἰστροφόρου Παφίης θεσμὸν ἀπειπάμενος,  
 Γυιοβόροις βελέεσσιν ἀνέμβατος ὁ πρὶν Ἑρώτων,  
 Αὐχένα σοὶ κλίνω, Κύπρι, μεσαιπόλιος.  
 Δέξο με καυχάλωσα, σοφὴν ὅτι Παλλάδα νικᾷς  
 Νῦν πλέων, ἢ τὸ πάρος μῆλ' ἔφ' Ἑσπερίδων.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Ille ego qui quondam, dum ver mihi floruit ævi,  
 In Paphiæ leges corde rebellis eram;  
 Ille ego qui vixi telis intactus Amoris,  
 Submitto senior jam tibi colla, Venus.  
 Suscipe me rideque: magis jam Pallada vincis,  
 Quam cum de malo lis fuit Hesperidum.

Grotius

Quell' io, che già degli anni miei sul fiore  
 Venere odiai, a Palla ognor costante,  
 A nuovo stral decrepito amatore  
 Offro oggi il cuor non mai piagato avante.  
 Lieta m' accogli, o madre alma d' Amore,  
 E insuperbisci pel canuto amante;  
 Per cui nuovo trionfo hai sulla Dea  
 Più bello assai della vittoria Idea.

Averardo de' Medici.

The youth who with unmitigated mind  
 Inciting Paphia's gentle sway declined,  
 Who proved so unassailable when blooming,  
 And set at nought Love's arrows limb-consuming;  
 Now, Cypris, with his wise head frosted over,  
 Bends low to thee his neck and turns a lover.  
 Take me and laugh. Thou thwartest Pallas wise,  
 E'en more than when she lost the Hesperid golden prize.

G. C. S.



## CCCXXVIII.

## ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Πανὸς συρίζον.

Σιγάτω λάσιον δρυάδων λέπας, οἳ τ' ἀπὸ πέτρας

Κρουνοί, καὶ βληχὴ πουλυμιγῆς τοκάδων,

Αὐτὸς ἐπεὶ σύρυγγι μελίσσεται εὐκελάδῳ Πάν,

Ἐγρὸν ἰεὺς ζευκτῶν χεῖλος ὑπὲρ καλάμων

Αἰ δὲ περίξ θαλεροῖσι χορὸν ποσὶν ἐστήσαντο

Ἵδριάδες Νύμφαι, Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες.

PLATONIS.

*De effigie Panis fistula canente.*

Balatus ovium silcant, Dryadumque recessus

Frondeferi, et murmur rupe cadentis aquæ :

Ipse canens silvis carmen resonabile Faunus

Labra super vinctis ponit arundinibus :

At circum in numeros perplexa ambage feruntur

Pulcher Amadryadum Naiadumque chorus.

Grotius

Auf eine schöne Gegend, in der Pans Bildniß steht

Schweige, du Eichenhain! Ihr Quellen unter den Felsen,

Murmelt leiser, und ihr, Hirten und Herden, schweigt

Vor der Säule des Pans, der hier aus künstlicher Flöte

Süße Gesänge lockt, locket den Schlummer hinweg.

Und rings um ihn schwebt der Nymphen und Hamadryaden

Und der Naiaden Chor in den frohlockenden Tanz.

Herder

Schweiget, ihr Eichen des schroffen Gebirgs, du, rauschender Felsbach,

Raste; verworrenes Geklöß saugender Heerden, auch du.

Denn Pan selber erhebt den Gesang auf melodischer Syrinx,

Ueber der Röhre Verein gleitet der flötende Mund;

Und es verschlingen im zierlichen Chor schönblühende Nymphen,

Hamadryaden um ihn und Hydriaden den Arm.

Jacobs.

Hush'd be the Dryad band on wooded rock !

Hush'd be the water's dash, and bleating flock !

E'en now his moist lips o'er the reeds he ran,

Himself the reeds attuning, mighty Pan !

In frolic dance their many-twinkling feet

Nymphs of the grove and fount around him beat.

J. 1

## CCCXXIX.

ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ.

"Αχρι τεῦ, ᾧ δέλαιε, κεναῖς ἐπὶ ἐλπίσι, θυμέ,  
 Πωτηθεῖς ψυχρῶν ἀσσοτάτω νεφέων,  
 "Αλλοις ἄλλ' ἐπ' ὄνειρα διαγράψεις ἀφένιοι;  
 Κτητὸν γὰρ θνητοῖς οὐδὲ ἐν αὐτόματον.  
 Μουσέων ἄλλ' ἐπὶ δῶρα μετέρχεο· ταῦτα δ' ἀμυδρὰ  
 Εἶδωλα ψυχῆς ἡλεμάτοισι μέθες.

CRINAGORÆ.

Quo precor usque citis, quas spes tibi subjeicit, alis,  
 O anime, ad cœli nubila summa volas,  
 Divitiasque tibi semper, nova somnia, pingis?  
 Parce; parant homines absque labore nihil.  
 Pieridum placeant tibi munera: qui velit, amens  
 Obscuris animum pascat imaginibus.

Grotius.

Die Wolken.

Arme Seele, wie lang', o wie lang wilst du den leeren  
 Hoffnungen fliegen nach, unter die Wolken hinauf?  
 Kalte Wolken und leere Träume jagen einander,  
 Geben den Sterblichen nichts, nichts sie Beglückendes hier.  
 Komm' herunter, und suche der Weisheit Gaben. Der Gitle  
 Hasche den leeren Wind, der nur die Leeren beglückt.

Herder

Sprich, o thöriges Herz, wie lang noch wirst du von eitler  
 Hoffnung trunken empor schweben zum kalten Gewölk;  
 Dieß Phantom mit jenem, und Träume mit Träumen vertauschend?  
 Nichts wird Menschen zu Theil, ohne Bemühen und umsonst.  
 Aber der Müssen Geschenk erstrebe dir! Jener verworrenen  
 Bilder von Glück und Genuß mögen sich Thoren erfreuen.

Jacobs.

How long upon vain hopes, oh wretched Soul,  
 Still fluttering too near the cloud's cold chill,  
 Shall dream on dream of riches thee cajole?  
 For nought accrues to mortals as they will.  
 Seek thou the Muses' gifts; and leave to fools  
 These visions dim, wrought by thy fancy's tools.

E S

## CCCCXX.

M E Λ E A Γ Ρ Ο Υ.

Αἱ Νύμφαι τὸν Βάκχον, ὅτ' ἐκ πυρὸς ἤλατο κοῦρος,  
 Νίψαν ὑπὲρ τέφρης ἄρτι κυλιόμενον.  
 Τοῦνεκα σὺν Νύμφαις Βρόμιος φίλος· ἦν δέ νιν εἵργης  
 Μίσγεσθαι, δέξῃ πῦρ ἔτι καιόμενον.

M E L E A G R I.

Bacchus ut e flammis puer exiliisset, in undis  
 Tinxerunt Nymphæ sordidum adhuc cinere.  
 Hinc junctus Nymphis est Bacchus gratus : at ignem  
 Ardentem capies, hunc nisi miscueris.

E r. m. m. m. m.

*Bacchus fonti impositus.*

Nondum natus eram, cum me prope perdidit ignis.  
 Ex illo fontes tempore Bacchus amo.

*Idem, ex adverso respiciens Fontem Nympharum.*

Qui colitis Bacchum, comites simul addite Nymphas ;  
 Nam sine ope illarum munera nostra nocent.

Muretus.

Quando del rayo ardiente	De puras dulces aguas
Salí el festivo Baco	Le diéron frescos baños ;
De pavesa y cenizas	Y por eso las Ninfas
Y de humo rodeado,	Son amadas de Baco,
Las apacibles Ninfas	Y sin ellas es fuego
De las fuentes y lagos,	Su licor soberano.

Conde

*De Bacchus et des Nymphes.*

Quand Bacchus du paternel foudre  
 Fut par les Nymphes enlevé,  
 Elles de la soufreuse poudre  
 Dans leurs fontaines l'ont lavé :  
 Dès-lors il ayma tant les belles,  
 N' estant ingrat de leur bienfait,  
 Que celui qui le prend sans elles  
 Prend un feu qui encor méfait.

Baif.

Wein und Wasser.

Als Dionysus einst aus Jupiters Flammen an's Licht sprang,  
Wuschen die Nymphen ihn freundlich am Kühlen Quell ;  
Und noch liebt er die Nymphen, und wird mit ihnen so milde ;  
Ohne der Kühlen Bad ist er ein brennender Gott.

Herd. r.

Als Dionysos eben als Kind aus den Flammen hervorging,  
Noch von der Asche bedeckt, wuschen die Nymphen ihn ab.  
Darum bringt er Genuß mit den Nymphen nur. Störst du die alte  
Eintracht, findest du nur flammendes Feuer in ihm.

Jacobs.

Great Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,  
By native heat asserts his dreadful sire.  
Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,  
He to the Nymphs avows his amorous flames.  
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,  
The moral says : Mix water with your wine.

Prior

While heavenly fire consumed his Theban dame,  
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,  
And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph.  
Still, still he loves the sea-maid's crystal urn,  
And when his native fires infuriate burn,  
He bathes him in the fountain of the Nymph.

Il. Moore

CCCXXI.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς Διόνυσον.

Ἐκ πυρός, ὦ Διόνυσε, τὸ δεύτερον, ἥνικα χαλκοῦς,  
Ἐξεφάνης· γενεὴν εὖρε Μύρων ἐτέρην.

INCERTI.

Dat tibi natales alios ex igne, Lyæe,  
Efformat dum te rursus in ære Myron.

F Francius

Einmahl wardst du aus Feu'r, einmahl aus Erz, Dithyrambos ;  
Myrons Kunst, sie erfand dir eine andre Geburt.

Erickson.

Bacchus, the flames have brought thee twice to view :  
From Myron's forge thou'rt born in bronze anew.

77

## CCCXXXII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

"Οτε λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ ἄνεμος  
 Βρέμῃ πνέων, κινηθεῖσά τε λίμνα  
 Δείματι ἤριπεν, οὐδ' ἀδιάντοισι  
 Παρειᾷς, ἀμφί τε Περσεῖ βάλε  
 Φίλαν χέρα, εἶπεν τε· ὦ τέκος,  
 Οἶον ἔχω πόνον· σὺ δ' ἄωτεις, γαλαθηνῶ τ'  
 "Ητορι κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ δώματι,  
 Χαλκεογόμφῳ δὲ, νυκτιλαμπεί,  
 Κνανέῳ τε δνόφῳ. τὸ δ' ἀναλέαν  
 "Υπερθε τεὰν κόμαν βαθεῖαν  
 Παριόντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις,  
 Οὐδ' ἀνέμου φθόγγων, πορφυρέα  
 Κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.  
 Εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τόγε δεινὸν ἦν,  
 Καί κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν  
 Ὑπείχες οὖας, κέλομαι, εὖδε, βρέφος,  
 Εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος, εὐδέτω ἄμετρον κακόν.  
 Μεταβουλία δέ τις φανείη,  
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο· ὅ τι δὴ θαρσαλέον  
 Ἔπος, εὐχομαι τεκνόφι δίκας σύγγνωθί μοι.

SIMONIDIS.

Nocte sub obscura verrentibus æquora ventis,  
 Quum brevis immensa cymba nataret aqua,  
 Multa gemens Danaë subjecit brachia nato,  
 Et teneræ lacrymis immaduere genæ.  
 Tu tamen ut dulci, dixit, pulcherrime, somno  
 Obrutus, et metuens tristia nulla, jaces.  
 Quamvis, heu quales cunas tibi concutit unda,  
 Præbet et incertam pallida luna facem,  
 Et vehemens flavos everberat aura capillos,  
 Et prope, subsultans, irrigat ora liquor!  
 Nate, meam sentis vocem? Nil cernis, et audis,  
 Teque premunt placidi vincula blanda dei,  
 Nec mihi purpureis effundis blæsa labellis  
 Murmura, nec notos confugis usque sinus.

Care, quiesce, puer, sævique quiescite fluctus,  
 Et mea qui pulsas corda, quiesce, dolor.  
 Cresce puer; matris cari atque ulciscere luctus,  
 Tuque tuos saltem protege summe Tonans.

Ventus quum fremeret, superque cymbam  
 Horrentis furor immineret undæ,  
 Non siccis Danaë genis puellum  
 Circumfusa suum; "Miselle," dixit,  
 "O quæ sustineo! sopore dulci  
 "Dum tu solveris, insciâque dormis  
 "Securus requie; neque has per undas  
 "Illætabile, luce sub malignâ,  
 "Formidas iter, impetumque fluctûs  
 "Supra cæsariem tuam profusam  
 "Nil curas salientis, ipse molli  
 "Porrectus tunicâ, venustus infans;  
 "Nec venti fremitum. Sed, o miselle,  
 "Si mecum poteras dolere, saltem  
 "Junxisses lacrymas meis querelis.  
 "Dormi, care puer! gravesque fluctus,  
 "Dormite! O utinam mei dolores  
 "Dormirent simul! . . . O Pater Deorum,  
 "Cassum hoc consilium sit, et quod ultrâ  
 "(Fortè audacius) oro, tu parentis  
 "Ultorem puerum, supreme, serves."

R. Smith

### Danae's Klage. Ein Fragment.

Akrisios zwang seine Tochter Danae, mit ihrem Sohne  
 Perseus in einem Rachen über das Meer zu flüchten.

Da der Sturm sich erhob mit wildem Brausen,  
 Und die empörten Wogen zu zerschellen  
 Drohten den Rachen; schlang die bange Mutter  
 Mit betränten Wangen den Arm um ihren  
 Perseus, und rufte klagend: O, mein Kindlein!  
 Welchen Jammer erduldest du? sorglos schlummerst  
 Du indeß in der süßen Säuglingsumschuld  
 Deines Herzens! Eingeschlossen im grausen Kerker,



Von den Fluthen geschleudert, und in finstre  
 Mitternächtlche Schatten eingehüllet.  
 Ach, du liegest indeß bedeckt mit deinem  
 Purpurmantel, umweht von deinen krausen  
 Wallenden Locken; unbekümmert durch die  
 Stürzende Wog', und durch des Sturmes Säusen!  
 Ach du schönes Knäblein! wenn dir furchtbar,  
 Furchtbar dir wäre diese Noth, du würdest  
 Neigen dein zartes Ohr zu meiner Klage!  
 Ach, ich flehe dir, schlafe Kind! und schlafet  
 Wogen! und du, unendlicher Jammer, schlafe!

*Christian von Steller*

When the wind, resounding high,  
 Bluster'd from the northern sky,  
 When the waves, in stronger tide,  
 Dash'd against the vessel's side,  
 Her care-worn cheek with tears bedew'd,  
 Her sleeping infant Danae view'd;  
 And trembling still with new alarms,  
 Around him cast a mother's arms.  
 "My child! what woes does Danae weep!  
 But thy young limbs are wrapt in sleep.  
 In that poor nook all sad and dark,  
 While lightnings play around our bark,  
 Thy quiet bosom only knows  
 The heavy sigh of deep repose.  
 The howling wind, the raging sea,  
 No terror can excite in thee;  
 The angry surges wake no care  
 That burst above thy long deep hair;  
 But couldst thou feel what I deplore,  
 Then would I bid thee sleep the more!  
 Sleep on, sweet boy; still be the deep!  
 Oh could I lull my woes to sleep!  
 Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow  
 The baffled malice of my foe;  
 And may this child, in future years  
 Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears!"

## CCCXXXIII.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ.

Θρήϊκας αἰνείτω τις, ὅτι στοναχεῦσι μὲν νῆας  
 Μητέρος ἐκ κόλπων πρὸς φάος ἐρχομένους·  
 Ἐμπαλι δ' ὀλβίζουσιν ὅσους αἰῶνα λιπόντας  
 Ἀπροΐδης Κηρῶν λάτρης ἔμαρψε Μόρος.  
 Οἱ μὲν γὰρ ζῶντες ἀεὶ παντοῖα περῶσιν  
 Ἐς κακά, τοὶ δὲ κακῶν εὖρον ἄκος φθίμενοι.

ARCHIÆ.

Thracum laudanda est sapientia ; queis modo natus  
 Excipitur fletu tristitiaque puer ;  
 Ast anima e vita discedens non sine plausu  
 Mittitur ad Stygias lætitiaque domos.  
 Principium luctus nasci est mortalibus ægris,  
 Perfugium luctus et medicina mori.

G. S.

Danno i Traci a ragion per chi vien fuore  
 Dal sen materno segni di dolore,  
 E stiman sovra tutti avventurato  
 Quel cui ratto involò di vita il fato ;  
 Chè mille e mille mali a' vivi assedio  
 Fan : morte sola è d' ogni mal rimedio.

Pagnini.

The Thracians' custom I applaud, for they  
 Bewail the infant on his natal day ;  
 But joy when death with unexpected blow  
 Consigns the spirit to the shades below.  
 Full well ; for every ill besets man's life ;  
 But death's the balm of all its varied strife.

T. F.

Wise Thracians ! O'er the new-born boy  
 Just entering on the world they weep ;  
 But speed, when life is o'er, with joy  
 The spirit to its last long sleep.  
 For misery comes to man with breath,  
 And misery's sovereign balm is death.

G. S.

## CCCXXXIV.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

Σῶμα φέρων σκιοειδές, ἀδερκεῖ σύμπνοον αὔρη,

Μή ποτε θαρσήσης ἄγχι τινὸς πελάσαι.

Μή τις ἔσω μυκτῆρος ἀναπνείων σε κομίσση,

"Ασθματος ἡερίου πολλὸν ἀφαιρότερον.

Οὐδὲν μόνον τρομέεις· τότε γὰρ πάλιν οὐδὲν ἀμείψας

"Εσσεαι ὡσαύτως φάσμα, τόπερ τελέθεις.

AGATHIÆ.

Par tenui vento vereque umbratile corpus,

Ne propius quenquam conspiciare, cave.

Ne, si respiret, trahat et te naribus intro,

Cum collata tibi nulla sit aura levis.

Nec tibi mors metuenda ; tibi nil auferet illa :

Nam spectrum nunc es, tunc quoque rursus eris.

G. 1102

So shadow-like a form you bear,

So near allied to shapeless air,

That with some reason you may fear,

When you salute, to draw too near ;

Lest, if your friend be short of breath,

The dire approach may prove your death,

And that poor form, so light and thin,

Be at his nostrils taken in.

Yet, if with philosophic eye

You look, you need not fear to die ;

For (if poetic tales be true)

No transformation waits for you.

You cannot, ev'n at Pluto's bar,

Be more a phantom than you are.

Mentale.

Light as the viewless breeze, thin shadowy mite,

Approach not any one too near ; beware,

Lest with his nostrils he inhale a sprite

Far lighter than the lightest breath of air.

Fear thou no change by death ; for any how

Thou'lt be a phantom still, as thou art now.

W.

## CCCXXXV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Αἰ αἶ, νοῦσε βαρεῖα, τί δὴ ψυχαῖσι μεγάρεις  
 Ἀνθρώπων ἐρατῇ παρ νεότητι μένειν ;  
 Ἢ καὶ Τίμαρχον γλυκερῆς αἰῶνος ἄμερσας  
 Ἦθέον, πρὶν ἰδεῖν κουριδίην ἄλοχον.

SIMONIDIS.

Cur hominum generi decus invidisse juventæ  
 Heu, nimum brevis, heu ! pestis acerba, juvat ?  
 Quæ juvenem spoliis Timarchum dulcibus annis,  
 Ante, suum videat quam nova nupta virum !

G F D T

*On Timarchus.*

Ah ! sore disease, to men why enviest thou  
 Their prime of years before they join the dead ?  
 His life from fair Timarchus snatching now,  
 Before the youth his maiden bride could wed.

Sterling.

## CCCXXXVI.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΔΑΙΟΥ.

Εἶσιδεν Ἀντίοχος τὴν Λυσιμάχου ποτὲ τύλην,  
 Κούκέτι τὴν τύλην εἶσινε Λυσιμάχος.

LUCILLII.

Lysimachi semel Antiochus modo stragula vidit ;  
 Postea non vidit stragula Lysimachus.

Grotius.

D' Alfeo la coltre vide appena Eulide  
 Che la sua coltre Alfeo mai più non vide.

M.

L' escamoteur Dioclès un jour jeta la vue  
 Sur une coupe d' or qu' avoit Lysimachus ;  
 Aussi-tôt que Dioclès l' eut vue,  
 Lysimachus ne la vit plus.

C. Rivière Dufresny.

Ils sont sorciers, je crois, les yeux d' Antiochus.  
 Il a vu nos manteaux ; nous ne les voyons plus.

Foan-Saint-Simon.

Since Antiochus set eyes upon Lysimachus's pad,  
 No chance of setting eyes on it Lysimachus has had.

W.

## CCCXXXVII.

ΑΙΣΩΠΟΥ.

Πῶς τις ἄνευ θανάτου σε φύγοι, βίε ; μυρία γάρ σευ  
 Λυγρά· καὶ οὔτε φυγεῖν εὐμαρές, οὔτε φέρειν.  
 Ἥδεα μὲν γάρ σου τὰ φύσει καλά, γαῖα, θάλασσα,  
 Ἄστρα, σεληναίης κύκλα καὶ ἡελίου·  
 Τᾶλλα δὲ πάντα φόβοι τε καὶ ἄλγεα· κῆν τι πάθῃ τις  
 Ἑσθλόν, ἀμοιβαίην ἐκδέχεται Νέμεσιν.

ÆSOP.

Quæ sine morte fuga est vitæ, quam turba malorum  
 Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit?  
 Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, sidera, terras,  
 Lunaque quas et sol itque reditque vias.  
 Terror inest aliis, mærorque, et siquid habebis  
 Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.

Sam. Johnson.

Das Gute des Lebens.

Wer konnt' ohne den Tod dich fliehn, o Leben? Du hast zwar  
 Tausend Uebel, und sie meiden und tragen ist schwer.  
 Aber du schenkst uns auch viel schöne Gaben, die Sonne,  
 Meer und Erde, den Mond und die Gestirne der Nacht.  
 Freilich ist Alles sonst voll Furcht und Schmerzen. Es schleicht  
 Jedes Glückes Genuß immer die Nemesis nach.

Herder.

Wer kann ohne zu sterben dich fliehen, o Leben, unzählbar  
 Ist dein Leiden! dich fliehn und dich erdulden ist schwer!  
 Dennoch blühen uns schöne Freuden, die Erd' und die Sonne  
 Geben sie uns, und der Mond, und die Gestirn' und das Meer;  
 Aber, je mehr die Freude dem Sterblichen lächelt, je näher  
 Schwebet des Unglücks Flug über die Scheitel ihm hin.

Christian von Stolberg.

Leben, wie flieht man dich ohne den Tod? unsägliches Leiden  
 Drücken dich; weder zu fliehn, noch dich zu tragen ist leicht.  
 Lieblich ist, was die Natur dir verlieh'n hat, Himmel und Erde,  
 Meer und Gestirn' und der Mond, Helios leuchtender Glanz.  
 Furcht und Leiden erfüll'n das übrige. Gönnest das Glück dir  
 Gutes, so wäget dafür Nemesis Böses uns zu.

Jacobs.

From thee, o Life ! and from thy myriad woes  
Who but by death can flee or find repose ?  
For though sweet Nature's beauties gladden thee,  
The sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the sea,  
All else is fear and grief ; and each success  
Brings its retributive unhappiness.

W.

CCCXXXVIII.

ΜΑΚΚΙΟΥ.

Εἰς Πᾶνα.

Εὐπέταλον γλαυκὰν ἀναδενδράδα τάνδε παρ' ἄκραις  
Ἴδρυνθεὶς λοφιαῖς Πᾶν ὄδ' ἐπισκοπέω.  
Εἰ δέ σε πορφύροντος ἔχει πόθος, ὦ παροδῖτα,  
Βότρυος, οὐ φθονέω γαστρὶ χαριζομένῳ.  
Ἦν δὲ χερὶ ψαύσης κλοπὴν μόνον, αὐτίκα δέξῃ  
Ὅζαλέην βάκτρον τήνδε κερηβαρίην.

QUINTI MACCII.

Hos ego cærulea frondentes vite racemos  
In summo collis vertice Pan tueor.  
Purpureas si vis uvas gustare, viator,  
Non tibi quod ventri sit satis invideo.  
At si fure manu properes vel tangere tantum,  
Hoc faciam doleat jam tibi fuste caput.

Grotius.

Hic stans vertice montium supremo  
Pan, glaucei nemoris nitere fructus  
Cerno desuper, uberemque silvam.  
Quod si purpureæ, viator, uvæ  
Te desiderium capit, roganti  
Non totum invideo tibi racemum.  
Quin si fraude malâ quid hinc reportes,  
Hoc pœnas luito caput bacillo.

T. Warton.

To guard the gleamy-leaved and clust'ring vine  
Here Pan is placed aloft upon the hill.  
The purple grape to taste shouldst thou incline,  
I bid thee welcome, traveller ; eat thy fill.  
But if thou lay'st one finger here, to steal,  
The weight of this good cudgel shalt thou feel.

G. S.



## CCCXXXIX.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν, οἱ δὲ Ε Υ Η Ν Ο Υ.

Ἀτθὶ κόρα, μελίθρεπτε, λάλος λάλων ἀρπάξασα  
 Τέττιγα πτανοῖς δαῖτα φέρεις τέκεσιν,  
 Τὸν λάλον ἅ λαλόεσσα, τὸν εὐπτερον ἅ πτερόεσσα,  
 Τὸν ξένον ἅ ξείνα, τὸν θερινὸν θερινά;  
 Κούχλ' τάχος ῥίψεις; οὐ γὰρ θέμις, οὐδὲ δίκαιον,  
 Ὀλλυσθ' ὕμνοπόλους ὕμνοπόλοις στόμασιν.

E U E N I.

Attica, mellis amans, stridentem, virgo, cicadam  
 Stridula fers pullis pabula parva tuis?  
 Garrula multiloquam, volucris super arva volantem,  
 Hospitem in æstivis hospes et ipsa locis?  
 Non cito dimittes? nec fas tibi ferre nec æquum est;  
 Non sunt in vates vatibus ora data.

G. F. D. T.

An die Nachtigall, die eine Cicada davon trägt.

Attische Sängerin, wie? Philomele, du Honniggenährte,  
 Eine Cicada trägst du für die Jungen ins Nest?  
 Raubt die Geflügelte, raubt der singende Bothe des Frühlings  
 Eine Geflügelte, die mit ihr den Frühling besang?  
 Nachtigall, laß die Arme! Sie ist eine Fremde, wie du bist:  
 Keinem Sänger Apolls ziemet des Andern Mord.

H. r d e r.

Attisches Mädchen, mit Honig genährt, du entführst die Cicade  
 Hin zu dem zwitschernden Nest deiner besflügelten Brut,  
 Sie, die Geschwägige, du, die Geschwägige, Fremde die Fremde;  
 Beyde mit Flügeln beschwingt; sommerlich jene wie du!  
 Wirfst du sie nicht schnell weg? Nicht Recht ist's oder geziemend,  
 Daß ein singender Mund andere Sänger erwürgt.

Jacobi.

On the Swallow.

Attic maid! with honey fed,  
 Bear'st thou to thy callow brood  
 Yonder locust from the mead,  
 Destined their delicious food?

Ye have kindred voices clear,  
 Ye alike unfold the wing,  
 Migrate hither, sojourn here,  
 Both attendant on the spring.

Ah ! for pity drop the prize ;  
 Let it not with truth be said,  
 That a songster gasps and dies,  
 That a songster may be fed.

THE OWL.

*To a Nightingale.*

Sweet bird of night, whose honied throat  
 So softly pours thy Attic note ;  
 Why to thy young ones bear away  
 Yon grasshopper so blithe and gay ?  
 For he, like you, with cheerful voice,  
 Oft does the listening swain rejoice :  
 Like you, in spring is wont to rove,  
 A welcome guest in every grove ;  
 Like you, with spirits brisk and light,  
 From tree to tree he wings his flight.  
 Sweet nightingale, I pray, forbear ;  
 A songster should a songster spare.

Ph. Smyth.

Honey-nurtured Attic maiden,  
 Wherefore to thy brood dost wing  
 With the shrill cicada laden ?

'Tis, like thee, a prattling thing :

'Tis a sojourner and stranger  
 And a summer's child like thee ;  
 'Tis, like thee, a winged ranger  
 Of the air's immensity.

From thy bill this instant fling her ;  
 'Tis not proper, just, or good,  
 That a little ballad-singer  
 Should be killed for singer's food.

G. C. S

## CCCXL.

ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ.

Ποιεῖς πάντα, Μέλισσα, φιλανθέος ἔργα μελίσσης,  
 Οἶδα, καὶ ἐς κραδίην τοῦτο, γύναι, τίθεμαι.  
 Καὶ μέλι μὲν στάξεις ὑπὸ χείλεσιν ἡδὺν φιλεῦσα·  
 Ἦν δ' αἰτῆς, κέντρῳ τύμμα φέρεις ἄδικον.

MARCI ARGENTARII.

Melissa, facis quod mellis artifex apīs :  
 Id mente servo conditum :  
 Des basia, fluis melle ; mercedem petas,  
 Iniqua aculeos agis.

C. F. D. T.

Cumeta, Melissa, facis, quæ mellificans apīs : olim  
 Id novi ; id, mulier, mente manet memori.  
 Dulcia fers modo nunc mellitis basia labris ;  
 Injusto repetis mox pretium stimulo.

C. F. D. T.

Melissa, your name, and your deeds are the same  
 As all those of the flow'r-loving bee ;  
 No truth on my breast is more deeply imprest ;  
 And, woman, 'tis thus d'ye see.  
 From your lips, as you kiss, so sweet is the bliss ;  
 Methinks they drop with honey :  
 And you carry a sting, an iniquitous sting,  
 That strikes, as you ask for money.

## CCCXLI.

ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ.

Τί πλέον εἰς ὠδῖνα πονεῖν ; τί δὲ τέκνα τεκέσθαι ;  
 Μὴ τέκοι, εἰ μέλλει παιδὸς ὄρῳ θάνατον.  
 Ἥϊθέω γὰρ σῆμα Βιάνορι χεύατο μήτηρ·  
 Ἐπρεπε δ' ἐκ παιδὸς μητέρα τοῦδε τυχεῖν.

DIOTIMI.

Quid juvat eniti miseras sua pondera matres ?  
 Ne pariant potius, funera quam videant.  
 Nam tumulum juvenis tenet hunc a matre Bianor,  
 Quem potius matri debuit ipse dare.

DIOTIMI.

## Sohn und Mutter.

Nach, was frommet es, Kinder mit Mutterschmerzen dem Lichte  
 Zu gebären, und sie sorgend aufzuerzieh'n?  
 Meinem Sohne Bianor muß ich die Mutter ein Grab bau'n;  
 Und ich hoffete, Er würde das meine mir bau'n.

Herder.

## Mutterschmerz.

Was doch frommt der Gebälerin Angst? was Kinder mit Schmerzen  
 Auferziehen, um sie bald wieder verwelfen zu sehn?  
 Ihrem Bianor ein Grab, dem Jünglinge, haute die Mutter;  
 Billig hätte der Sohn solches der Mutter gebaut.

Voss.

Why travail we in childbirth? Far better not give breath,  
 In useless pangs, to babes foredoomed, and see their early death.  
 This tomb, to young Bianor raised, a mother's care bestows;  
 When 'tis, alas, the tribute which a son his mother owes.

v7

## CCCXLII.

## ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Αιμὸν οἰζυρὴν ἀπαμυνομένη πολύγηρως  
 Νικῶ σὺν κούραις ἡερολόγει στάχυας.  
 Ὡλετο δ' ἐκ θάλπους· τῇ δ' ἐκ καλάμης συνέριθι  
 Νῆσαν πυρκαϊὴν ἄξυλον ἐκ σταχύων.  
 Μὴ νεμέσα, Δήμητερ, ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰ βροτὸν οὔσαν  
 Κοῦραι τοῖς γαίης σπέρμασιν ἡμφίεσαν.

## PHILIPPI THESSALONICENSIS.

Præteritas Nico grandæva legebat aristas,  
 Ut non emta gravem pelleret esca famem.  
 Sed necat hanc æstus : sociæ fecere puellæ  
 Non lignis, stipula sed crepitante, rogum.  
 Tu veniam dabis, alma Ceres, tellure creatam  
 E tellure sata fruge quod induerint.

Grotius.

Her cot from hunger's fell approach to shield,  
 Old Nico went a-gleaning in the field :  
 There died of heat, and on a pile was laid,  
 Which from the stalks of wheat the reapers made.  
 Kind Ceres, be not wroth : of mortal birth,  
 Earth's child, was she, thus lapped in fruits of earth.

G. S.

## CCCXLIII.

ΣΙΜΜΙΟΥ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΥ.

Ἡρέμ' ὑπὲρ τύμβοιο Σοφοκλέος, ἡρέμα, κισσέ,  
 Ἐρπύζοις, χλοερούς ἐκπροχέων πλοκάμους,  
 Καὶ πέταλον πάντη θάλλοι ῥόδου, ἥ τε φιλοῖρῳξ  
 Ἀμπελος, ὕγρὰ πέριξ κλήματα χευαμένη,  
 Εὔνεκεν εὐμαθίης πινυτόφρονος, ἦν ὁ μελιχρὸς  
 Ἦσκησεν Μουσῶν ἄμμιγα καὶ Χαρίτων.

SIMMIÆ.

Leniter, o hедера, in Sophoclis mihi leniter urnam  
 Serpe, virescentes undique nexa comas.  
 Flosque rosæ passim vigeat; complexaque vitis  
 Purpureos fusi palmitis addat opes.  
 Tam fuit arguto mellitus acumine vates,  
 Quod coluit Charitum Pieridumque comes.

G. D.

Schleiche dich sanft um's Grab, du immergrünender Ephen,  
 Sanft um Sophokles Grab schlinge die Locken umher;  
 Rosenbüsche, pflanzet euch hin; mit glühenden Trauben  
 Ziehe der Weinstock schlankgleitende Reben hinan;  
 Denn der weise Dichter, der hier schläft, hatte der süßen  
 Anmuth viel; ihm war Muse und Grazie hold.

Herder.

Leis' umschleibet den Hügel des Sophokles, Ranken des Ephen's,  
 Gießet das grüne Gelock über das Schlummernden Grab;  
 Rosen, entfaltet den purpurnen Kelch, und mit Trauben belastet  
 Breite sich schlankes Geschlecht blühender Reben umher;  
 Schönes Symbol flugsinniger Kunst, die im Chöre der Mäusen,  
 Unter den Chariten einst eifrig der Süße geübt.

Jacobs.

Winde, gentle ever-green, to form a shade  
 Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;  
 Sweet ivy wind thy boughs, and intertwine  
 With blushing roses and the clustring vine:  
 Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,  
 Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung;  
 Whose soul exalted like a God of wit,  
 Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

Anon Spectator.



CXCXLIV.

MELEAGROY.

Δεινὸς Ἔρως, δεινός. τί δὲ τὸ πλεόν, ἦν πάλιν εἶπω,  
 Καὶ πάλιν, οἰμώζων πολλάκι, δεινὸς Ἔρως ;  
 Ἡ γὰρ ὁ παῖς τούτοισι γελᾷ, καὶ πυκνὰ κακισθεὶς  
 "Ἦδεται· ἦν δ' εἶπω λοῖδορα, καὶ τρέφεται.  
 Θαῦμα δέ μοι, πῶς ἄρα διὰ γλανκοῖο φανείσα  
 Κύματος, ἐξ ὕγροῦ, Κύπρι, σὺ πῦρ τέτοκας.

MELEAGRI.

Sævus Amor, sævus . . . Sed quid juvat usque gementem  
 Nunc iterum atque iterum dicere, 'sævus Amor?'  
 Ridet enim puer hæc, multumque ut ab ore lacesso,  
 Gaudet; et opprobriis pascitur ipse suis.  
 Hoc tamen admiror, glauco Venus edita ponto,  
 Humida aquis ignem quî genuisse potes.

G. F. D. T.

Crudele Amor, crudel . . . Ma poi che giova  
 Dir mille volte urlando, Amor crudele ?  
 Quel garzon ride a' miei lamenti, e trova  
 L'onte a lui dette un saporoso mele.  
 Ah! come, Vener, tu del glauco umore  
 Nata, hai prodotto un sì cocente ardore ?

Fagnini.

Arg ist Groß, arg!—Was hilft es mir, sag' ich noch einmal,  
 "Arg ist Groß," und oft wieder, mit stöhnendem Schmerz ?  
 Immer ja lacht er darob, und freut sich nur, wenn ich ihn oftmals  
 Schelte; und läßt' ich auf ihn, wächst und gedeiht er noch mehr.  
 Aber ich wundre mich nur, Aphrodite, wie du, der blauen  
 Meerfluth Tochter, aus Nass Bluth zu gebähren vermocht.

Jacobs.

Cruel is Love! But where's the use  
 Still 'Love is cruel' thus to say?  
 The urchin laughs, nay on abuse  
 He thrives, revile him as you may.  
 Venus, thou daughter of the sea,  
 O how can fire thus spring from thee?

G S



## CCCXLV.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Λάτυπος Ἀρχιτέλης Ἀγαθάνορι παιδὶ θανόντι  
 Χερσὶν οὔζυραῖς ἡρμολόγησε τάφον,  
 Αἰ αἶ, πέτρον ἐκεῖνον, ὃν οὐκ ἐκόλαψε σίδηρος,  
 Ἄλλ' ἐτάκη πυκινοῖς δάκρυσι τεγγόμενος.  
 Φεῦ, στήλῃ φθιμένῳ κούφη μένε, κείνος ἔν' εἶπῃ  
 "Οὐτως πατρώῃ χεὶρ ἐπέθηκε λίθον.

PHILIPPI THESSALONICENSIS.

Parvi busta vides Agathanoris, ipse paterna  
 Condidit Architeles quæ lapicida manu.  
 Sæve lapis, non te nota ferrum excavat arte,  
 Lapsa sed ex oculis plurima gutta meis.  
 Sis puero, precor, usque levis; sic dixerit, hunc quæ  
 Imposuit, vere dextra paterna fuit.

G. S.

The stone-hewer Architeles uprears,  
 Fashion'd by sorrowing hands, this monument  
 To Agathanor his departed son.  
 That stone alas! needed no chisel; tears,  
 Fast flowing tears their melting streams had lent  
 To wear deep characters of woe thereon.  
 Lie light upon the dead, thou stone! that He  
 May own a father's care in placing thee.

VV.

## CCCXLVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Αὐτῷ καὶ τεκέεσσι γυναικί τε τύμβον ἔδωκεν  
 Ἀνδροτίων· οὐπω δ' οὐδενός εἰμι τάφος.  
 Οὕτω καὶ μέναιμι πολὺν χρόνον· εἰ δ' ἄρα καὶ δεῖ,  
 Δεξαίμην ἐν ἐμοὶ τοὺς προτέρους προτέρους.

INCERTI.

Quod sibi, et uxori fecit natisque sepulcrum  
 Androtio, vacuum corpore cernis adhuc:  
 Atque diu vacuum maneam! post, ordine justo,  
 Queis prior est ætas, hos prius accipiam.

VV.

Sich und seiner Gattinn und seinen Kindern erbaute  
 Mich Androtion ; noch steh' ich ein wartendes Grab.  
 Mög' ich es lange noch seyn ; doch schlägt die Stunde des Abschieds,  
 Wunsch' ich den Ältern mir stets vor dem Jüngern voran.

Herder

Das leere Grab.

Dieses Grab erbaute sich selbst, dem Weib' und den Kindern  
 Agathon ; doch bis jetzt ruhet noch keiner allhier.  
 Daff' ich also noch lang' hindauerte ! Wenn es denn endlich  
 Sein muss, berg' ich in mir freundlich die Ersten zuerst.

Voss.

Androtion's care hath founded me,  
 His own, wife's, children's tomb to be.  
 Still tenantless I am, and fain  
 Would ever tenantless remain :  
 But Fate forbids. Then to their tomb  
 May all in nature's order come.

G. S.

CCCXLVII.

A Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Πᾶν τὸ περιττόν, ἄκαιρον· ἐπεὶ λόγος ἐστὶ παλαιὸς,  
 Ὡς καὶ τοῦ μέλιτος τὸ πλεόν ἐστὶ χολή.

INCERTI.

Insuave est quicquid nimium est : nam dicitur olim :  
 Mel quoque, si immodica est copia, bilis erit.

Erasmus

Omne nocet nimium, vetus est sententia : nam quod  
 Mel fuerat, fiet fel tibi, si nimium est.

Grotius.

Ogni troppo è nocivo ; ed anche il mele  
 (Dice antico proverbio),  
 Presone troppo, si converte in fiele.

M.

Zu viel wird widrig, sagt ein altes Sprüchwort wahr ;  
 Zu Galle macht's den Honigseim sogar.

Geckingk.

Ill-timed is all excess. 'Tis known to all  
 That even too much honey turns to gall.

W.

## CCCXLVIII.

ΑΡΙΦΡΟΝΟΣ ΣΙΚΥΩΝΙΟΥ.

*Ἵγία, πρεσβίστα μακάρων,**Μετὰ σεῦ ναίοιμι**Τὸ λειπόμενον βιοτᾶς.**Σὺ δέ μοι πρόφρων σύνοικὸς εἶης.**Εἰ γάρ τις ἢ πλούτου χάρις, ἢ τεκέων,**Τᾶς ἰσοδαίμονός τ' ἀνθρώποις**Βασιληίδος ἀρχᾶς, ἢ πόθων,**Οὓς κρυφίοις Ἀφροδίτης ἄρκυσι θηρεύομεν**Ἢ εἴ τις ἄλλα θεόθεν ἀνθρώποισι τέρψις,**Ἢ πόνων ἀμύνοα πέφανται,**Μετὰ σεῖο, μάκαιρ' Ἵγία,**Τέθηλε πάντα, καὶ λάμπει Χαρίτων ἔαρ**Σέθεν δὲ χωρὶς οὐ τις εὐδαίμων.*

ARIPHRONIS SICYONII.

*Divarum antiquissima Sanitas,**Utinam semper tecum habitarem,**Animus dum meus hos reget artus !**Placeant nostri tibi, Diva, lares.**Nam si gratia opum est, aut sobolis,**Superisque homines reddentis pares**Regalis honoris, amorumque,**Occultis quos Veneris laqueis**Carpimus ; aut siqua viris a Deo**Missa voluptas, requiesque mali est ;**Ubi ades cunque, alma favens Sanitas,**Florent omnia ; Charitum ver nitet :**Te sine nulli esse beato licet.*

Fed. Morellus.

*Alma Salus, qua nulla magis veneranda dearum**Incolit æterni regna serena poli ;**Esse velim tecum, superest quod mobilis ævi,**Tuque meo faveas hospes amica lari.**Siquis enim dives censu lætatur opimo,**Seu pia cui sobolis pectora mulcet amor :**Regia cœlesti par visa potentia sorti,**Præda Cytheriacis illaqueanda dolis ;*

Sive alia est hominum divinitus orta voluptas,  
 Grata vel alterno facta labore quies :  
 Omnia, blanda Salus, florent ea gaudia tecum,  
 Et Charitum vernans splendet ubique decus.  
 Te sine, non hominum cuiquam licet esse beato,  
 Non superis placita, te sine, luce frui.

G. B.

Alma Salus, superos inter sanctissima, tecum  
 Sit mihi vitæ degere quod superest.  
 Tuque volens in tecta veni ; nam siquid amœni  
 Divitiæ, si quid pignora amoris habent,  
 Regis honos si quid, superisque æquata potestas,  
 Aut dolus, et Paphiæ dulcia furta Deæ,  
 Sive alia humanis dantur bona munera votis,  
 Si requies curæ, si medicina mali,  
 Alma Salus, tecum surgunt tecumque virescunt,  
 Tecum agitat nitidos Gratia verna choros.  
 Omnia tu tecum mortalibus optima præbes,  
 Teque carens felix vivere nemo potest.

J. E. B.

*Imitation.*

O charmante Santé,	Une grande lignée,
Que ta présence aimable	Et la beauté du corps
Est un bien désirable !	D' une femme bien née,
Quelle félicité	Sont-ils des biens sans toi ?
De t' avoir pour partage,	Quand ce seroit un Roi,
En tout temps, à tout âge !	Si la douleur l' accable,
Est-il d' autre bonheur,	Je le tiens misérable.
Dans le cours de la vie	Tous les bienfaits divers
Qui doit faire envie,	Qu' accorde à la nature
Et chatouiller un cœur ?	L' auteur de l' univers ;
Le luxe, l' abondance,	La charmante verdure
Le savoir, l' éloquence,	Qui renaît tous les ans
Les amours, les grandeurs,	Au retour du printemps,
Et les faveurs des princes	Ce- qu' il produit de rare
Sont des présents bien minces.	Pour récréer nos sens,
Un monceau de trésors,	Tout ce qui les répare

Quand ils sont languissants,  
Et ce que sa largesse  
Répand sur nous sans cesse,  
Peut-il être compté

Comme un bien désirable,  
Sans ta présence aimable,  
O charmante Santé!

M.<sup>me</sup> Deshoulières.

An die Gesundheit.

Gesundheit, älteste der Seligen,  
Möcht' ich wohnen mit dir mein übriges Leben hindurch,  
Und möchtest du auch huldreich mit mir wohnen!  
Denn wenn der Reichtum Grazie hat,  
Wenn Kinder erfreuen, wenn der glücklichen Herrschaft Glanz,  
Wenn Lieb' ergethet, die wir mit der Cypris heimlichem Neß  
Erjagen, und andere Freuden mehr  
Von Gott uns blüh'n, nach Mühe  
Der erquickenden Ruhe Genuß;  
O selige Göttinn!  
Gesundheit, so entsproßten sie mit Dir,  
Mit Dir blüht jeder Grazie Lenz,  
Und ohne dich gibt's keinen Glücklichen je.

Herder.

Hymnus an die Göttinn der Gesundheit.

Hygieia, segnende Göttinn,  
Lass mich wohnen bei dir!  
Sei du der Lage, die mein Harren,  
Solde Gefährtinn!  
Wenn dem Menschen lacht der Haben Fülle,  
Wenn er pranget in der gerechtigkeitwaltenden  
Herrschaft Glanz,  
Wenn der Liebe schmachtende Sehnsucht sich wandelt  
In der süßesten Freude Genuß,  
Wenn in des Vaters Auge der Nahrung Thränen der Säugling lockt,  
- Selige Hygieia!  
Wenn die Götter auf uns herab  
Träufeln des Segens Mannichfaltige Tropfen,  
Wenn uns Erdenpilger der Ruhe  
Süßes Labsal erquickt—  
Dann, o Göttin, blühet jede Freude duftender durch dich!  
Dir lächelt der Grazien Lenz,  
Und wenn du weichst,  
Weichet der Segen mit Dir!

Christian von Stolberg

*To Health.*

Eldest born of powers divine !  
 Bless'd Hygeia ! be it mine  
 To enjoy what thou canst give,  
 And henceforth with thee to live :  
 For in power if pleasure be,  
 Wealth or numerous progeny,  
 Or in amorous embrace,  
 Where no spy infests the place ;  
 Or if aught that Heaven bestows  
 To alleviate human woes,  
 When the wearied heart despairs  
 Of a respite from its cares ;  
 These and every true delight  
 Flourish only in thy sight ;  
 And the sister Graces three  
 Owe, themselves, their youth to thee,  
 Without whom we may possess  
 Much, but never happiness.

W. Cowper

Health, brightest visitant from heav'n,  
 Grant me with thee to rest !  
 For the short term by nature giv'n  
 Be thou my constant guest !  
 For all the pride that wealth bestows,  
 The pleasure that from children flows,  
 Whate'er we court in regal state  
 That makes men covet to be great ;  
 Whatever sweets we hope to find  
 In love's delightful snares,  
 Whatever good by Heaven assign'd,  
 Whatever pause from cares,  
 All flourish at thy smile divine :  
 The spring of loveliness is thine ;  
 And every joy that warms our hearts  
 With thee approaches and departs.

Bland.



Oh! honour'd most of heavenly powers!

Health, be it mine to dwell with thee,  
To pass with thee life's closing hours,

Nor thou my partner scorn to be.

For, oh! whate'er of joy we prove

In coffer'd gold, in children's love,

Or regal power, and state that vies

E'en with th' immortal deities;

Or if there be a sweet delight

In furtive toils of Aphrodite,

With thee, sweet Health, they burst to light,

With thee the Graces' spring is bright;

Each charm with thee conspires to bless:

Without thee, where is happiness?

J. E. B.

CCCXIX.

Λ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Δ Ι Ο Υ .

*Μακροτέρῳ σταυρῷ σταυρούμενον ἄλλον ἑαυτοῦ*

*Ὁ φθονερὸς Διοφῶν ἐγγὺς ἰδὼν ἐτάκη.*

LUCILLII.

In cruce cùm figi socium majore videret,

Liventi Diophon tabuit invidiâ.

H. Stephanus

Paul, cet envieux maraut,

Sur l' échelle même enrage,

Qu' un autre ait eu pour partage

De deux gibets le plus haut.

Pelisson.

Der Neidische.

Als der gekreuzigte Thrar an einem höheren Kreuze

Sahen den Nachbar sah, bis er zusammen und starb.

Herder.

Als am höheren Kreuze gekreuziget seinen Gefährten

Sah der neidische Thrar, ärgert' er sich, und verschied.

Voss.

Poor Cleon out of envy died,

His brother thief to see

Nail'd near him to be crucified

Upon a higher tree.

F. H.

## CCCL.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΔΙΚΟΥ ΡΟΔΙΟΥ.

Εἰς ἀκρίδα.

Οὐκέτι δὴ σε λίγεια κατ' ἀφνέον Ἀλκίδος οἶκον  
 Ἀκρὶ μελιζομένην ὄψεται ἀέλιος·  
 Ἦδη γὰρ λειμῶνας ἔπι Κλυμένου πεπότησαι,  
 Καὶ δροσερὰ χρυσέας ἄνθεα Περσεφόνας.

ARISTODICI RHODII.

Non te sol oriens posthac, locusta, videbit  
 Acidis in nitida dulce sonare domo ;  
 Quippe hinc avolitans flores Plutonis oberras,  
 Prataque reginæ roscida Persephonæ.

Grotius.

Die Grille.

Liebliche Grille, du wirst nun bei dem Hause des Aëis  
 Nicht mehr singen, du wirst nimmer die Sonne mehr sehn :  
 Denn du bist hinunter zu Pluto's Wiese geflogen,  
 Trinkst auf Blumen daselbst zarten elyptischen Thau.

Herder.

Nicht mehr also erblickt, heiltönende Grille, der Tag dich ;  
 Nicht mehr schallet von dir Aëis begütert's Haus.  
 Denn schon flogst du hinab zu des Klymenos thanigen Wiesen,  
 Und in Persephonens Hain schwirrst du auf Blumen umher.

Jacobs.

Oh never more, thou locust, shall the sun behold thee trill,  
 By the wealthy house of Aëis, thy carollings so shrill ;  
 For now to flutter o'er the fields of gracious Dis 'tis thine,  
 And the dewy flowers, of the peaceful bowers, of the golden Proserpine.

Hay.

## CCCLI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Μίλωνος τόδ' ἄγαλμα καλοῦ καλόν, ὃς ποτὶ Πίσῃ  
 Ἑπτάκι νικήσας ἐς γόνατ' οὐκ ἔπεσεν.

SIMONIDIS.

Pulchra hæc Milonis statua est, cui præmia septem  
 Pisa dedit, lapso nec semel in genua.

Grotius.

Fair statue this of Milo fair, who won  
 Seven times the Pisan prize, and quailed to none.

Storliné.

## CCCLII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Ὦφελε μὴδ' ἐγένοντο θοαὶ νέες· οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἡμεῖς  
 Παῖδα Διοκλείδου Σώπολιν ἐστένομεν·  
 Νῦν δ' ὁ μὲν εἰν ἀλί που φέρεται νέκυσ' ἀντὶ δ' ἐκείνου  
 Οὔνομα καὶ κενεὸν σᾶμα παρερχόμεθα.

CALLIMACHI.

O si nulla foret navis! non flenda fuisset  
 Sopolidis nobis mors Dioclides sati.  
 Corpus at exanimum volvit mare; nosque tenemus  
 Nomen, et hoc junctum marmor inane viae.

G. B.

Ah se fossar le navi al mondo ignote,  
 Per Sopoli, figliuol di Dioclides,  
 Non righerebbe il pianto a noi le gote.  
 Avvolto ora sen va tra l' onde infide  
 Il suo freddo cadavero, e di quello  
 Solo a noi resta il nome e il voto avello.

Fagnini.

Oh that no ships to speed across the seas had been invented!  
 Then Dioclid's son Sopolis we ne'er should have lamented.  
 But now, ah where! a corpse he floats o'er the trackless ocean's bed,  
 And a name upon this empty tomb is all we have instead.

W

## CCCLIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ.

Οὔτε σε πόντος ὄλεσσε, καὶ οὐ πνέοντες ἀῆται,  
 Ἄλλ' ἀκόρητος ἔρως φοιτάδος ἐμπορίας.  
 Εἴη μοι γαίης ὀλίγος βίος· ἐκ δὲ θαλάσσης  
 Ἄλλοισιν μελέτω κέρδος ἀελλομάχον.

JULIANI AEGYPTII.

Non tibi causa necis venti, neque Nereus unda,  
 Verum ex merce lucri non satiat amor.  
 Vita sit in terra tenuis mihi: quos maris urit  
 Quæstus, cant, et cum turbine bella gerant.

G. 1 3

Let not thy loss to winds and waves be laid,  
 But to th' insatiate lust of vent'rous trade !  
 Be mine a humble competence on shore,  
 While others wrestle with the storm for more.

¶ 7.

## CCCLIV.

Π Α Λ Λ Α Δ Α.

Ὁ φθόνος οἰκτιρμοῦ κατὰ Πίνδαρόν ἐστιν ἀμείνων.  
 Οἱ βασκαίνόμενοι λαμπρὸν ἔχουσι βίον  
 Τοὺς δὲ λίαν ἀτυχεῖς οἰκτείρομεν. ἀλλὰ τις εἶην  
 Μήτ' ἄγαν εὐδαίμων, μήτ' ἐλεεινὸς ἐγώ.  
 Ἡ μεσότης γὰρ ἄριστον, ἐπεὶ τὰ μὲν ἄκρα πέφυκεν  
 Κινδύνους ἐπάγειν, ἔσχατα δ' ὕβριν ἔχει.

PALLADÆ.

Invidear potius quam sim miserabilis, inquit  
 Pindarus ; excellunt quos petit invidia.  
 Pessima perpressos miserescimus : ast ego felix  
 Nec nimium, nimium nec miser esse velim.  
 Optima res modus est. Summis affine periculum :  
 Infima contemptum ludibriumque ferunt.

Grotius.

*On Envy.*

Pity, says the Theban bard,  
 From my wishes I discard ;  
 Envy, let me rather be,  
 Rather far, a theme for thee !  
 Pity to distress is shown,  
 Envy to the great alone.  
 So the Theban : but to shine  
 Less conspicuous be mine !  
 I prefer the golden mean,  
 Pomp and penury between ;  
 For alarm and peril wait  
 Ever on the loftiest state,  
 And the lowest to the end  
 Obloquy and scorn attend.

¶ 7. Compare.

## CCCLV.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ.

*Ναυηγοῦ τάφος εἰμὶ Διοκλέος· οὐ δ' ἀνάγονται,  
Φεῦ τόλμης, ἀπ' ἐμοῦ πείσματα λυσάμενοι.*

LEONIDÆ.

*Naufragus hic jaceo Diocles. Audacia quanta est!  
Est hinc quæ capiat per mare navis iter.*

Grotius.

*La tomba io son di Diocle  
Già in mar dai flutti assorto:  
Pur, da me sciolti i canapi,  
Escono, oh ardir! dal porto.*

M.

*The tomb am I of shipwrecked Diocles!  
Yet see, alas! how these,  
A reckless crew, from me  
Their cables dare to loose, and put to sea!*

W.

## CCCLVI.

Θ Ε Ο Δ Ω Ρ Ι Δ Ο Υ.

*Ναυηγοῦ τάφος εἰμὶ· σὺ δὲ πλέε· καὶ γὰρ ὅθ' ἡμεῖς  
'Ωλόμεθ', αἰ·λοιπαὶ νῆες ἐποντοπόρουν.*

THEODORIDÆ.

*Naufragus hic jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis;  
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.*

Sam. Johnson.

*Naufragus hic perii: nihil est: per cærulea tutam  
Carpebant reliqui, me pereunte, viam.*

W. L.

*Ich fand Tod in der Fluth. Doch schiffe nur! Als ich im Schiffbruch  
Umfam, freuten sich doch Andre der glücklichen Fahrt.*

Jacobs.

*A ship-wreck'd sailor, buried on this coast,  
Bids you set sail.  
Full many a gallant ship, when we were lost,  
Weather'd the gale.*

W.

## CCCLVII.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ .

"Ατρομος ἐκ τύμβου λυε πείσματα ναυηγοῖο  
 Χήμων ὀλλυμένων ἄλλος ἐνηπόρει.

LEONIDÆ.

Aude de tumulo submersi solvere funem :  
 Tunc quoque cum perii, quos mare ferret, erant.

Grotius.

Sciogli le sarte pur senza pavento  
 Da quest' avel : spiegava un' altra nave,  
 Mentre noi perivam, le vele al vento.

M.

Tu me vois sur le rivage,  
 Pilote, et tu crains la mort ?  
 Va, suis ta course et ton sort.  
 Lorsque je faisais naufrage,  
 D' autres arrivoient au port.

Pelisson.

Loose from my tomb thy hawser : though I died  
 Shipwreck'd, my comrades 'scaped the raging tide.

W. Shepherd.

Fearless set sail from this wreck'd seaman's grave.  
 We perish'd : others safely rode the wave.

W.

## CCCLVIII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Η Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Οὐκ ἐθέλω πλουτεῖν, οὐκ εὔχομαι· ἀλλὰ μοι εἶη  
 Ζῆν ἐκ τῶν ὀλίγων, μηδὲν ἔχοντα κακόν.

INCERTI.

Non opto aut precibus posco ditescere : paucis  
 Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

Sam. Johnson.

I ask not wealth ; let me enjoy  
 An humble lot without annoy !

Cumberland.

I neither wish nor pray for wealth : my prayer  
 Is for a small subsistence, free from care.

W



## CCCLIX.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Οὐρανίας Ἀφροδίτης.

Ἄ Κύπρις οὐ πάνδημος· ἱλάσκειο τὰν θεὸν, εἰπὼν  
 Οὐρανίαν, ἀγνᾶς ἄνθεμα Χρυσογόνας,  
 Οἴκῳ ἐν Ἀμφικλέους, ᾧ καὶ τέκνα καὶ βίον ἔσχε  
 Ξυνόν· αἰεὶ δέ σφιν λώϊον εἰς ἔτος ἦν  
 Ἐκ σέθεν ἀρχομένοις, ᾧ πότνια· κηδόμενοι γὰρ  
 Ἀθανάτων αὐτοὶ πλεῖον ἔχουσι βροτοί.

THEOCRITI.

Publica non isthæc Venus est: placare memento  
 Uranien, castæ munere Chrysogonæ  
 In thalamo Amphicli, socii prolisque larisque.  
 His facilis quovis tempore vita fuit  
 A te principium ducentibus, o Dea; nam qui  
 Dulcia cumque colit numina, lætus agit.

Dan. Heinsius.

Non è già questa la volgar Ciprigna.  
 Fatti la Dea benigna,  
 Ed al suo piè t'inchina,  
 Chiamandola divina.  
 Lei già ponea la buona  
 Pudica Crisogona  
 In casa Anficle, con cui figli ottenne,  
 E comun vita tenne:  
 Quindi un miglior evento  
 Tutte le cose loro ogni anno aveano,  
 Perchè da te faccano,  
 O venerabil Dea, cominciamento:  
 Chè a momenti i mortali  
 Crescono di ventura  
 Qualora gli Immortali  
 Ei si dan d' onorar pensiero e cura.

C. Gaetani della Torre.

Eine Inschrift auf die Bildsäule der Venus Urania

Diese Kypris ist nicht die gemeine Göttinn des Volkes;  
 Daff sie günstig dir sei, nenne die Himmlische sie!  
 Chrysogona weihte sie, das Weib des Amphikles,  
 Welchem liebend sie lebt, welchem sie Kinder gebär!  
 Immer wächst ihr Glück, von dir, o Göttinn! begann es,  
 Dreimal selig ist der, welcher die Götter verehrt!

Fried. Leopold von St. Harz

Here Venus, not the vulgar, you survey;  
 Style her celestial, and your offering pay:  
 This in the house of Amphicles was plac'd,  
 Fair present of Chrysogona the chaste:  
 With him a sweet and social life she led,  
 And many children bore, and many bred.  
 Favour'd by thee, O venerable fair,  
 Each year improv'd upon the happy pair;  
 For long as men the deities adore,  
 With large abundance Heav'n augments their store.

Fawkes.

CCCLX.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

*Ἡράσθην, ἐφίλουν, ἔτυχον, κατέπραξ', ἀγαπῶμαι.  
 Τίς δέ, καὶ ἥς, καὶ πῶς; ἡ θεὸς οἶδε μόνη.*

INCERTI.

Exarsi, petii, tenui, successit, amat me.  
 Quis, quæ, quove modo? scit Dea sola Venus.

Grotius.

Je la vis, je l'aimai, lui plûs, et fus heureux;  
 Où? qui? comment? ceci n'est su que de nous deux.

Poinsinet de Sivry.

Wißt! Ich lieb' und werde geliebt, und küß' und genieße—  
 Aber wer? und bey wem, wiße die Göttinn allein.

Herder

I fell in love, I loved, I won, I triumph'd, she's mine own!  
 Who, I or she, or how we loved, the Goddess knows alone.

R. C. G.

## CCCLXI.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ .

Ἀΐδew λυπηρὲ διήκωνε, τοῦτ' Ἀχέροντος  
 Ὕδωρ δς πλώεις πορθμίδι κυανέη,  
 Δέξαι μ', εἰ καὶ σοι μέγα βρίθεται ὀκρυνόεσσα  
 Βάρις ἀποφθιμένων, τὸν κύνα Διογένην.  
 Ὅλπη μοι καὶ πῆρη ἐφόλκια, καὶ τὸ παλαιὸν  
 Ἔσθος, χῶ φθιμένους ναυστολέων ὀβολός.  
 Πάνθ' ὅσα κῆν ζωοῖς ἐπεπάμεθα, ταῦτα παρ' Αἶδαν  
 Ἐρχομ' ἔχων· λείπω δ' οὐδὲν ὑπ' ἡελίφ.

LEONIDÆ.

Qui subigis conto tristem ferrugine lintrem  
 Per Stygis hanc, Orci dure minister, aquam;  
 Tot sit onusta licet tibi cymba horrenda sepultis,  
 Diogenem capiat me tamen areta Canem.  
 Pera, lagena mihi sunt sarcina, tritaque vestis,  
 Manibus et quanti per vada constat iter.  
 Quæ tenui vivus, me tota sequuntur ad Umbras,  
 Sub supero quidquam nec mihi sole, manet.

G B.

Finsterer Diener der Reich' Aïdoneu's, der du die Wasser  
 Hier des Kokytos auf schwarzdämmernder Barke beschrift,  
 Nimm, ob lastend die Schaar Abgeschiedner den schaurigen Todten  
 Nachen dir anfüllt, Mich, Kynen, Diogenes auf.  
 Mit mir gehet der Krug, und mein altes Gewand, und der Ranzen,  
 Und der zum Schattengebiet löset die Fahrt, der Obol.  
 Jegliches, was ich besaß auch im Reich der Lebend' gen, ich führ es  
 Mit mir zum Hades, und nichts lass' ich der Sonne zurück.

Erichson.

Der du, o trauriger Diener des Aïdes, diese Gewässer  
 Acherons emsig befährst mit dem umnachteten Rahn,  
 Drückt auch schon der Gestorbnen Gedräng auf das schreckliche Fahrzeug,  
 Nimm als übrige Fracht doch den Diogenes auf.  
 Klein nur ist das Gepäck des Hund's; Tornister und Delkrug,  
 Und des bejahrten Gewands Nest, und der Schiffenden Zoll.  
 Jegliches, was ich besaß bey den Lebenden, folgt zu des Hades  
 Nacht mir hinab, und nichts ließ ich der Erde zurück.

Jacobs.

Nether Pluto's most troublesome slave,  
 That puntest 'cross Acheron's wave  
 In that ferry-boat dismal and dread;  
 Though with shuddering ghosts of the dead  
 Supercargoed, receive on your log  
 Diogenes surnamed the dog.  
 For my old coat and satchel and flask  
 To take with me is all I shall ask,  
 With a penny to pay for the shippage.  
 Here I am with all my equipage:  
 And, as rich now, as when with mankind,  
 I am sure I leave nothing behind.

G. F. D. T.

## CCCLXII.

M N A Σ A Λ Κ Ο Υ.

Αἰ αἰ 'Αριστοκράτεια, σὺ μὲν βαθὺν εἰς 'Αχέροντα  
 Οἷχεται, ὥραίου κεκλόμενα πρὸ γάμου  
 Ματρὶ δὲ δάκρυα σᾶ καταλείπεται, ἃ σ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
 Πολλάκι κεκλιμένα κῶκυει ἐκ κεφαλᾶς.

M N A S A L C A E.

Inter complexus Acherontis, Aristocratia,  
 Non ubi debueras nupta jacere, jaces.  
 Liquitur at mater lachrymis, quas sæpe recentes  
 Ad tumulum strato dejicit ex capite.

Grotius.

Weß' Aristokrateia, du stiegst in die Tiefe des Hades  
 Und zu des Acherons Rand, ehe der Hymen erschien.  
 Thränen nur blieben der Mutter zurück, die hier an dem Grabmal  
 Stöhnend aus innerster Brust, oft die Entschlafne beweint.

Jacobs

Ah, thou art gone, Aristocratia! gone  
 To deep, deep Acheron:  
 Thou shouldst have been a blooming bride, but thou  
 Art lying low.  
 Trickles adown thy mother's cheek the tear,  
 O daughter dear!  
 As oft, with drooping head, she mourns thy doom  
 Stretch'd by thy tomb.

J W. B.

## CCCLXIII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Χωλὸν ἔχεις τὸν νοῦν, ὥς τὸν πόδα· καὶ γὰρ ἀληθῶς  
Εἰκόνα τῶν ἐντὸς ἢ φύσις ἔξω φέρει.

INCERTI.

Clauda tibi mens est ut pes : naturaque rectè,  
Quod latet interius, prodidit exterius.

Paulus Stephanus

*Contro uno zoppo maligno.*

Torta hai la mente e il piede. In te l'esterno  
Natura architettò come l'interno.

Pagnini.

*De Cotin.*

Tu as l'ame autant contrefaïete,  
Cotin, comme tu as le cors :  
Car en la forme du dehors  
Du dedans l'image est pourtraïete.

Baif.

If the outward form's akin  
To the nature that's within,  
By your limping gait we learn,  
Your intellect's a lame concern.

W

## CCCLXIV.

Θ Ε Ο Κ Ρ Ι Τ Ο Υ.

Τὰ ῥόδα τὰ δροσόντα, καὶ ἅ κατάπυκνος ἐκείνα

"Ερπυλλος κεῖται ταῖς Ἑλικωνιάσιν·

Ταὶ δὲ μελάμφυλλοι δάφναι τίν, Πύθιε Παιάν,

Δελφίς ἐπεὶ πέτρα τοῦτό τοι ἀγλαΐσεν.

Βωμὸν δ' αἰμάζει κεραὸς τράγος, οὗτος ὁ μαλλός,

Τερμίνθου τρώγων ἔσχατον ἀκρέμονα.

THEOCRITI.

Serpillum Aoniis servo munuscula Nymphis,

Et, matutino quæ madet imbre, rosam :

Et tu nigrantem, proles Latonia, laurum,

Quæ tibi Delphitica in rupe adolescit, habe.

Rodit et extremas qui frondes, corniger hircus

Concidet ante aram, victima cæsa, tuam.

Aerardus Medices.

Sermollino eletto, e rose  
 Porporine e rugiadose  
 V' offro, o Dee delle pendici  
 D' Elicona abitatrici.  
 Te, de' carmi o Nume, onoro  
 Di sacrato e fosco alloro,  
 Che germoglia là nel cieco  
 Immortal Delfico speco :  
 E un capron di corna armato  
 All' altar cadrà svenato ;  
 Quello appunto, che le vette  
 D' ogni ramo manomette.

Averardo de' Medici.

This wild thyme, and these roses, moist with dews,  
 Are sacred to the Heliconian Muse ;  
 The bay, Apollo, with dark leaves is thine ;  
 Thus art thou honour'd at the Delphick shrine ;  
 And there to thee this shagg'd he-goat I vow,  
 That loves to crop the pine-tree's pendent bough.

Fawkes.

## CCCLXV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

\**Ἡ τοῖον Κυθήρειαν ὕδωρ τέκεν, ἥ Κυθήρεια*  
*Τοῖον τεύξεν ὕδωρ, ὃν χροά λουσαμένη.*

INCERTI.

Vel talis Veneri genetrix aqua, vel Venus ipsa  
 Talem lota suo corpore fecit aquam.

Grotius.

O d' acqua tal nacque la Dea più bella,  
 O tal fe' l' acqua col bagnarsi in quella.

Pagnini.

Solch' ein Wasser erzeugte Kytheren wol ; oder Kythere  
 Hat es mit Reizen begabt, badend den göttlichen Leib.

Jacobs

Did Cytherea to the skies  
 From this pellucid lymph arise ?  
 Or was it Cytherea's touch,  
 When bathing here, that made it such ?

M. Cooper.



## CCCLXVI.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠΑΡΧ. ΑΙΓΥΠΤ.

Εἰς Ἀνακρέοντα.

Πολλάκι μὲν τόδ' ἄεισα, καὶ ἐκ τύμβου δὲ βοήσω  
 Πίνετε, πρὶν ταύτην ἀμφιβάλησθε κόνιν.

JULIANI.

Hortor et ex tumulo, cecini quod sæpe, Bibatis!  
 Dum nondum talis vos quoque vestit humus.

Je l'ai chanté souvent; et même de nouveau  
 Je le crierai de mon tombeau:  
 Buvez auparavant que la Parque sévère,  
 Comme moi, vous réduise en un peu de poussière.

Vielmal sang ich es sonst, und ruf es euch noch aus der Gruft zu:  
 Trinkt, eh' dürstiger Staub eure Gebeine verhüllt.

What oft alive I sung, now dead I cry  
 Loud from the tomb, "Drink, mortals, ere you die."

This lesson oft in life I sung,  
 And from my grave I still shall cry:  
 Drink, mortal! drink, while time is young,  
 Ere death has made thee cold as I.

Oft have I sung, now from the tomb I cry:  
 Drink! ere enveloped in this dust you lie.

## CCCLXVII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ.

Εὐάγρει, λαγόθηρα, καὶ εἰ πετεεινὰ διώκων  
 Ἰξεντῆς ἦκεις τοῦθ' ὑπὸ δισσὸν ὄρος,  
 Κἀμὲ τὸν ὑλῆωρόν ἀπὸ κρημνοῖο βόασον  
 Πᾶνα· Συναγρεύω καὶ κυσὶ καὶ καλάμοις.

LEONIDÆ.

Et leporem quicumque venis venaberis, hospes,  
 Et si forte meo tramite quæris avem.  
 Et me Pana tibi comitem de rupe vocato,  
 Sive petas calamo præmia, sive cane.

LEONIDA

Rem bene venator leporum gere, fallere visco  
 Monte sub hoc gemino seu meditaris aves.  
 Panaque me rupis clama de vertice; juncta  
 Et canis et calami te comitabor ope.

G. B.

Reichliche Jagd dir, Jäger des Wilds, auch wenn du zum Vogel-  
 fange das Thal des Gebirgs hier mit den Regen beträfst.  
 Und von der Bergshöh' ruf' mich Pan, den Beherrscher der düstern  
 Büschigen Waldnacht; mitfang' ich mit Hunden und Garn.

Erichson

Good luck to you, sportsman, or chasing the hare,  
 Or plying for bird in this dell the lim'd snare.  
 Me, the forester Pan, from the crag if you call,  
 I'll help you to quarry, with dog, reeds, and all.

G. B.

## CCCLXVIII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Εἰς Νιόβην.

'Ο τύμβος οὗτος ἔνδον οὐκ ἔχει νεκρόν  
 'Ο νεκρὸς οὗτος ἐκτὸς οὐκ ἔχει τάφον.  
 'Αλλ' αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ νεκρὸς ἐστὶ καὶ τάφος.

INCERTI.

Habet sepulchrum non id intus mortuum,  
 Habet nec ipse mortuus bustum super,  
 Sibi sed est hic ipse sepulchrum et mortuus.

AUSONIUS

Hoc est sepulchrum intus cadaver non habens,  
 Hoc est cadaver et sepulchrum non habens,  
 Sed est cadaver et sepulchrum idem sibi.

POLITIANUS

*An Epitaph on Niobe turned to stone.*

This pile thou seest built out of flesh, not stone,  
 Contains no shroud within, nor mould'ring bone:  
 This bloodless trunk is destitute of tombe  
 Which may the soul-fled mansion en-wombe.  
 This seeming sepulchre (to tell the troth)  
 Is neither tomb nor body, and yet both.

H. KING.

Lo, corpseless tomb, and tombless corpse! strange doom!  
 She to herself at once is corpse and tomb.

G. S.

## CCCLXIX.

ΚΑΡΦΥΛΛΙΔΟΥ.

Μὴ μέμνη παριῶν τὰ μνήματά μου, παροδίτα·  
 Οὐδὲν ἔχω θρήνων ἄξιον οὐδὲ θανάων.  
 Τέκνων τέκνα λέλοιπα· μῆς ἀπέλαυσα γυναικὸς  
 Συγγήρου· τρισσοῖς παισὶν ἔδωκα γάμους,  
 Ἐξ ὧν πολλάκι παῖδας ἐμοῖς ἐνεκοίμισα κόλποις,  
 Οὐδενὸς οἰμώξας οὐ νόσον, οὐ θάνατον,  
 Οἷ με κατασπείσαντες ἀπήμονα, τὸν γλυκὺν ὕπνον  
 Κοιμᾶσθαι χώρην πέμψαν ἐπ' εὐσεβέων.

CARPHYLLIDIS.

Hoc tumulo tectum ne me contemne, viator ;  
 Nam ne morte quidem sors lachrymanda mea est.  
 Factus avus senui mutata conjuge nunquam ;  
 Terna tori soboles foedere juncta mea est ;  
 Unde sinu dulces gestavi sæpe nepotes,  
 Nullius ex illis morte malove dolens.  
 Hi factis me rite sacris misere beatas  
 Ad sedes, habitat quas sine fine sopor.

Grotius.

Traveller, regret not me ; for thou shalt find  
 Just cause of sorrow none in my decease,  
 Who, dying, children's children left behind,  
 And with one wife lived many a year in peace :  
 Three virtuous youths espoused my daughters three,  
 And oft their infants in my bosom lay,  
 Nor saw I one, of all deriv'd from me,  
 Touch'd with disease, or torn by death away.  
 Their duteous hands my funeral rites bestow'd,  
 And me, by blameless manners fitted well  
 To seek it, sent to the serene abode  
 Where shades of pious men for ever dwell.

W. Cowper.

Friend ! o'er this sepulchre forbear  
 The plaintive sigh, the pitying tear :  
 No just pretence my death supplies  
 To heave thy breast, or dim thine eyes.

With children's children grac'd, one wife  
Walk'd with me down the vale of life :  
Three blooming youths my joyous hands  
Entwin'd in Hymen's blissful bands :  
The numerous race those nuptials blest,  
Oft slumber'd on their grandsire's breast :  
No streams of grief through life I shed,  
O'er child, or grand-child, sick or dead.  
By them to my departed shade  
The tear was pour'd, the rites were paid :  
Thus convoy'd to eternal rest !  
In life, in death, supremely blest.

G. Wakefield.

CCCLXX.

[ΔΙΟΓ. ΛΑΕΡΤ.]

Οὐ μὰ τόν, οὐδὲ Λυκωνα παρήσομεν, ὅττι ποδαλγῆς  
Κάτθανε· θαυμάζω τοῦτο μάλιστα δ' ἐγώ,  
Τὴν οὕτως αἶδαο μακρὴν ὁδόν, ἃ πρὶν ὁ ποσσὶν  
'Ἀλλοτρίοις βαδίσας, ἔδραμε νυκτὶ μῆ.

[DIOG. LAERT.]

Hercule ! nec nobis Lyco prætereundus, obivit  
Quod podagra, namque est res ea mira mihi.  
Alterius pedibus solitus quod repere, longum  
Ad manes una nocte cucurrit iter.

Grotius.

Gehe das Grab nicht vorbei. "Wer lieget da?" Lamon, der Schwelger.  
"Der am Podagra starb?" Richtig. Was wundert dich dran?  
"Dass, der sonst auf Krücken nur humpelte, jetzt in einer  
Nacht mit hurtigem Fuß bis zu dem Tartaros lief."

Voss.

No, nor by Jove ! may Lyco's name be passed,  
Whose gouty feet brought on his death at last :  
And yet, if I a candid man must be,  
How, in one night, a wretched imp,  
Who all his life-time used to limp  
On crutches, ran so long a way  
As down to Hades, I must say,  
Is that which seems the strangest thing to me.

J. W. B.

## CCCLXXI.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς Τίμωνα τὸν μισάνθρωπον.

Ἐνθάδ' ἀπορρήξας ψυχὴν βαρυδαίμονα κείμαι  
 Οὐνομα δ' οὐ πεύσοισθε, κακοὶ δὲ κακῶς ἀπόλοισθε.

INCERTI.

Hic situs abrupta vita infelice quiesco :

Nomen ne rogitate : malos Di vos male perdant.

Grotius.

My luckless breath cut short, my grave ye view.

Ask not my name : a curse on all of you !

W.

## CCCLXXII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Καὶ νέκυς ὢν, Τίμων ἄγριος· σὺ δὲ γ', ὦ πύλαωρὲ  
 Πλούτωνος, τάρβει, Κέρβερε, μὴ σε δάκη.

INCERTI.

Timon, umbra licet, ferus est : tu janitor Orci

Cerberē, ne morsu te petat ille, cave.

Grotius.

Et ferus est Timon sub terris ; janitor Orci

Cerberē, te morsu ne petat ille, cave.

Sam. Johnson.

Timon, though dead, is savage : have a care,

Dread watch-dog, Cerberus ! He bites : beware !

W.

## CCCLXXIII.

Π Τ Ο Λ Ε Μ Α Ι Ο Υ.

Μὴ πόθεν εἰμὶ μάθης, μηδ' οὐνομα· πλὴν ὅτι θνήσκειν  
 Τοὺς παρ' ἐμὴν στήλην ἐρχομένους ἐθέλω.

PTOLEMÆI.

Unde ego non disces, nec quo sim nomine : sed quod,

Hunc tumulum quisquis præterit, opto mori.

Grotius

Unde, et quid nomen ne percontere, sed ipse

Mortuus hoc de te, morte jacere, volo.

T. F.

My name and whence I come cease to enquire ;

That you like me may die is my desire.

T. F.

Ask not my name, nor whence I am ; and you,

Who pass my grave, would you were buried too !

W.

## CCCLXXIV.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ.

Λαῖς, ἀμαλδυνθεῖσα χρόνῳ περικαλλέα μορφήν,  
 Γηραλέων στυγέει μαρτυρίην ῥυτίδων  
 "Ενθεν πικρὸν ἔλεγχον ἀπεχθήρασα κατόπτρου,  
 "Ανθετο δεσποίνῃ τῆς πάρος ἀγλαΐης.  
 Ἀλλὰ σύ μοι, Κυθέρεια, δέχου νεότητος ἑταῖρον  
 Δίσκον, ἐπεὶ μορφῇ σὴ χρόνον οὐ τρομέει.

JULIANI.

Lais, ut eximiae languebat gratia formæ,  
 Factaque jam, ruga teste, dolebat anus;  
 Tunc speculum prisci dominæ neglecta decoris,  
 Indicium vultus triste perosa, tulit:  
 Tu, Venus, hunc primi socium cape temporis orbem;  
 Nam tua non ævum forma beata timet.

G. B.

Als mit den Jahren Laïs nun ihre Reize verblüß'n sah,  
 Als sie das Alter sah kommen auf ihrem Gesicht,  
 Hassete sie den Spiegel, den Zeugen des kommenden Alters;  
 "Rehre zurück," sprach sie, "kehre zur Gottinn zurück,  
 Die mich lange geliebt hat!—Nimm den Spiegel, o holde  
 Baphia! Dir nur sind ewige Reize verlieh'n."

Herder.

Lais, when time had spoil'd her wonted grace,  
 Abhorr'd the look of age that plough'd her face:  
 Her glass, sad monitor of charms decay'd,  
 Before the queen of lasting bloom she laid.  
 The sweet companion of my youthful years  
 Be thine (she said); no change thy beauty fears.

Ogle

Lais saw nature's quick decay,  
 The wrinkled cheek, the ringlet grey,  
 And heav'd a heartfelt sigh:  
 "Witness of all that makes me grieve,  
 Venus, this hateful glass receive;  
 Your charms can time defy."

Ph. Smyth.

R 1



## CCCLXXV.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ἡ σοβαρὸν γελάσασα καθ' Ἑλλάδος, ἣ τὸν ἐραστῶν  
 Ἑσμὸν ἐνὶ προθύροις Λαῖς ἔχουσα νέων,  
 Τῇ Παφίῃ τὸ κάτοπτρον· ἐπεὶ τοίῃ μὲν ὀρᾶσθαι  
 Οὐκ ἐθέλω· οἷῃ δ' ἦν πάρος οὐ δύναμαι.

PLATONIS.

Lais anus Veneri speculum dico : dignum habeat se  
 Æterna æternum forma ministerium.  
 Ast mihi nullus in hoc usus, quia cernere talem  
 Qualis sum, nolo ; qualis eram, nequeo.

Ansonius.

Illa triumphatrix Graiûm consueta procorum  
 Ante suas agmen Lais habere fores,  
 Hoc Veneri speculum : nolo me cernere qualis  
 Sum nunc, nec possum cernere qualis eram.

Sam. Johnson.

*Imitazione.*

Ruppe lo specchio, e disse,  
 Piangendo la fuggita età novella,  
 Donna che fu già bella :  
 Specchio incostante, omai  
 Morta la mia beltà tu non vivrai ;  
 Che mirar questo volto  
 Qual è non voglio, e qual già fu m' è tolto.

Alessandro Guarini.

Lo specchio mio ti dono,  
 O Diva del piacere :  
 Qual fui non posso, e come fatta sono  
 Non mi voglio vedere.

Paranti

Pour mirer désormais l' éternelle beauté  
 De ta face, o Venus, je t' offre ce miroir,  
 Car je ne m' y vois plus telle que j' ai été,  
 Et telle que je suis, je ne m' y veux plus voir.

Jacques de la Taille

*L'oeu d'un miroer à Venus.*

Moy qui pour mon folastre ris  
 En mon œilladante jeunesse  
 Avois à ma porte une presse  
 De jeunes amoureux épris,  
 A la princesse de Pafie  
 Ce miroer voué je dédie ;  
 Car telle qu'aujourd'hui je suis  
 Me mirer je ne voudrois onques,  
 Et telle que j'estois adonques,  
 Aujourd'hui me veoir je ne puis.

Boiss.

Je le donne à Venus, puis qu'elle est toujours belle :  
 Il redouble trop mes ennuis.  
 Je ne saurois me voir en ce miroir fidèle,  
 Ni telle que j'étois, ni telle que je suis.

Voltaire.

Sch, deren Vorsaal sonst von schmachtenden Jünglingen voll war,  
 Die mit der Griechen Herz wie mit dem Balle gespielt ;  
 Lais weiht der Paphia jetzt den Spiegel. Er zeigt ihr  
 Nicht was sie war ; was sie ist, mag sie nicht sehen in ihm.

Humbert.

Sie, die Hellas einst mit üppigem Hohne verachtete,  
 Deren Gemächer ein Schwarm liebender Männer umgab,  
 Lais widmet den Spiegel der Paphia. Mich, wie ich jetzt bin,  
 Will ich nicht schaun ; wie ich war, zeigt der Spiegel mir nicht.

Jacobs.

Venus, take my votive glass,  
 Since I am not what I was :  
 What from this day I shall be,  
 Venus, let me never see.

Prior

I Lais, once of Greece the pride,  
 For whom so many suitors sigh'd,  
 Now aged grown, at Venus' shrine  
 The mirror of my youth resign ;  
 Since what I am I will not see,  
 And what I was I cannot be.

Edmund L. Swift.

## CCCLXXVI.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΤΟΥ.

Ἄ κόνις ἀρτίσκαπτος, ἐπὶ στάλας δὲ μετώπων  
 Σείονται φύλλων ἡμιθαλεῖς στέφανοι.  
 Γράμμα διακρίναντες, ὁδοιπόρε, πέτρον ἴδωμεν  
 Δευρὰ περιστέλλειν ὅστέα φατὶ τίνος.  
 “Ἐεὶν’ Ἀρετημιάς εἰμι· πάτρα Κνίδος· Εὐφρονος ἦλθον  
 Εἰς λέχος· ὠδίνων οὐκ ἄμορος γενόμαν’  
 Δισσὰ δ’ ὁμοῦ τίκτουσα, τὸ μὲν λίπον ἀνδρὶ ποδηγόν  
 Γήρως· ὃν δ’ ἀπάγω μναμόσυνον πόσιος.”

HERACLETI.

Fossa recenter humus, cujus quæ in fronte columna est,  
 Serta gerit florum, mortua parte sui.  
 Cernamus propius lapidemque notasque, viator.  
 Tristes se cineres cujus habere refert.  
 Patria mi Cnidos est, vocitorque Aretemias, hospes ;  
 Euphroni sum conjunx dicta, sed et peperì.  
 Quos peperì geminos dux sit patris, oro, senectæ  
 Ille, mihi pignus conjugis alter adest.

Grotius.

Neulich gegraben erhebt sich der Staub ; an der Stirne des Denkmals  
 Schütteln vom Winde bewegt wellende Kränze das Laub.  
 Treten wir näher, den Stein zu beschn, und zu lesen die Inschrift ;  
 Sicher verkundet er uns, wessen Gebein er bedeckt.  
 “ Freund, Aretemias ward ich genannt ; aus dem Knidischen Lande ;  
 Euphron führte mich heim ; Kinder gebahr ich ihm zwey.  
 Sterbend verließ ich ihm eines davon zum Tröster des Alters ;  
 Eines entführt’ ich, im Grab mich der Erinnerung zu freun.”

Jacobs

In Cnidos born, the consort I became  
 Of Euphron : Arctimias was my name.  
 His bed I shared, nor proved a barren bride,  
 But bore two children at a birth, and died :  
 One child I leave to solace and uphold  
 Euphron hereafter, when infirm and old ;  
 And one, for his remembrance sake, I bear  
 To Pluto's realm, till he shall join me there.

W. Cooper

CCCLXXVII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς Νέμεσιν.

Καί με λίθον Πέρσαι δέυρ' ἤγαγον, ὄφρα τρόπαιον  
 Στήσονται νίκας· εἰμὶ δὲ νῦν Νέμεσις.  
 Ἀμφοτέροις δ' ἔστηκα, καὶ Ἑλλήνεσσι τρόπαιον  
 Νίκας, καὶ Πέρσαις τοῦ πολέμου νέμεσις.

INCERTI.

Me lapidem quondam Persæ advexere tropæum  
 Ut fierem bello: nunc ego sum Nemesis.  
 At sicut Græcis victoribus asto tropæum,  
 Punio sic Persas vaniloquos Nemesis.

Ausonius.

Me pietra i Persi qua recaro, ond' io  
 Fossi di lor vittoria  
 Ai secoli memoria.  
 Nemesi or sono, e Fidia me scolpìo  
 Trofeo de' Greci a un tempo e della rea  
 Guerra de' Persi infesti ultrice Dea.

Pagnini

Vormals führten die Meder den Stein her, künftiger Siege  
 Brunkendes Zeichen zu seyn. Nemesis ward ich darauf.  
 Beydes nun bin ich vereint; ein Zeichen des Siegs den Hellenen,  
 Aber dem Medischen Volk Nemesis frevelnden Kriegs.

Jacobs.

Brought by the Medes a stone to be  
 A trophy sure of victory;  
 By Phidias carv'd, I stand to teach  
 The pow'r of Nemesis to each.  
 Trophy of Greece's conquering host,  
 I shame defeated Persia's boast.

W.

*On the first Stone of Buonaparte's marble column, raised by the Expeditionary  
 army and Flotilla of Boulogne, and afterwards made to commemorate the res-  
 toration of the Bourbons.*

Frenchmen! who brought this marble block to stand  
 A trophy of th' invasion of yon land,  
 Behold! it marks a Bourbon's restoration,  
 And tells that you are the invaded nation.

W.

## CCCLXXVIII.

Θ Ε Α Ι Τ Η Τ Ο Υ .

Εἰς τὴν Ἀθηναίων Νέμεσιν.

Χιονέην με λίθον παλιναυξέος ἐκ περιωπῆς  
 Λαοτύπος τμήξας πετροτόμοις ἀκίσσι  
 Μῆδος ἐποντοπόρευσεν, ὅπως ἀνδρείκελα τεύξῃ,  
 Τῆς κατ' Ἀθηναίων σύμβολα καρμονίης.  
 Ὡς δὲ δαΐζομένοις Μαραθῶν ἀντέκτυπε Πέρσας,  
 Καὶ νέες ὑδροπόρουν χεύμασιν αἱμαλέοις,  
 Ἔξεσαν Ἀδρήστειαν ἀριστώδινες Ἀθῆναι,  
 Δαίμον' ὑπερφίαλοις ἀντίπαλον μερόπων.  
 Ἀντιταλαντεύω τὰς ἐλπίδας· εἰμὶ δὲ καὶ νῦν  
 Νίκη Ἐρεχθείδαις, Ἀσσυρίοις Νέμεσις.

THE ETETI.

Me niveum viva lapidem de rupe cecidit,  
 Marmoream rumpens cuspidē duritiem,  
 Persa daret cum vela notis, ut fingeret ex me  
 De Cecropis victrix gente trophæa manus.  
 Cladibus at Marathon postquam resonavit Eois,  
 Perque cruore rubens æquor iere rates,  
 Fecit Adrastean de me gens fortis Athenæ  
 Ulcisci solitam facta superba Deam.  
 Spes ego libratas teneo. Victoria nam sum  
 Cecropidis, Nemesis nec minus Assyriis.

Grotius.

Mich weißblendenden Stein brach einst mit dem Meißel der Steinmeg  
 Felsenzerspaltend im Bruch wiedererwachsender Höhn ;  
 Ueber das Meer hin fuhren die Räder mich, daß ich zum Bildniß  
 Würde, zum Zeichen des Kampfs gegen die Bürger Athens.  
 Aber als Marathon kühn die zerschmetterten Perser besiegte,  
 Und die Geschwader zurück fährten auf blutigem Meer,  
 Dormte die Mutter der Helden Athen, die der Sterblichen Hochmuth  
 Strafende Göttin aus mir, die den vermessenen Flug  
 Ärenelnder Hoffnung hemmt. Zur Nemesis ward ich den Persern ;  
 Aber für Aetrops Geschlecht bin ich des Sieges Symbol.

Jacobi

Of ivory whiteness, from a mountain rock  
 A Median sculptor in a massive block  
 Shipp'd me for Attica, and doom'd to stand  
 His mark of triumph o'er this Attic land.  
 But when at Marathon fall'n Persia groan'd,  
 And for invasion shatter'd ships aton'd,  
 By Attic art, perfection's nurse, I rose  
 In form a goddess, who the proud o'erthrows.  
 In different characters my figure speaks,  
 To Persians vengeance, victory to Greeks.

Hayley

## CCCLXXIX.

ΕΥΗΝΟΥ ΑΣΚΑΛΩΝΙΤΟΥ.

Κῆν με φάγῃς ἐπὶ ῥίζαν, ὅμως ἔτι καρποφορήσω,  
 "Ὅσσον ἐπισπείσαι σοί, τράγε, θυομένῳ.

EUENI.

Rode caper vitem : tamen hinc, cum stabis ad aram,  
 In tua quod spargi cornua possit, erit.

Ovidius

*Parodia, in Domitianum ob edictum de excidendis vineis : ex Suetonio.*

Κῆν με φάγῃς ἐπὶ ῥίζαν, ὅμως ἔτι καρποφορήσω,  
 "Ὅσσον ἐπισπείσαι Καίσαρι θυομένῳ.

Me penitus rodas ; vini tamen illud habebō,  
 Quod cæso infusum sat tibi, Cæsar, erit.

De Boeck.

Nagender Bock, du benagst mich bis zur Wurzel. Und dennoch  
 Bleibt in der Wurzel mir Saft, der dich als Opfer besprengt.

Herder

Driff auf die Wurzel mich ab, doch trag' ich der Frucht' genug noch,  
 Dir auf dem Opfer altar, Bock, zu begießen des Blut.

Brichson.

Nagst du mich auch bis zur Wurzel, o Bock, doch trag' ich zum Opfer  
 Immer des Weines genug, dich zu besessen am Heerd.

Jacobs

Though thou shouldst gnaw me to the root,  
 Destructive goat, enough of fruit  
 I bear, betwixt thy horns to shed,  
 When to the altar thou art led.

Merivale.



## CCCLXXX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἑλλήνων προμαχοῦντες Ἀθηναῖοι Μαραθῶνι  
Χρυσοφόρων Μήδων ἐστόρεσαν δύναμιν.

SIMONIDIS.

Attica pro patria pugnans Marathonis in ora  
Aurea Medorum contudit arma cohors.

G. S.

At Marathon for Greece the Athenians fought;  
And low the gilded Medians' power they brought.

Sterling

## CCCLXXXI.

ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΥ.

Οὐτ' ἀπὸ Μεσσήνας, οὐτ' Ἀργόθεν εἰμὶ παλαιστάς·  
Σπάρτα μοι Σπάρτα κυδιάνειρα πατρίς.  
Κεῖνοι τεχνάεντες· ἐγὼ γε μέν, ὥς ἐπέοικε  
Τοῖς Λακεδαιμονίων παισὶ, βίᾳ κρατέω.

DAMAGETI.

Non Argos pugilem, non me Messana creavit;  
Patria Sparta mihi est, patria clara virum.  
Arte valent isti, mihi robore vincere solo est,  
Convenit ut natis inclyta Sparta, tuis.

Sam. Johnson.

Io giostrator, non d' Argo o di Messene,  
In Sparta, inclita Sparta, ebbi il natale.  
Quei fidano in lor arte: in me prevale  
Forza e vigor, come a Spartan conviene.

Pagnini.

Nicht von Messanas Flur, noch von Argolis kam ich zum Ringkampf;  
Mich hat Sparta gezeugt; Sparta die Mutter des Ruhms.  
Andere pflegen der Kunst; ich, wie es den muthigen Söhnen  
Lakedamonias ziemt, siege durch männliche Kraft.

Jacobs.

No Messenian wrestler, no Argive is here;  
Of Sparta, fam'd Sparta, my birth.  
Let them brag of their skill; by my strength 'twill appear  
How the Spartan evinces his worth.

W

CCCLXXXII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἔστι τις λόγος  
 Τὰν Ἀρετὰν ναίειν δυσαμβάτοις ἐπὶ πέτραις,  
 Ἐνθα μιν θεῶν χώρον ἄγνόν ἀμφέπειν.  
 Οὐδὲ πάντως βλεφάροις θνατῶν ἔσοπτος,  
 Ὀ μὴ δακέθυμος ἰδρώς  
 Ἐνδοθεν μόλῃ, ἵκηταί τ' ἐς ἄκρον ἀνδρείας.

SIMONIDIS.

Ardua narratur Virtus juga montium tenere,  
 Et diva sanctam temperare sedem ;  
 Seque oculis hominum coram dare nullius videndam,  
 Cui non profusus corda sudor urens  
 Exeat interno de robore, gloriamque summam  
 Attingat instans pectoris virilis.

G. B.

Virtue in legend old is said to dwell  
 On high rocks, inaccessible ;  
 But swift descends from high,  
 And haunts of virtuous men the chaste society.  
 No man shall, ever, rise  
 Conspicuous in his fellow mortals' eyes  
 To manly virtue's pinnacle ;  
 Unless within his soul, he bear  
 The drops of painful sweat, that slowly well  
 From spirit-wasting thought, and toil, and care.

Il. 10. 10

'Tis said that Virtue dwells on high  
 'Mid rocky steeps that seek the sky,  
 Where o'er a hallow'd realm she holds her sway.  
 No mortal eye her form hath met  
 Save his, from whom heart-galling sweat  
 Breaks out, and wins to manhood's top the way.

G. b

## CCCLXXXIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Σκόλιον.

Ἵγιαίνειν μὲν ἄριστον ἀνδρὶ θνατῷ,  
 Δεύτερον δὲ, καλὸν φῦαν γενέσθαι,  
 Τὸ τρίτον δὲ πλουτεῖν ἀδόλως,  
 Καὶ τὸ τέταρτον ἡβᾶν μετὰ τῶν φίλων.

SIMONIDIS.

*Scolium.*

Pars est prima boni, valere recte :  
 Pollere ingenii, secunda, dote :  
 Justas, tertia, possidere gazas :  
 Compubescere, quarta sors, amicis.

Grotius.

Firma salus primâ, prece forma petenda secundâ,  
 Tertia fraude venit congesta pecunia nullâ,  
 Quartum erit æquales inter pubescere votum.

G. S.

Die Wünsche des Lebens.

Gesundheit ist dem sterblichen Mann  
 Das Erste ; das Zweite Wohlgestalt ;  
 Das Dritte Reichthum ohne Betrug ;  
 Das Vierte, mit seinen Geliebten sich iung erfreuen.

Herder.

The first of human gifts is health ;  
 The next on beauty's power attends ;  
 The third, possessing well-earned wealth ;  
 The fourth is youth, enjoyed with friends.

Burney.

Of mortal blessings here, the first is health,  
 And next, those charms by which the eye we move ;  
 The third is wealth, unwounding guiltless wealth,  
 And then, an intercourse with those we love.

Moore

Good health for mortal man is best,  
 And next to this a beauteous form ;  
 Then riches not by guile possessed,  
 And lastly youth with friendships warm.

Sterling.

## CCCLXXXIV.

ΑΝΑΞΑΝΔΡΙΔΟΥ.

‘Ο τὸ σκολιὸν εὐρὼν ἐκέϊνος, ὅστις ἦν,  
 Τὸ μὲν ὑγιάίνειν πρῶτον ὡς ἄριστον ἦν,  
 Ὀνόμασεν ὀρθῶς· δεύτερον δ’ εἶναι καλὸν,  
 Τρίτον δὲ πλουτεῖν, τοῦθ’ ὀρᾶς, ἐμαίνετο.  
 Μετὰ τὴν ὑγείαν γὰρ τὸ πλουτεῖν διαφέρει·  
 Καλὸς δὲ πεινῶν ἐστὶν αἰσχρὸν θηρίον.

ANAXANDRIDÆ.

Conscriptor scolii carminis, quiqui fuit,  
 Quod bene valere posuit in primo loco,  
 Bene fecit. At pulcrum esse cum facit alterum,  
 Et divitem esse tertium, insanit nimis.  
 Divitiæ, res a sanitate est proxima :  
 Nam fœdum est animal, pulcher quem vexat fames.

— L'ANTHOLOGE.

That health is the *first* of all blessings below,  
 Is a truth which no logic can fairly confute ;  
 But the *second* on personal charms to bestow,  
 And on riches the *third*, I beg leave to dispute :  
 Next to health give me riches ; for beauty, though bright,  
 In hunger and rags is a villainous sight.

Faint.

Well says the father of the song,  
 “The first of human joys is health ;”  
 But when he thus pursues the strain,  
 “Then beauty, and the next is wealth,”  
 Indeed, I think him very wrong,  
 And bid him tune his harp again :  
 For, in these days of want and evil,  
 Unportion’d beauty is—the devil.

— Monstros.

## CCCLXXXV.

ΠΙΤΤΑΚΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ.

Σκόλιον.

Ἔχοντα δεῖ τόξον καὶ ἰοδόκον φαρέτραν  
 Στείχειν ποτὶ φῶτα κακόν·  
 Πιστὸν γὰρ οὐδὲν γλῶσσα διὰ στόματος λαλεῖ,  
 Διχόμυθον ἔχουσα κραδίῃ νόημα.

PITTACI MITYLENÆI.

*Scolium.*

Esse sagittifera tutum latus expedit pharetra  
 Arcuque, vadat quisquis ad scelestum.  
 Namque fide dignum loquitur nihil ore lingua, mentem  
 In corde gestans duplicem doloso.

G. B.

Wandle mit straffem Geschoss und pfeilumfassendem Ruder  
 Gegen den tückischen Mann!  
 Treulos schwaigt aus den Lippen die Zung', und getrennt von der Rede  
 Lau'rt der Gedank' in der Brust!

Voss.

March, with bow and well-stock'd quiver  
 Arm'd, against the evil wight ;  
 For his tongue is faithless ever,  
 Words and thoughts just opposite.

Merivale

## CCCLXXXVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Σκόλιον.

Ἐκ γῆς χρὴ κατιδεῖν πλόον,  
 Εἴ τις δύναιτο, καὶ παλάμην ἔχοι·  
 Ἐπεὶ δέ κ' ἐν πόντῳ γένηται,  
 Τῷ παρέοντι τρέχειν ἀνάγκη.

INCERTI.

*Scolium.*

Si potes, e terrâ pontum adspice ; credita ponto,  
 Quo jubeant auræ, cogitur ire ratis.

G. S.

Du rivage observons le cours de nostre flotte,  
 Considérons son bord, et quel est son pilote ;  
 Que si nous avons mis nostre sort en la mer,  
 Il faut contre l' orage espérer et ramer.

L'abbé de Marolles.

Vom Lande schaue der Schiffe Fahrt,  
Wenn dir's vergönnt ist und dein Geschick es will;  
Doch wenn du auf den Fluthen schwimmest,  
Mußt du dem Rufe des Schicksals folgen.

*Lucian.*

'Tis best from land to watch the raging sea,  
If so you may, and have the pow'r;  
But if you chance on the wild waves to be,  
Then make the best o' th' present hour.

*Morival*

From shore look out, and turn thine eyes  
Seaward, if thou art weather-wise.  
The vessel, if it once set sail,  
Must run according to the gale.

CCCLXXXVII.

Σ Ο Λ Ω Ν Ο Σ.

Σκόλιον.

Πεφυλαγμένος ἄνδρα ἕκαστον ὄρα,  
Μὴ κρυπτὸν ἔγχος ἔχων κραδίῃ  
Φαιδρῷ σε προσενέπη προσώπῳ,  
Γλῶσσα δέ οἱ διχόμυθος  
Ἐκ μελαίνης φρενὸς γεγωνῇ.

SOLONIS.

*Scolium.*

Quamlibet observans caveas tibi ne, dolosus eusem  
Tenens latentem cordis in recessu  
Ore reidenti gratus licet alloquatur, edat  
E mente nigra verba lingua duplex.

*C. B.*

Seh wachsam auf jeglichen Mann,  
Schau, ob nicht im Herzen er trägt  
Ein verborgenes Schwert, und nur  
Er mit freundlich heuchelndem Blick  
Zu dir redet, indeß im Sprich  
Doppeltünige Rede der Mund  
Im heimtückischen Herzen.

*Fa. l.*

Beware smooth words and smiling face!  
A dagger lurks within.  
The double tongue speaks fair, the heart  
Is foul with darkling sin.



## CCCLXXXVIII.

ΠΙΤΤΑΚΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ.

Σκόλιον.

Συνετῶν ἐστὶν ἀνδρῶν,  
 Πρὶν γενέσθαι τὰ δυσχερῇ  
 Προνοῆσαι ὅπως μὴ γένηται  
 Ἀνδρείων δὲ, γενόμενα εὖ θέσθαι.

PITTACI MITYLENÆI.

*Scolium.*

Venturos arcet casus mens provida ; fortis  
 Præsentes animus verterit in melius.

G. S.

Le mal venu il le faut endurer,  
 Bon gré, mal gré ; rien n' y sert murmurer ;  
 Mais paravant qu' il vienne, l' homme sage  
 Peut par conseil dévancer son dommage.

Jean de la Peruse.

'Tis for the wise,  
 Each difficult event  
 Foreseeing to prevent,  
 E'er it arise :  
 When come, the manly breast  
 Adjusts it for the best.

W.

The prudent mind averts the coming ill ;  
 When come, brave hearts to good may turn it still.

## CCCLXXXIX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Σκόλιον.

Σύν μοι πῖνε, συνήβα, συνέρα, συστεφανηφόρει,  
 Σύν μοι μαινομένῳ μαίνεο, σὺν σώφρονι σωφρόνει.

INCERTI.

*Scolium.*

Mecum potor, amans, sarta ferens, te juvenem geras ;  
 Mecum sisque furens, et sapiens, cum sapiam, comes.

G. B.

Bois, rajeunis, aime, couronne-toy,  
 Sois fou, sois sage avecque moy.

Longepierre

Mit mir trinke du, mitblühe mir, mitliebe, sei mitbekränkt ;  
 Mit mir Rasenden ras', übe Vernunft mit dem Vernünftigen.

Th. Schlegel

Quaff with me the purple wine,  
 And in youthful pleasures join ;  
 Crown with me thy flowing hair,  
 With me love the blooming fair.  
 When sweet madness fires my soul,  
 Thou shalt rave without control ;  
 When I'm sober, sink with me  
 Into dull sobriety.

Bland.

Be thou gay when I'm gay, when I'm jolly be jolly,  
 With me wear the chaplet, and woo the fair maid :  
 When I'm mad, be thou mad, play the fool in my folly,  
 Or, if I'm staid and sober, be sober and staid.

G. B

## CCCXC.

TIMOKREONTOS.

Σκόλιον.

ὦ τυφλὲ Πλοῦτε,  
 Μήτ' ἐν γῇ, μήτ' ἐν θαλάσσῃ,  
 Μήτ' ἐν ἡπείρῳ φανῆναι,  
 Ἀλλὰ Τάρταρόν τε ναίειν  
 Κ' Ἀχέροντα· δία σε γὰρ  
 Πάντ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις κάκ' ἐστί.

TIMOCREONTIS RHODII.

Scolium.

O utinam nusquam potuisses per mare totum,  
 Aut cæcum in terris tollere, Plute, caput,  
 Horrida sed nigro cohiberent Tartara rivo ;  
 Quippe tuum est, homini quicquid ubique malum est.

G. F. D. '1.

Vile riches should no favour find,  
 By land or sea, among mankind ;  
 But should be sent with fiends to dwell,  
 Down in the deepest blackest Hell :  
 For 'tis from them, e'er since the world began,  
 The greatest ills have sprung which torture man.

Burney.

Would thou'dst ne'er been by mortals seen,  
 Blind Wealth, in earth or sea ;  
 But doom'd to dwell in deepest Hell :  
 Our woes are all from thee !

G. S

## CCCXCI.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν.

Σ κ ό λ ι ο ν.

Ὁ καρκίνος ὧδ' ἔφα  
 Χαλᾷ τὸν ὄφιν λαβών·  
 Εὐθὺν χρὴ τὸν ἑταῖρον ἔμμεν,  
 Καὶ μὴ σκολιά φρουεῖν.

INCERTI.

*Scolium.*

Prensum forcipe tunc suo  
 Anguem cancer ita admonet :  
 "At rectas socium vias,  
 Non obliqua sequi decet."

G. B.

With his claw the snake surprising  
 Thus the crab kept moralizing :  
 'Out upon sidelong turns and graces :  
 Straight's the word for honest paces !'

D. K. Sandford.

## CCCXCII.

Β Α Κ Χ Υ Λ Ι Δ Ο Υ.

Αυδία μὲν γὰρ λίθος  
 Μανύει χρυσόν·  
 Ἀνδρῶν δ' ἀρετὰν  
 Σοφίαν τε παγκρατῆς  
 Ἐλέγχει ἀλήθεια.

BACCHYLIDIS.

Aurum Lydius indicat  
 Lapis ; sed sapientiam  
 Virtutemque hominum arguit  
 Vincens omnia Veritas.

G. F. D. T.

Der Prüfstein

Der Lydische Stein erprobt das Gold;  
 Der Männer Weisheit und Jugend erprobt  
 Die allbeherrschende Wahrheit.

Herder.

As gold the Lydian touch-stone tries,  
 So man, the virtuous, valiant, wise,  
 Must to all-powerful Truth submit  
 His virtue, valour, and his wit.

Merivale

The test of fine gold  
Is the Lydian stone :  
And wisdom is told,  
And man's worth shown  
By Truth, all-potent to make things known.

G. F. D. U.

CCCXCIII.

Π Α Λ Λ Α Δ Α.

ὦ τῆς βραχείας ἡδονῆς τῆς τοῦ βίου.  
Τὴν ὀξύτητα τοῦ χρόνου πενήσατε.  
Ἡμεῖς καθεζόμεσθα καὶ κοιμώμεθα,  
Μοχθοῦντες ἢ τρυφῶντες· ὁ δὲ χρόνος τρέχει,  
Τρέχει καθ' ἡμῶν τῶν τालαιπῶρων βροτῶν,  
Φέρων ἐκάστου τῷ βίῳ καταστροφὴν.

PALLADÆ.

O quam voluptas hujus est vitæ brevis !  
Lugete rapidam temporis fluxi fugam.  
Nos dum sedentes aut cubantes occupant  
Luxus laborve, tempus interea ruit,  
Ruit perenni gentis humanæ malo,  
Dum quemque vitæ raptat usque ad exitum.

Grotius

O transitory joys of life ! ye mourn  
Rightly those winged hours that ne'er return.  
We, let us sit, or lie, or toil, or feast,  
Time ever runs, a persecuting guest,  
His hateful race against our wretched state,  
And bears the unconquerable will of fate.

Merivale.

Brief joys of life ! alas !  
How swiftly doth time pass !  
In sleep and leisure,  
Toil or pleasure,  
Time still runs on :  
Time runs his race against us all,  
And brings anon  
Life's close, that each poor mortal must befall !

W.

## CCCXCIV.

## ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Εἰς Σωφροσύνην.

Ἀντιγένης ὁ Γελῶος ἔπος ποτὲ τοῦτο θυγατρὶ  
 Εἶπεν, ὅτ' ἦν ἤδη νεύμενος εἰς Ἀΐδην·  
 Παρθένε καλλιπάρηε, κόρη δ' ἐμή, ἴσχε συνεργὸν  
 Ἥλακάτην, ἀρκεῖν κτήμα πένητι βίῳ·  
 Ἦν δ' ἴκη εἰς ὑμέναιον, Ἀχαιῖδος ἦθεα μητρὸς  
 Χρηστὰ φύλασσε, πόσει προῖκα βεβαιοτάτην.

## ANTIPATRI.

Antigenes, vita jam deficiente, Gelôus  
 Edidit hæc natæ verba suprema pater.  
 Pulcra genas virgo, mea filia! det tibi, vitæ  
 Quod satis est inopi, juncta ministra colus.  
 Uxor eris si cui, Graiæ tu vive parentis  
 More probæ: dos hæc certa futura viro.

G. B.

Allor che giuso per discender era  
 Infra gli estinti Antigene Geloo,  
 Alla figlia parlò di tal maniera:  
 Vergin vaga d'aspetto, e figlia mia,  
 La rocca all'opre abbi compagna, e fondo  
 Bastante a vita povera ti sia.  
 Ma se Imeneo fra' suoi lacci t'annoda,  
 Serba di Greca madre i bei costumi,  
 Dote allo sposo ben sicura e soda.

F. m. j. ei

## Der letzte Wille eines Vaters.

Als Antigeneß einft, der Gelensêr, zum Hades hinab ging,  
 Ließ er der Tochter noch freundlich die Worte zurück:  
 "Liebe Tochter, von Antlitz schön bewahre zur Freundin  
 Dir die Spindel, sie hilft treu dir das Leben hindurch.  
 Und gelangst du zur Eh', so halt' an der friedlichen Sitte  
 Deiner Mutter, dem Mann ist sie das köstlichste Gut.

Herder.

Antigonus perceiv'd the approach of death,  
 And gave this counsel with his latest breath:  
 Fair daughter, honest labour be your guide;  
 Ne'er let the distaff quit your patient side:

But, should a lover court you to his arms,  
Let modesty commend your sober charms :  
Let your dear mother's precepts form your life,  
So shall you prove the best and richest wife.

Ph. Smyth.

When now departing to the silent dead,  
These words Antigones of Gela said :  
Fair daughter, keep the distaff at your side,  
A livelihood, though small ; and, if a bride,  
Keep to your mother's virtues ; they will prove  
The surest dow'r to win a husband's love.

W.

CCCXCV.

Α Δ Δ Α Ι Ο Υ Μ Α Κ Ε Δ Ο Ν Ο Σ .

Αὔλακι καὶ γῆρα τετρυμένον ἐργατίνην βοῦν  
"Αλκων οὐ φονίην ἤγαγε πρὸς κοπίδα,  
Αἰδεσθεὶς ἔργων ὁ δέ που βαθέη ἐνὶ ποίῃ  
Μυκηθμοῖς ἀρότρου τέρπετ' ἐλευθερίῃ.

ADDÆI MACEDONIS.

Defessum senio longisque laboribus arvi  
Ad cultrum dominus non vocat Alco bovem ;  
Tanta viro est operum reverentia : mugit in herba  
Ille, nec in collo liber aratra timet.

Grotius.

Der Pflugstier.

Seinen von Durch' und Alter entkräfteten würdigen Pflugstier  
Führete Damon hieher, nicht zum erwürgenden Stahl ;  
Nein zum Lohn des Verdienstes. Im hochgeschossenen Grase  
Sauchzt er mit frohem Gebrüll über die Freiheit des Pflugs.

Voss.

Diesem vom Altar ermüdeten Stier und von eusiger Arbeit,  
Führete Alkon nicht unter das mordende Beil,  
Achtend des Thieres Verdienst. Nun wadet er frey von der Pflugschaar,  
Zimmer mit frohem Gebrüll tief in dem üppigen Gras.

Jacob.

The ox with age and labour spent  
Died not by butcher's knife :  
In gratitude for service lent  
Alcon hath spared his life ;  
And now along the grassy lea  
Joyous he lows, from plough set free.

G S



## CCCXCVI.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ.

Ὁ μουσσοποιὸς ἐνθάδ' Ἰππώναξ κεῖται.  
 Εἰ μὲν πονηρός, μὴ ποτέρχεν τῷ τύμβῳ·  
 Εἰ δ' ἐσσὶ κρήγυνός τε, καὶ παρὰ χρηστῶν,  
 Θαρσέων καθίζεν, κῆν θέλῃς, ἀπόβριζον.

THEOCRITI.

Poeta, lector, hic quiescit Hipponax,  
 Si sis scelestus, præteri, procul, marmor :  
 At te bonum si nôris, et bonis natum,  
 Tutum hic sedile, et si placet, sopor tuus.

Sam Johnson

Musis sacer quiescit Hipponax illic.  
 Tu si malus, cave hocce bustum adeas, hospes :  
 Sin es probus, probaque stirpe prognatus,  
 Fidens recumbe, et, si lubet, cape hic somnum.

Joh Dan. Schurze.

Se improbo sei, non appressarti. Quivi  
 Chiuso il poeta Ipponate sen giace :  
 Se poi se' buono, e da buoni derivi,  
 Siedi, e se vuoi, con lui t' addormi in pace.

Orti.

Ipponatte il poeta qui riposa.  
 Alla sua tomba, ove mal uom tu sie,  
 Non t' appressar, ma se probo, e di pie  
 Oneste genti, qui secur ti posa,  
 Ed anco, se ti piace,  
 Dormici in tutta pace.

M.

Dies ist das Grab des Hipponax. Hinweg!  
 Wenn du ein Böser bist; doch bist du gut,  
 Und guter Eltern Sohn; so setze dich  
 Getroßt darauf, und willst du, schlumm're auch.

Herder

Hipponax, Meister in der Musenkunst, ruht hier.  
 Bist du ein Böswicht, nahe nicht dem Grabmale,  
 Doch wenn du bieder, und von gutem Blut abstammst,  
 So setz dich dreist hin, ja, so dir's beliebt, schlumm'r' auch.

Wilhelm von Schlegel.

Nachahmung.

Daphnis Grabsschrift

Der kleine Hügel, der durch meine Thränen grünt,  
Deckt meinen Daphnis hier, dem er zum Grabmal dient.  
Kein Böser ruh' auf ihm; ihn könnt' ein Unfall strafen.  
Wer aber redlich ist, mag auf ihm sicher schlafen.

Ewald

Old Hipponax the Satirist lies here;  
If thou'rt a worthless wretch, approach not near;  
But if well bred, and from all evil pure,  
Repose with confidence, and sleep secure.

Fawkes.

CCCXCVII.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Ὡκεῖαι χάριτες γλυκερώτεραι· ἦν δὲ βραδύνη,  
Πᾶσα χάρις κενεή, μηδὲ λέγοιτο χάρις.

LUCIANI.

Gratia, quæ tarda est, ingrata est gratia: namque  
Cum fieri properat, gratia grata magis.

Ausonius.

Si bene quid facias, facias cito: nam cito factum  
Gratum erit: ingratum gratia tarda facit.

Ausonius.

Gratia cum properat, fit dulcior; ast ubi tardat,  
Tota perit, nec jam nomine digna suo est.

Janus Pannonius

Gratia ter grata est velox; sin forte moretur,  
Gratia vix restat nomine digna suo.

Sam. Johnson.

Quæ cito das benefacta placent: sunt omnia vana,  
Ni cito des, dici nec benefacta merent.

Teuchernus.

Jede Gefälligkeit muß leicht seyn. Schleicht sie langsam  
Schweren Schrittes heran, ist sie nicht Grazie mehr.

Herder.

Nasches gangs sind holder die Grazien; aber wenn langsam  
Eine der Grazien schleicht, heißt sie nicht Grazie mehr.

Voss.

The grace of kindness is despatch; the same  
Delay makes void, nor should it bear the name.

L. F.

## CCCXCVIII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν.

Ἵδατα κηραίνοντά βλέπεις, ξένε, τῶν ἄπο χερσὶ  
 Λουτρὰ μὲν ἀνθρώποις ἀβλαβὴ ἔστιν ἔχειν  
 \*Ἦν δὲ βάλῃς κοίλῃς ποτὶ νηδύος ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ,  
 Ἄκρα μόνον δολιχοῦ χεῖλεος ἀψάμενος,  
 Αὐτῆμαρ πριστῆρες ἐπὶ χθονὶ δαιτὸς ὁδόντες  
 Πίπτουσιν, γενύων ὀρφανά θέντες ἔδη.

INCERTI.

Hospes, aquam cernis metuendam, innoxia membris  
 Sumere mortales unde lavacra queant.  
 Sin inum in ventrem nitidam dejeceris undam,  
 Admoris tantum labra suprema licet,  
 Protinus in terram labentur ab ore molares,  
 Et sedes linquent mandibulæ vacuas.

C. Valart. 1791. 1792.

O passeggiar, vedi quest' acque orrende ?  
 Lecito è averne solo per lavarti :  
 Ma se il freddo liquor nel ventre scende,  
 Sebben le somme labbra vuoi toccarti,  
 Presto vedrai restar orfane e prive  
 Di denti, che n' andran, le tue gengive.

Dante. 1791. 1792.

Amy, tu veoy une eau qui est à craindre,  
 Dont un chacun peult laver sans se faindre ;  
 Mais qui en veult avaler un petit  
 En l' estomach provoqué d' appetit,  
 Si seulement des lèvres de sa bouche  
 Le malheur faict que (sans plus) il y touche,  
 En moins de rien les dentz luy tumberont,  
 Et vuydes lors les places laisseront.

Jan Martin.

Passant, l' eau que tu vois est une eau qu' il faut craindre ;  
 Tu peux bien pourtant sans danger  
 T' en rafraichir les mains, et même t' y plonger ;  
 Mais si dans son crystal ta soif se veut éteindre,  
 En la touchant un peu des lèvres seulement,  
 Elle fera tomber tes dents en un moment.

C. Valart. 1791. 1792.

Stranger! thou see'st a fount with peril fraught.

Wash thee, and dip thy hands; and fear no ill:

But taste it not; for, ere thou swallow'st aught,

Should but thy lip's edge meet the sparkling rill,

That very day thy teeth will disappear,

And fall to earth, and leave the sockets clear.

τς/

CCCXCIX.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Ἀγρότα, σὺν ποίμναις τὸ μεσημβρινὸν ἦν σε βαρύνῃ

Δίψος, ἀν' ἐσχατίας Κλείτορος ἐρχόμενον,

Τῆς μὲν ἀπὸ κρήνης ἄρυσαι πόμα, καὶ παρὰ Νύμφαις

Ὑδριάσι στήσων πᾶν τὸ σὸν αἰπόλιον.

Ἀλλὰ σύ μῆτ' ἐπὶ λουτρὰ βάλῃς χροῖ, μὴ σε καὶ αὔρη

Πημήνη, τερπνῆς ἐντὸς εἶοντα μέθης·

Φεῦγε δ' ἐμὴν πηγὴν μισάμπελον, ἔνθα Μελάμπους

Ῥυσάμενος λύσσης Προϊτίδας ἀρτεμέας,

Πάντα καθαρμὸν ἔβαψεν ἀπόκρυφον, εὐτ' ἄρ' ἀπ' Ἀργούς

Οὔρεα τρηχεῖς ἤλυθεν Ἀρκαδίας.

INCERTI.

Si te, sique pecus, medio sitis orbe diei

Ad fontis, pastor, Clitorii antra premat,

Inde tuam restingue sitim, quin et prope Nymphas

Najadas omne tuum tu quoque siste pecus.

Membra lavanda tamen caveas committere lymphæ,

Ne noceat vinctis ebriate Notus.

Vitibus infestas fuge aquas, ubi nempe Melampus

Lustravit dira Proetidas à rabie,

Arcanam abstergens maculam, et se protinus Argis

Ad tetricæ montes contulit Arcadiæ.

Bartolomæus Pratensis

Si te, Clitoriis ubi cum grege finibus erras,

Urat, iter medium sole tenente, sitis,

Securus bibe fontis aquas, juxtaque puellas

Naidas in molli gramine siste pecus.

Parce sed his corpus mundare liquoribus: et si

Ebrius es, noceat ne qua vel aura, fuge.

Odit enim fons hic vites. Hac ipse Melampus

Prætidæ exsolvit labe furoris aqua :

In lymphis hæserè piamina. Triga sororum

Ad juga namque Argis venerat Arcadiæ.

Grotius.

Si la soif te contrainct, Pasteur, et ton troupeau,

De venir à mydi de Clitorus à l' eau,

Estains-la : puis auprès des Nymphes te repose,

Et tes bestes avec : mais ton corps n' y expose,

Qu' il ne soyt enyvvré du vent lequel en sort.

Fuy ma liqueur, qui hayt les vignes à la mort,

Depuis que Melampus y purgea de la rage

Les Pretides, ostant l' infect de leur courage,

Ainsi comme il passoit d' Arges pour s' en venir

En ces sauvages montz d' Arcadie tenir.

Jan Martin

Près des antres obscurs d' ou coule ce ruisseau

Si la chaleur t' invite à mener ton troupeau,

Berger, tu peux y boire, et dans leurs promenades

Suivre parmy ces près les errantes Nâïades ;

Mais ne t' y baigne pas ; ces eaux par un poison

Qui fait haïr le vin, corrompent la raison.

Fuy donc cette liqueur si contraire à la vigne,

Où Melampe purgea l' humeur noire et maligne

Qui des filles de Prete avoit troublé le sens,

Lorsqu' il passa d' Argos en ces lieux mal-plaisans.

Claude Ferrault

Shepherd, if thirst oppress thee while thy flock

Thou lead'st at noon by this Arcadian spring ;

Here freely drink thy fill, and freely bring

Around my Naiads all thy fleecy stock.

But in the water wash not ; lest thou feel

Loathing, and strange antipathy to wine ;

Such power it hath to make thee hate the vine,

E'er since my fount did Proetus' daughters heal :

For here Melampus bathed them, here he cast

A spell to purge their madness off, and hold

The secret taint ; what time from Argos old

To rough Arcadia's mountain heights he past.

Crowe



CCCC.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Ἡδεῖα ψυχροῖο ποτοῦ λιβάς, ἦν ἀνήσι  
Πηγῇ. ἀλλὰ νόφ πέτρος ὁ τῆσδε πιών.

INCERTI.

Sunt gelidi fontis latices, dulcesque bibenti,  
Saxeus attamen hinc illico sensus erit.

Guilielmus Giscaferius

Fresche son le mie acque, e dolci a bere,  
Ma se per caso quelle beverai,  
Di pietra ti faran la mente avere.

Daniele Barbaro.

Fraiche et plaisante au goust se peult trouver ceste eau,  
Mais dur comme un caillou elle rend le cerveau.

Jan Martin.

Cette eau par sa fraicheur et par son doux murmure  
Charme tous les sens à l'abord ;  
Mais elle rend l'ame plus dure  
Que le rocher dont elle sort.

Claude Perrault

Sweet the cool drops these bubbling waves dispense,  
But he who drinks will be a stone in sense.

Th. Newton

CCCCI.

Ε Ρ Α Τ Ο Σ Θ Ε Ν Ο Υ Σ Σ Χ Ο Λ Α Σ Τ .

Οἰνοπότας Ξενοφῶν κενὸν πίθον ἄνθετο, Βάκχε·  
Δέχνησο δ' εὐμένεως· ἄλλο γὰρ οὐδὲν ἔχει.

ERATOSTHENIS.

Bacche, tibi quem dat Xenophon vinosus, inanem  
Accipe, præterea nil habet ille, cadum.

G S.

Or ch' io muoio, e di più bere,  
Bacco mio, non ho speranza,  
Ti consacro il mio bicchiere ;  
Altro al mondo non m' avanza.

Ugo Foscolo.

Bakchos das leere Gefäß weicht Xenodoroß, der Trinker.  
Gnädig empfang es, o Gott ; andres bestiget er nicht.

Enrichson

Bacchus ! from toping Xenophon  
Accept his all ; an empty tun.

U.



## CCCCII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Ἡσίοδος Μούσαις Ἑλικωνίσι τόνδ' ἀνέθηκα,  
 "Τμῶν νικήσας ἐν Χαλκίδι θεῖον" Ομηρον.

INCERTI.

Hesiodus donum dedit hoc Heliconisi Musis  
 Chalcide cantando divini victor Homeri.

Grotius

This Hesiod vows to th' Heliconian nine,  
 In Chalcis won from Homer the divine.

T. Cooke.

## CCCCIII.

Μ Υ Ρ Ο Υ Σ Ὑ Β Υ Ζ Α Ν Τ Ι Α Σ.

Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες, ποταμοῦ κόραι, αἱ τὰδε βένηται  
 Ἀμβρόσιαι ῥοδέοις στείβετε ποσσὶν αἰεὶ,  
 Χαίρετε καὶ σώζετε Κλεώνυμον, ὃς τὰδε καλά  
 Εἴσαθ' ὑπαὶ πιτύων ὕμνι, θεαὶ, ξόανα.

MYRUS BYZANTINÆ.

Nymphæ, fonticolæ Nymphæ, quæ gurgitis hujus  
 Æternum roseo tunditis ima pede:  
 Lysimachum servate! sub alta maxima pinu  
 Numinibus posuit qui simulacra suis.

T. Warton.

Nymphen, ambrosische Töchter des Flusses, ihr Hamadryaden,  
 Die ihr mit rosigem Fuß über den Wellen hier schwebt,  
 Lebet wohl und erhaltet gesund den Kleonymus, der euch  
 Diese Bilder zum Dank unter die Fichte gesetzt.

Herder

Hamadryaden, des Stroms ambrosische Töchter, ihr Nymphen,  
 Welche mit rosigem Fuß immer die Tiefen durchwallt;  
 Seyd mir gegrüßt, und beschützt den Kleonymos, welcher die schönen  
 Bilder von Holz euch hier unter den Fichten geweiht.

Jacobs

O forest-nymphs, o daughters of the river,  
 Who haunt, ambrosial, these deep glades for ever,  
 With rosy feet;

Thrice hail, and be Cleonymus your care!  
 For he, in this pine-sheltered calm retreat,  
 To you erected all these statues fair.

J. W. B.

## CCCCIV.

## ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ.

Τὰν ἦβαν ἐς ἄεθλα πάλας ἤσκησε κραταιᾶς  
 "Αδε Ποσειδῶνος, καὶ Διὸς ἁ γενεά.  
 Κεῖται δέ σφιν ἀγῶν οὐ χαλκέου ἀμφὶ λέβητος,  
 'Αλλ' ὅστις ζῶν οἴσεται ἢ θάνατον.  
 'Ανταίου τὸ πτώμα' πρέπει δ' Ἡρακλέα νικᾶν  
 Τὸν Δίος. Ἀργείων ἁ πάλα, οὐ Λιβύων.

## DIOTIMI, i

*De Hercule et Antæo.*

In lucta vires exploravere juventæ,  
 Neptuno satus hic, et satus ille Jove:  
 Non ex ære lebes pretium certaminis hujus,  
 Sed superaret uter, sed moreretur uter.  
 Occidit Antæus; par est Jove vincere natum;  
 Lucta quoque Argivûm gloria, non Libyum.

Grotius

Ne' più verdi anni il gran figliuol di Giove  
 Col figliuol di Nettunno a lottar venne;  
 Nè legghier premio alle lor dure prove,  
 Ma vita, o morte riportar convenne.  
 Anteo cadde, e morìo, chè l' alte e nuove  
 Forze d' Ercole invitto non sostenne;  
 E fu ben dritto; chè la Grecia dotta,  
 Non la Libia, trovò la forte lotta.

Benedetto Varchi

Two wrestlers here their youthful vigour prove;  
 The son of Neptune this, and that of Jove.  
 They for no vase of bronze contend; no prize  
 Is set; whichever lives, the other dies.  
 Antæus falls! 'Tis Jove's son, Hercules,  
 Must win. The Art's not Libyan, but of Greece.

W

For the mighty wrestler's guerdon, each in youthful vigour strove,  
 Here the child of ocean's sov'reign, and the nobler child of Jove.  
 Not for them the brazen tripod stands, the brave reward of strife,  
 They must struggle each to vanquish, one to death and one for life.  
 Falls Antæus: thus to conquer it must Hercules behave;  
 Greeks, not Libyans, founded wrestling, and the Greek's a son of Jove.

G. F. D. T.

## CCCCV.

ΦΙΛΗΜΟΝΟΣ.

Εἰ ταῖς ἀληθείαισιν οἱ τεθηγκότες  
 Αἴσθησιν εἶχον ἄνδρες, ὥς φασὶν τινες,  
 Ἀπηγξάμην ἂν, ὥστ' ἰδεῖν Εὐριπίδην.

PHILEMONIS.

Post fata si quis esset, ut quidam putant,  
 Sensus superstes, ipse me suspenderem,  
 Hac spe, liceret ut videre Euripidem.

Grotius.

Some say the dead with conscious sense converse with whom they please :  
 If this be true, I'd hang myself, to see Euripides.

W.

## CCCCVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Τίς ποθ' ὁ τὸν Τροίης πόλεμον σελίδεσσι χαράξας,  
 Ἥ τίς ὁ τὴν δολιχὴν Λαρτιάδαο πλάνην ;  
 Οὐκ ὄνομ' εὐρίσκω σαφές, οὐ πόλιν. οὐράνιε Ζεῦ,  
 Μή ποτε σῶν ἐπέων δόξαν Ὅμηρος ἔχει ;

INCERTI.

Quis exaravit Troicum Martem stylo,  
 Longasque Ulysssei vias ?  
 Unde et quis ille, quærimus. Diespiter,  
 Scripsisse te putaverim !

G. F. D. T.

Chi di Troja la guerra, e chi d' Ulisse  
 Il lungo irsene errando in carta scrisse ?  
 Dinne la patria, o Giove, e 'l nome vero,  
 Nè l' onor de' tuoi carmi abbiassi Omero.

W

Wer nur hat den Trojanischen Krieg auf die Blätter geschrieben ?  
 Oder Laërtes' Sohns Mühen und irrende Fahrt ?  
 Deutlich gewahr ich nicht Namen noch Stadt. O erhabner Kronion,  
 Eignet Homeros vielleicht deine Gesänge sich an ?

Jacobs.

The writer of the famous Trojan war,  
 And of Ulysses' life, o Jove, make known ;  
 Who, whence he was ; for thine the verses are,  
 And he would have us think they are his own.

Hobbes

Who first transcrib'd the famous Trojan war,  
 And wise Ulysses' acts, o Jove, make known :  
 For since 'tis certain thine these poems are,  
 No more let Homer boast they are his own.

Anon. Spectator.

CCCCVII.

Α Ν Υ Τ Η Σ.

"Ιξευ ἅπας ὑπὸ καλὰ δάφνας εὐθαλέα φύλλα,  
 Ὀράϊου τ' ἄρυσαι νάματος ἀδὸν πόμα,  
 Ὅφρά τοι ἀσθμαίνοντα πόνοις θέρεος φίλα γυῖα  
 Ἀμπαύσης, πνοιῇ τυπτόμενα Ζεφύρου.

Α Ν Υ Τ Ε Σ.

Quisquis es, hac lauri reside frondentis in umbra,  
 Grataque de pulchro pocula fonte bibe.  
 Solibus ut fessos artus pariterque labore  
 Mulceat e zephyri frigore grata quies.

Grotius

Setze dich ganz in den Schatten des frischbelaubeten Lorbers,  
 Und am lieblichen Born schöpfe dir süßes Getränk :  
 Daß du von Sommerermattung die schweraufathmenden Glieder  
 Ausruhst, gegen den Hauch säuselnder Weste gewandt.

Voss.

*On a laurel by a fountain's side.*

Rest thee beneath yon laurel's ample shade,  
 And quaff the limpid stream that issues there ;  
 So thy worn frame, for summer's toil repaid,  
 May feel the freshness of the western air.

F. H.

Beneath the rich luxuriant shade  
 Of Daphne's lovely foliage laid,  
 Lie all along at ease ;  
 And from the fountain at thy feet  
 Draw forth the water fresh and sweet,  
 That, panting with the summer's heat,  
 Thy limbs refreshing rest may greet,  
 Fann'd by the Zephyr's breeze.

F. S.

## CCCCVIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἀνακρέοντα.

Ἡμερὶ πανθέλκτειρα, μεθυτρόφε, μήτηρ ὀπώρας,  
 Οὔλης ἢ σκολιὸν πλέγμα φύεις ἔλικος,  
 Τηίου ἡβήσεως Ἀνακρείοντος ἐπ' ἄκρη  
 Στήλη, καὶ λεπτῷ χώματι τοῦδε τάφου,  
 Ὡς ὁ φιλάκρητός τε καὶ οἰνοβαρὴς φιλόκωμος,  
 Παννύχιος κρούων τὴν φιλόπαιδα χέλυν,  
 Κῆν χθονὶ πεπτηώς, κεφαλῆς ἐφύπερθε φέροιτο  
 Ἀγλαὸν ὠραίων βότρυν ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων,  
 Καί μιν αἰεὶ τέγγοι νοτερὴ δρόσος, ἥς ὁ γεραιὸς  
 Λαρότερον μαλακῶν ἔπνεεν ἐκ στομάτων.

SIMONIDIS.

Blanda quies curæ, Vitis, quæ fœta racemis,  
 Musta fovens, torto stamine crispa vires ;  
 Conditur hic modico qua Teius aggere vates,  
 Summa per affusis saxa vagere comis.  
 Ille merum potans ut comissator, amantis  
 Pervigilem suetus nocte ferire chelyn,  
 Stratus humi quamvis, gravidæ de palmite lætus  
 Splendida supposito vertice dona ferat ;  
 Semper et imbutus liquido sit rore, fluebat  
 Quo senis e tenero dulcius ore melos.

G. B.

Blanda meri genetrix, curæ solatia, Vitis,  
 Tortile quæ crispo palmite vimen alis,  
 Marmore te summo semper florere jubebo,  
 Teius exiguâ quâ requiescit humo.  
 Ille gravis vino, madidæ dux ille choreæ,  
 Lascivæ pernox arbiter ille lyræ,  
 Pulvere vel positus supra caput usque racemos  
 Sentiat, autumnæ cum rubet uva, tuos,  
 Usque bibat rores illos, quæ dulcius ipsis  
 Manabat melico carmen ab ore senis.

G. S.



Mutter des allerquickenden Weins, jungfräulicher Weinstock,  
 Und der Rebe, die sich kräuselnd in Ranken erhebt,  
 Winde dich, zart Gewächs, rings um Anacreons Grabmahl  
 Reich an Trauben, und klimm' oben zur Säule hinan,  
 Dass der trunkene Säng' des Weins auch unten die lange  
 Nacht sich kürze mit nie schweigendem Zithergezang  
 Von der Liebe Bathylls, dass der zur Erde gesunk' 'ne  
 Greis zum Haupte sich noch glänzende Trauben erb'he',  
 Und mit dem labenden Thau sich nege, der von der Lipp' ihm  
 Einst so holden Geruch süßer Gesänge verlieh.

Herder.

Rebe, du Mutter der Frucht, Allfreunde, röthelnder Trauben  
 Nährerin, die du Geflecht zierlicher Ranken erzeugst.  
 Flicht dein grünendes Laub um Anacreons niedrigen Hügel;  
 Ueber den Scheitel des Mals breite den blühenden Kranz;  
 Dass hier Bacchos Priester, der taumelnde Führer der Reigen,  
 Welcher von Liebe berauscht nächtlich das Barbiton schlug,  
 Auch in dem Nides noch an den blühenden Zweigen den Purpur  
 Strahlenden Trauben erblickt über dem heiligen Haupt,  
 Immer benetzt von dem thauenden Nass; den süßer als Weinmost  
 Wehren dem Tejischen Greis Lieder vom lieblichen Mund.

Jacobs.

All-cheering Vine! with purple clusters crown'd,  
 Whose tendrils, curling o'er the humble mound,  
 Beneath whose turf Anacreon's relics rest,  
 Clasp the low column rising o'er his breast,  
 Still may'st thou flourish, that the bard divine,  
 Who nightly sang the joys of love and wine,  
 May view, though sunk amongst the silent dead,  
 Thy honours waving o'er his aged head;  
 Whilst on his ashes, in perennial rills,  
 Soothing his shade, thy nectar'd juice distils:  
 Sweet juice! but sweeter still the words of fire  
 That breathed responsive to his tuneful lyre.

W. Shepherd.

Mother of clustered fruit and gushing wine,  
 With verdant ringlets decked, all-cheering Vine,  
 Wind o'er the crowning stone and lowly mound,  
 Where rests Anacreon in this sheltering ground.



That he, sheer-toping reveller, all night long  
 Whose amorous lyre rung forth a wanton song,  
 Stretched though in earth he lies, may o'er his brow  
 Bear the rich burden of thy teeming bough ;  
 And still thy dew the loved old bard may sip,  
 Whose own soft lay fell sweeter from his lip.

G. B.

Heart-easing, all-soothing Vine, thou mother of clustering offspring,  
 Curling with tendril so green, breeder of generous wine,  
 Bendo'er the low-raised mound, and spread o'er the name-letter'd headstone,  
 Here, where the Teian bard sleeps in the sheltering ground.  
 So shall that reveller gay, that sheer-drinking, top-heavy toper,  
 Who through the livelong night woke up an amorous strain,  
 Prostrate in earth though he now in the cheerless grave be reposing,  
 Still from thy loaded branch prop a rich store with his brow ;  
 So shall thy genial dew yet steep in its balm the old songster,  
 Who a far sweeter lay breath'd from his soft-wooing tongue.

G. B.

Sweet, all-seducing, conquering Vine,  
 Rich queen of autumn's purple wealth,  
 Whose crisped tendrils round entwine  
 The kindly germs of life and health.  
 Disdain not thou that humble mound ;  
 Its pillar claims thy choicest care ;  
 For he who spread thy fame around,  
 Thy Teian poet slumbers there.  
 So shall the wild, the jovial bard,  
 Who quaff'd thy wine-cups foaming free,  
 Nor ever till the dawning spared  
 The chords attuned to love and thee,  
 Contented in his narrow grave  
 Beneath thy grateful shelter rest ;  
 For him thy richest bough shall wave,  
 For him thy ripest grape be prest.  
 And let the soft and mellow dews  
 The old man's dream of joy prolong,  
 Who breath'd, when thou didst crown his Muse,  
 A softer and a mellower song !

H. H.

Source of all soothing balm ! parent of wine,  
 Inlaced with mazy tendrils, bounteous Vine !  
 May'st thou for ever o'er the marble bloom  
 That crowns yon slender mound, Anacreon's tomb :  
 So he of tipsy jollity the king,  
 That all night long would strike the merry string,  
 Though in the dust he lie, still o'er his head  
 Shall bear thy golden clusters ever spread,  
 And still be moistened with that juice, which he  
 Outvied, though sweet, with sweeter melody.

G. S.

## CCCCIX.

ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

*Εἰ μὲν γηράσκει τὸ καλόν, μετάδος, πρὶν ἀπέλθῃ·  
 Εἰ δὲ μένει, τί φοβῆῃ τοῦθ' ὃ μένει διδόναι ;*

STRATONIS.

Si forma est fugitura tibi, da quam fugit ante :  
 Si manet, oro, times cur dare quod maneat ?

Gr. 11

Se la bellezza a perdersi è sì presta,  
 Fatemen dono intanto che l'avete ;  
 O s' ella dura, certo non dovete  
 Temer di dare un bene che vi resta.

Roncalli.

Se beltà invecchia, pria che t' abbandoni,  
 Delh perchè non la doni ?  
 E se ognor riman verde,  
 Perchè temi dar ciò che nulla perde ?

M

Si la beauté se perd en si peu d' heure,  
 Faites-m' en don, tandis que vous l' avez :  
 Ou s' elle dure, hélas ! vous ne devez  
 Craindre à donner un bien qui vous demeure.

S. Gelais

If age thy beauty must impair,  
 The fleeting charm impart :  
 If it endure, why fear to share  
 What never can depart ?

W

## CCCCX.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠ. ΑΙΓ.

Εἰς ἀρχοντικὸν πέλεκυν.

Ἦν μὲν ἀλιτραίνης, πέλεκυν βλεφάροισι δοκεύεις·

Ἦν δὲ σαοφρονέης, ἄργυρός εἰμι μόνον.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

*De securi Præsidis.*

Si male quid facias, me noveris esse securim ;

Si sapis, argentum sum tibi, nil aliud.

Grotius.

*Sur la hache Consulaire.*

Méchant, que voyez-vous?—Le coutelas fatal.

Et vous, homme de bien?—Un morceau de métal.

Jean Saint-Simon

If you transgress, in me

An axe you see ;

If innocent you feel,

A piece of steel.

## CCCCXI.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Ἴδ' ὥς ὁ πῶλος χαλκοδαιδάλῳ τέχνα

Κορωνίων ἔστηκε· δριμὺ γὰρ βλέπων

Ἵψαυχενίζει, καὶ διηνεμώμενας

Κορυφῆς ἐθείρας οὐρίωκεν εἰς δρόμον.

Δοκέω, χαλινούς εἰ τις ἡνιοστρόφος

Ἐναρμόση γένυσσι, κάπικεντρίση,

Ὅ σὸς πόνος, Λύσιππε, καὶ παρ' ἐλπίδας

Τάχ' ἐκδραμεῖται· τῇ τέχνῃ γὰρ ἐμπνέει.

PHILIPPI.

Vides, æreus arte dædaleâ

Cristam ut tollit equus, superbientem !

Vides, acre tuens ut excitatas

Ventis impatiens júbæ rejecit !

Tantum imponat eques lupata fræna,

Et calcaribus incitet volentem,

Extemplo ille tuus labor, Lysippe,

Cursu præpete provocabit auras.

Jam nunc vivit enim tuas per artes.

G S

You horse of bronze with nostril wide,  
 With eye of fire and tossing mane,  
 Mark how he rears his crest of pride,  
 And pants to scour the distant plain !  
 If in that mouth a bit there were,  
 If in that flank the spur were driven,  
 What speed, Lysippus, would he there !  
 For life thy master hand hath given.

G. S.

## CCCCXII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

*Οἶδε παρ' Εὐρυμέδοντά ποτ' ἀγλαὸν ὤλεσαν ἥβην  
 Μαρνάμενοι Μήδων τοξοφόρων προμάχοις  
 Αἰχμηταί, πεζοί τε καὶ ὠκυπόρων ἐπὶ νηῶν  
 Κάλλιστον δ' ἀρετῆς μῆμ' ἔλιπον φθίμενοι.*

SIMONIDIS.

Eurymedonta prope, hi dulcem liquere juventam  
 Cominus in Medi marte sagittifero,  
 Præfortes animæ, pedites ac nautica pubes,  
 Nobile virtutis funere nomen habent.

G. F. D. T.

Kämpfend im vordersten Glied am Eurymedon gegen die Bogner  
 Verstens, wurden wir hier strahlender Jugend beraubt ;  
 Schwinger der Lanzen wir selbst, und der eisenden Schiffe Regierer  
 Ließen wie sterbend ein Mal herrlicher Jugend zurück.

Jacobs

These by the streams of fam'd Eurymedon  
 Their envied youth's short brilliant race have run :  
 In swift-wing'd ships, and on th' embattled field,  
 Alike they forc'd the Median bows to yield,  
 Breaking their foremost ranks. Now here they lie,  
 Their names inscrib'd on rolls of victory.

Merivale

These along Eurymedon,  
 Foremost in the arrowy fray,  
 Persia's mighty host upon  
 Threw their golden youth away ;  
 Warriors thus, by land and sea,  
 Fam'd for aye in chivalry !

G. F. D. T.

## CCCCXIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἐσβέσθης, γηραιὲ Σοφόκλεες, ἄνθος αἰοιδῶν,  
 Οἶνωπὸν Βάκχου βότρυν ἐρεπτόμενος.

SIMONIDIS.

Ergo exstincta tua est, Sophocles divine, senectus ;  
 Occludit fauces uva inimica tuas.

G. S.

Ah Sophocles ! choice minstrel of the stage !  
 The vine's dark grape extinguish'd thy old age.

## CCCCXIV.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἀνακρέοντα.

Θάλλοι τετρακόρυμβος, Ἀνάκρεον, ἀμφὶ σὲ κισσός,  
 Ἀβρά τε λειμώνων πορφυρέων πέταλα·

Πηγαὶ δ' ἀργινέεντος ἀναθλιβοῖντο γάλακτος,  
 Εὐῶδες δ' ἀπὸ γῆς ἡδὺν χέοιτο μέθυ,

Ὅφρα κέ τοι σποδιῇ τε καὶ ὀστέα τέρψιν ἄρῃται,  
 Εἰ δὴ τις φθιμένοις χρίμπτεται εὐφροσύνα,

ὦ τὸ φίλον στέρξας, φίλε, βάρβιτον, ὦ σὺν αἰοιδᾷ  
 Πάντα διαπλώσας καὶ σὺν ἔρωτι βίον.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Cingat, Anacreion, quadruplex tua busta corymbus,

Et quæ vernantes purpura vestit agros.

Fontibus emanet nivei bona copia lactis,

Fundat odorati pocula terra meri,

Ut cineres habeant quo delectentur, et ossa,

Si quid dulce tamen manibus esse potest.

O cui cara fuit semper lyra, vitæque amores

Inter, et argutos velificata modos.

Grotius.

Circumfusa hederæ te mollis, Anacreon, umbra

Protegat, et flores præbeat omnis ager ;

Naiadesque mero fundant redolentia dulci

Pocula, et argenteî flumina lactis eant ;

Unde assueta tuos cineres atque ossa voluptas

Impleat, exanimes tangere siqua potest.

O, cui tantus amor citharæ ! O, cui tota peracta est

Vita in carminibus, tota in amore, vale !

W.



Um dich müsse mit vollen Beeren der frischeste Epheu  
 Grünen ! Es müssen um dich schönere Blumen erzieh'n  
 Diese Purp urwießen ! Es strömen Ströme von Milch dir ;  
 Ströme von süßem Wein dufte die Erde dir zu,  
 Daff noch deine Asche, daff deine Gebeine sich laben,  
 O Anakreon, wenn Asche der Todten genießt.

Herder.

Epheu, Traubengeschmückt, o Anakreon, fränge das Grabmal,  
 Und der erblühende Schmuck purpurner Wiesen umher,  
 Bäche von schäumender Milch aufströme die sprudelnde Erde,  
 Und vom Hügel herab quelle der duftende Most ;  
 Daff dein modernd Gebein und die Asche noch Freude genieße ;  
 Wenn im Schattengefild Freude den Todter noch naht.  
 O wie liebtest du, Süßer, das Barbiton ! unter Gesängen,  
 Und von der Liebe gekrönt strönte dein Leben dahin.

Jacobs.

This tomb be thine, Anacreon ; all around  
 Let ivy wreath, let flow'rets deck the ground,  
 And from its earth, enrich'd with such a prize,  
 Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise :  
 So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,  
 If any pleasure reach the shades below.

Anon Spectator.

*Paraphrase.*

Around the tomb, O bard divine !  
 Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,  
 Long may the deathless ivy twine,  
 And summer pour his waste of roses !  
 And many a fount shall there distil,  
 And many a rill refresh the flowers ;  
 But wine shall gush in every rill,  
 And every fount yield milky showers.  
 Thus, shade of him whom nature taught  
 To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,  
 Who gave to love his warmest thought,  
 Who gave to love his fondest measure ;  
 Thus, after death, if spirits feel,  
 Thou may'st, from odours round thee streaming,  
 A pulse of past enjoyment steal,  
 And live again in blissful dreaming.

T. Moore.



## CCCCXV.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

Μή με τὸν Αἰάντειον ἀνοχμάσσειας, ὀδῖτα,  
 Πέτρον, ἀκοντιστὴν στήθεος Ἑκτορέου.  
 Εἰμὶ μέλας τρηχὺς τε· σὺ δ' εἶρεο θεῖον Ὅμηρον,  
 Πῶς τὸν Πριαμίδην ἐξεκύλισα πέδῳ.  
 Νῦν δὲ μόλις βαιὸν με παροχλίζουσιν ἀρούρης  
 Ἀνθρωποὶ, γενεῆς αἷσχα λευγαλέης.  
 Ἀλλὰ μέ τις κρύψειεν ὑπὸ χθονός· αἰδέομαι γὰρ  
 Παίγνιον οὐτιδανοῖς ἀνδράσι γιγνόμενος.

AGATHIÆ, SCHOLASTICI,

*In lapidem Ajacis.*

Ajacis lapidem me tangere parce viator,  
 Incussum quondam pectus in Hectorcum.  
 Sum scaber atque niger, fateor : sed dicat Homerus  
 Ut vis Priamiden straverit ista solo.  
 At qui nunc vivunt homines, opprobria secli,  
 Vix ab humo modicum pondera nostra levant.  
 Nunc aliquis condas me pulvere, namque pusillis  
 Usque adeo ludum me pudet esse viris.

Grotius

Rear me not, traveller ! The weapon I,  
 That Ajax once at Hector taught to fly !  
 Rude as I am, let Homer's verse unfold  
 How Priam's son along the plain I roll'd !  
 Now mortals scarce can raise my massive length  
 With levers ; shame on their degen'rate strength !  
 But hide me, Earth ! for 'tis indeed disgrace,  
 To be the jest of such a puny race.

W. Cowper.

## CCCCXVI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εὔρε Φύσις, μόλις εἶρε· τεκοῦσα δ' ἐπαύσατο μόχθων,  
 Εἰς ἓνα μόνον Ὅμηρον ὅλην τρέψασα μενοινῇν.

INCERTI.

Post longos vix est Natura enixa dolores,  
 Et parto æternum genetrix requievit Homero.

G. S.

Kaum schuf ihn die Natur, und ruhte nach der Geburt aus ;  
 Weil sie die ganze Kraft wandt' auf den einen Homer.

Voss.

Long Nature travailed, till at last she bore  
Homer : then ceased from bearing evermore.

G. S.

## CCCCXVII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

*Ἦθελον ἂν πλουτεῖν, ὥς πλούσιος ἦν ποτε Κροῖσος,  
Καὶ βασιλεὺς εἶναι τῆς μεγάλης Ἀσίης.  
Ἄλλ' ὅταν ἐμβλέψω Νικάνορα τὸν σοροπηγόν,  
Καὶ γινῶ, πρὸς τί ποιεῖ ταῦτα τὰ γλασσόκομα,  
Ἀκτὴν που πάσσας, καὶ ταῖς κοτύλαις ὑποβρέξας,  
Τὴν Ἀσίην πωλῶ πρὸς μύρα καὶ στεφάνους.*

INCERTI.

Optarem Phrygias opesque Cræsi

Totiusque Asiæ tenere regna ;

Sed Nicanora quando molientem

Intuor capulos, satisque novi

Quid velint loculi malè ominati.

Jam liba adpeto, vina, sarta, odores ;

Præque istis Asia ipsa tota sordet.

G. F. D. T.

Je voudrois de Cræsus posséder les trésors ;

Je voudrois être roi de la puissante Asie ;

Mais, quand je vois bâtir le sépulchre des morts,

Je quitte ces grandeurs pour une douce vie.

Clemens Hestian

Wealth, such as Cræsus erst could own,

I'd ask, or mighty Asia's throne :

But, at Nicanor's shop hard by,

When I the undertaker spy,

Making those cupboards, you know why ;

All Asia's grandeurs I resign

For garlands, odours, cates and wine.

W

I could wish to be rich, as was Cræsus the famed ;

And to reign like the greatest Mogul ever named :

But I scan in the face of that old undertaker

What he means by the boxes of which he's the maker :

So I mix me a porridge, and wet me with wine,

And forget the Mogul to be jolly and dine.

G. F. D. T.

## CCCCXVIII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

*Ναυηγόν με δέδορκας· ὃν οἰκτεῖρασα θάλασσα  
 Γυμνώσαι πυμάτου φάρεος ἡδέσατο,  
 "Ἀνθρωπος παλάμῃσιν ἀταρβήτοις μ' ἀπέδυσε,  
 Τόσσον ἄγος τόσσου κέρδεος ἀράμενος.  
 Κεῖνο μὲν ἐνδύσαιοτο, καὶ εἰν' Αἶδαο φέροιτο,  
 Καὶ μιν ἴδοι Μίνως τοῦμὸν ἔχοντα ῥάκος.*

PLATONIS.

*Naufragus ante oculos jacui tibi: veste relicta  
 Noluerat miserans quem spoliâsse mare,  
 Nil veritis homo me manibus nudavit, adeptus  
 Addita tantillo tanta piâcla lucro.  
 Induat, et manes inter ferat ille, meisque  
 Horreat in pannis judicis ora reus!*

G. B.

*Mich Schiffbrückigen trag des Meeres Welle zum Ufer  
 Todt; doch ließ sie das Kleid ihrem Entseelten und floh.  
 Siehe da kam ein Räuber, und was die Welle nicht wagte,  
 That er; er nahm das Kleid einem Entseelten und floh.  
 Wohl dann! Trag' es o Räuber und trag's hinab in den Orkus,  
 Daß dich Neakus gleich, Räuber des Todten, erkennt.*

Herder.

*Schiffbruch litt ich im Meer; doch hatt' er Erbarmen, und ließ mir  
 Schonend das letzte Gewand in dem Gewühle der Fluth.  
 Doch auch dieses entriß mir ein Mensch mit den freulnden Händen,  
 Und für den kleinen Gewinn scheut' er nicht gräßliche Schuld.  
 Stieger doch also bekleidet hinab in des Hades Nachtreich,  
 Daß dort Minos ihn schaue in meinem Gewand!*

Jacobs

*A shipwreck'd corse behold! the pitying sea  
 Spared one remaining vest to cover me;  
 But a wretch stripped it off with hand profane:  
 Oh how great guilt incurr'd for that vile gain!  
 For he shall wear it to his dying day,  
 And stand before his judge in my array.*

W

## CCCCXIX.

B I A N O Ρ Ο Σ.

Θειονόης ἔκλαιον ἐμῆς μόρον, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ παιδὸς  
 Ἑλπίσι κουφοτέρας ἔστενον εἰς οὐδύνας.  
 Νῦν δ' ἔτι καὶ παιδὸς φθονερή μ' ἀπενόσφισε Μοῖρα·  
 Φεῦ, βρέφος ἐψεύσθην καὶ σὲ τὸ λειπόμενον.  
 Περσεφόνη, σὺ δὲ πατρὸς ἐπὶ θρήνοισιν ἄκουσον,  
 Θὲς βρέφος ἐς κόλπους μητρὸς ἀποικομένης.

B I A N O R I S.

Conjugis ingemui letho; sed blanda relict  
 Spes pueri luctûs triste levabat onus.  
 Invida nunc etiam te funere mersit acerbo  
 Parca, puer, nobis qui super unus eras.  
 Mors, precor, hoc misero saltem concede parenti,  
 Matris ut in noto dormiat ille sinu.

G. S.

Io della cara sposa il fin piagnea.  
 Un figlio pur vivente  
 Alcun conforto al mio dolor porgea.  
 Ora l' invida a me Parca inclemente  
 Sî dolce speme ha tolta.  
 Proserpina, deh ascolta  
 D' un affannoso padre i voti almeno:  
 Poni all' estinta madre il figlio in seno.

Paolini

Mutter und Kind.

Meine Theone beweint' ich herbe; doch ließ sie  
 Ihrer Grazie Bild mir noch zum lindernden Trost,  
 Unsern Sohn; auch diesen hat mir die Parze geraubet;  
 Auch du hast mich getäuscht, freundliches, tröstendes Kind.  
 Göttinn des Todtenreiches, o hör' die Thräne des Vaters,  
 Lege der Mutter das Kind sanft in den zärtlichen Schooß.

Herter

I wept Theonoe's loss; but one fair child  
 His father's heart of half its woe beguiled.  
 And now, sole source of hope and solacé left,  
 That one fair child the envious fates have reft.  
 Death! hear a father's prayer, and lay to rest  
 My little one on its lost mother's breast.

G. S.

## CCCCXX.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Ἦμην ἀχρεῖον κάλαμος φυτόν· ἐκ γὰρ ἐμεῖο  
 Οὐ σύκ', οὐ μῆλον φύεται, οὐ σταφυλή.  
 Ἀλλά μ' ἀνὴρ ἐμύησ' ἐλικωνίδα, λεπτὰ τορήσας  
 Χεῖλεα, καὶ στεινὸν ῥοῦν ὀχρευσάμενος.  
 Ἐκ δὲ τοῦ εὖτε πίοιμι μέλαν ποτόν, ἔνθεος οἶα,  
 Πᾶν ἔπος ἀφθέγκτω τῷδε λαλῶ στόματι.

I N C E R T I .

Vile fui gramen calamus : non ficus edulis,  
 Malave, non partu nascitur uva meo.  
 Imbuit Aonidum sacris, et docta canali  
 Diffidit angusto tenuia labra manus.  
 Inde, satur nigri laticis, divinus ut implet  
 Quem furor, hoc muto quidlibet ore loquor.

G. B.

*La penna da scrivere.*

Io fui già canna sterile,  
 Non bei pomi graditi,  
 Nè fichi a produr abile,  
 Nè i frutti delle viti.  
 Or delle Muse all' opere  
 Consacro i miei sudori.  
 Col terso labbro tenue  
 Neri diffondo umori.  
 E se mi lasci bere,  
 Poich' ebbra d' estro io sono,  
 Scorro le bianche pagine,  
 E mutola ragiono.

Felici.

Roseau, j' étais une plante inutile  
 Car aucun fruit ne croît sur les roseaux.  
 Mais, pour m' initier à ses doctes travaux,  
 L' homme un beau jour me fait deux lèvres qu' il affine,  
 Et dans l' espace vide ouvre un étroit couloir.  
 Depuis, dès que je bois certain breuvage noir,  
 J' entre en verve ; orateur, philosophe, poète,  
 Je parle en toute langue, et ma bouche est muette.

Peau-Saint-Simon.



*On the reed.*

I was of late a barren plant,  
 Useless, insignificant,  
 Nor fig, nor grape, nor apple bore,  
 A native of the marshy shore ;  
 But gather'd for poetic use,  
 And plunged into a sable juice  
 Of which my modicum I sip  
 With narrow mouth and slender lip,  
 At once, although by nature dumb,  
 All eloquent I have become,  
 And speak with fluency untired,  
 As if by Phœbus' self inspired.

W. Cowper.

A reed I am, I cannot bear  
 Grape or apple, fig or pear  
 For gastronomic uses ;  
 But mine is a divine estate,  
 When man doth me initiate  
 A priest of all the Muses.  
 My point he pares and splits and nips,  
 And frames a throat and narrow lips,  
 And fills with sable wine ;  
 Then though my mouth is ever dumb,  
 Like one inspir'd I straight become ;  
 A world of words is mine.

G C S

CCCCXXI.

Α Δ Η Α Ο Ν.

*Εἰ θεός ἐστιν Ὅμηρος, ἐν ἀθανάτοισι σεβέσθω·  
 Εἰ δ' αὖ μὴ θεός ἐστι, νομιζέσθω θεὸς εἶναι.*

INCERTI.

Si deus est, quo more deos, veneremur Homerum :  
 Et si non deus ille, tamen deus esse putetur.

GUTHRIE.

Se Omero è un dio, fra gl' Immortai sì adori ;  
 Se un dio non è, pur come un dio s' onori.

M.

To Homer, if he be a god, be godlike honours done :  
 Again, if he be not a god, let him be reckoned one.

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## CCCCXXII.

## Θ Ε Ο Γ Ν Ι Δ Ο Σ.

Ἄ δειλὴ πενίη, τί μένεις προλιποῦσα παρ' ἄλλον  
 Ἄνδρ' ἵεναι; μὴ δὴ μ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντα φίλει,  
 Ἄλλ' ἴθι, καὶ δόμον ἄλλον ἐποίχεο, μηδὲ μεθ' ἡμῶν  
 Αἰεὶ δυστήνου τοῦδε βίου μέτεχε.

## THEOGNIDIS.

Cur sic, Pauperies, cunctis inimica relictis  
 Me colis, invitum me male semper amas?  
 Vade, aliam tibi quære domum; non omnibus annis  
 Has mecum ærumnas participare velis.

G. S.

Why linger here, sad Poverty? Go, dwell  
 With whom thou wilt; I woo thee not, farewell!  
 Go seek another home, nor stay with me,  
 Only to share this life of misery.

## CCCCXXIII.

## Ι Ω Ν Ο Σ.

Χαῖρε μελαμπέπλοις, Εὐριπίδη, ἐν γυάλοισιν  
 Πιερίας τὸν αἰὲ νυκτὸς ἔχων θάλαμον  
 Ἴσθι δ' ὑπὸ χθονὸς ὦν, ὅτι σοι κλέος ἄφθιτον ἔσται,  
 Ἴσον Ὀμηρείαις ἀενάοις χάρισιν.

## IONIS.

O qui Pieriæ thalamis, Euripida, vallis  
 Non cessatura nocte quiescis, ave!  
 Hoc sub humo te scire velim, tibi surgere laudes  
 Perpetuas, quantas magnus Homerus habet.

Grotius

Nelle Pierie oscure valli, Euripide,  
 In tomba ascosa a' rai del sol ti stai;  
 Ma sappi nondimen, che immortal gloria  
 Al par d' Omero, anco sotterra, avrai.

W.

Sey mir gegrüßt auch hier in Pierias düsterumhüllter  
 Flur, wo, Euripides, dich Dunkel des Todes umfing,  
 Aber vernimm, daß dir auch im Nides unter der Erde  
 Wimmervergänglicher Ruhm, gleich dem Homerischen, blüht.

Jacobs.

Euripides, thy dark abode thou hast,  
 Pieria's funereal dells among ;  
 Yet know, though laid in earth, thy fame shall last  
 Immortal as the charms of Homer's song.

W

## CCCCXXIV.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Οὕτως ὑπνώσαις, Κωνώπιον, ὡς ἐμὲ ποιεῖς  
 Κοιμᾶσθαι ψυχροῖς τοῖσδε παρὰ προθύροις.  
 Οὕτως ὑπνώσαις, ἀδικωτάτῃ, ὡς τὸν ἐραστὴν  
 Κοιμίζεις· ἐλέου δ' οὐδ' ὄναρ ἠντίσας.  
 Γείτονες οἰκτεῖρουσι· σὺ δ' οὐδ' ὄναρ. ἡ πολλὴ δὲ  
 Αὐτίκ' ἀναμνήσει ταῦτά σε πάντα κόμη.

CALLIMACHI.

Sit talis somnus, Conopion, et tibi, qualem  
 Me super hoc gelidum limen habere facis.  
 Sic injusta cubes, ut me requiescere cogis :  
 Quippe nec umbra levis de pietate tibi est.  
 Vicinos miseret, sed te nihil. Advenit alba,  
 Quæ te horum immemorem non sinit esse, coma.

Grotius

Also mögest du schlummern, Konopion, wie du auf diesen  
 Frostigen Schwellen erstarrt jezo zu schlafen mich zwingst.  
 Also mögest du schlummern, Verrätherin ! wie du den Freund hier  
 Einwiegst ; Mitleid naht selber im Traume dir nicht.  
 Nachbarn jammern um mich ; du im Traum nicht. Aber das graue  
 Haar ruft künft'ig auch dieß dir in's Gedächtniß zurück.

Jacobs

Such sleep, Conopion, on thy eyelids wait,  
 As sits on his now shivering at thy gate !  
 Such sleep, thou false one, as thou bidst him prove,  
 Who vainly sues thy stony breast to move !  
 Not ev'n a shade of pity thou'lt bestow :  
 The neighbours weep to see me suffer so ;  
 But thou, not ev'n a shade. O cruel fair !  
 Be this remember'd with thy first gray hair !

Merivale

## CCCCXXV.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Τοῦ γρυποῦ ῥητῆρος ὁρῶ τὴν ῥίνα, Μένιππε·

Αὐτὸς δ' οὐ μακρὰν φαίνεται εἶναι ἔτι.

Πλὴν ἤξει, μείνωμεν ὅμως· εἰ γὰρ πολὺ, πέντε

Τῆς ῥινὸς σταδίου, οἶμαι, οὐκ ἀπέχει.

Ἄλλ' αὐτὴ μὲν, ὁρᾷς, προπορεύεται· ἦν δ' ἐπὶ βουνὸν

Ἐψήλῳ στῶμεν, καὐτὸν ἐσοψόμεθα.

NICARCHI.

Conspicio nostro magnum de rhetore nasum,

Utque reor non est ipse, Menippe, procul;

Jam veniet: maneamus adhuc; nam quinque profecto

Non hinc jam stadiis longius esse potest.

Nonne vides ut jam procedat nasus? et ipsum

Cernere sit celsa, si lubet, e specula.

Grotius

Menippus! the counsellor's beak I espy;  
He can't be far from us himself; by and by  
He'll be here; let us stop; for at most, I suppose,  
He's not more than half a mile off from his nose.  
But see! it advances! the heights let us climb,  
And the gentleman's self we shall see in good time.

## CCCCXXVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἴθ' ἄνεμος γενόμεν, σὺ δὲ δὴ στείχουσα παρ' ἀνγὰς

Στήθεα γυμνώσας, καί με πνέοντα λάβοις.

Εἴθε ῥόδον γενόμεν ὑποπόρφυρον, ὅφρα με χερσὶν

Ἀραμένη χάριση στήθεσι χιονέοις.

INCERTI.

O ego si fierem ventus, nimiosque per æstus

Exciperes laxo tu mea flabra sinu!

Suave rubens O si fierem rosa, meque prehensam

Poneret in niveo pectore blanda manus!

G. F.

Oh s' io fossi un zeffiretto!

Ed allor ch'è il sol t' offende,

Il candore del tuo petto

Mi volessi, o Nice, aprir!

Una rosa fossi almeno !  
 Di tua man colta potrei  
 Sulla neve del tuo seno  
 Riposandomi morir.

E. C. H.

*Imitation en rondeau.*

Heureux Zephyr !  
 Que je t' envie  
 Ce doux plaisir,  
 Quand ma Célie  
 Découvre au soleil la blancheur  
 D' un cou d' ivoire, avec ton aile  
 D' en modérer l' ardeur,  
 Et là fidèle  
 Pouvoir mourir !  
 Heureux Zephyr !

Rose plus fortunée  
 De cette main touchée !  
 Toi qui pourras t' épanouir  
 Sur ce beau sein que la cruelle  
 A mes yeux jamais ne révèle,  
 Et là mourir,  
 De cette main touchée,  
 Rose plus fortunée !

E. C. H.

Wöcht' ich ein Westwind seyn, und du gingst in den Strahlen der Sonne,  
 Und mit entschleyster Brust nähmst du den Hauchenden auf !  
 Wöcht' ich die Rose doch seyn, und du pflücktest mich dann mit der Hand ab ;  
 Und an der blendenden Brust ließt du die purpurne ruhn !

Jacobs.

O that I were some gentle air ;  
 That, when the heats of summer glow,  
 And lay thy panting bosom bare,  
 I might upon that bosom blow !  
 O that I were yon blushing flower,  
 Which even now thy hands have press'd,  
 To live, though but for one short hour,  
 Upon the Elysium of thy breast !

Merivale

## CCCCXXVII.

ΠΑΜΦΙΛΟΥ.

Οὐκέτι δὴ χλωροῖσιν ἐφεζόμενος πετάλοισιν  
 Ἀδείαν μέλπων ἐκπροχέεις ἰαχάν'  
 Ἀλλά σε γηρύνοντα κατήναρεν, ἡχέτα τέττιξ,  
 Παιδὸς ἀπ' ἡϊθέου χεῖρ ἀναπεπταμένα.

PAMPHILI.

Non in fronde sedens, quam flexilis exserit arbor,  
 Fundis adhuc molles, blanda cicada, modos.  
 Sed fugere aggressam pueri, vix puberis ævi,  
 Cantantem quamvis, te necuere manus.

Grotius

Suave virescentis sylvæ non amplius hærens  
 Frondibus effundis, læta cicada, melos :  
 Nec pueri arguto potuisti flectere cantu  
 Pectus, et injectam, qua cadis icta, manum.

No longer, nestling the green leaves among,  
 Dost thou trill forth a sweet melodious song,  
 Tuneful cicada ! Thee, despite thy strain,  
 Some wanton urchin's out-spread palm hath slain !

E S

## CCCCXXVIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἦ σεῦ καὶ φθιμένας λεύκ' ὅστέα τῷδ' ἐνὶ τύμβῳ  
 Ἴσκω ἔτι τρομέειν θήρας, ἀγρώστι Λυκάς·  
 Τὰν δ' ἀρετὰν οἶδεν μέγα Πήλιον, ἃ τ' ἀρίδαλος  
 Ὅσσα, Κιθαιρῶνός τ' οἰονόμοι σκοπιαί.

SIMONIDIS.

Mortua sis quamvis, tamen ad tua candida credo  
 Nunc etiam cervos contremere ossa, Lycas.  
 Sola Cithæronis te saxa, et Pelion ingens,  
 Ossæ conspicuus te bene norat apex.

G. S.

Tremare ancor su la tua tomba antica  
 Veggio le fiere, o cacciatrice Lica,  
 La cui preclara memorabil possa  
 Ammirâr Pelio, Citerone ed Ossa.

Pagnini.

Erde bedeckt dein bleichend Gebein, lautbellender Lyncas;  
 Deunoch bebet das Wild auch dem Gestorbnen im Grab.  
 Pelion weiß, wie viel du vermocht, auch weiß es Cithærons  
 Einsam ragend Gebirg; waldiger Ossa, auch du.

Jacobs.

Hound Lycas, even now thy white bones cold  
 Within this tomb must needs the stags arouse:  
 Thy worth great Pelion knew, and Ossa's wold,  
 And all Cithæron's solitary brows.

Sterling.

Lycas, thy bleaching bones from out this mound  
 Startle the deer, I ween, much dreaded hound.  
 Huge Pelion, and the far-seen Ossa speak  
 Thy prowess, and Cithæron's lonely peak.

W.

## CCCCXXIX.

M N A Σ A Λ K O Y.

Ἄ σύριγγ', τί τοι ὦδε παρ' Ἀφρογενείαν ὄρουσας;  
 Τίπτ' ἀπὸ ποιμενίου χεῖλεος ὦδε πάρει;  
 Οὐ τοι πρῶνες ἔθ' ὦδ', οὐτ' ἄγκεα πάντα δ' Ἐρωτες  
 Καὶ Πόθος· ἅ δ' ἀγρία Μοῦσ' ἐν ὄρει νέμεται.

M N A S A L C A E.

Cur huc ad pulcram venisti, o fistula, Cyprin?  
 Pastorum positis cur ades hucce labris?  
 Nec colles, nec habes hic valles; omnia amores.  
 Vivit in excelsis rustica Musa jugis.

Q. S. Fl. Christianus.

Ländliche Flöte, was thust du hier in der goldenen Cypris  
 Pallast, wo du verstummst, eine Verachtete hängst?  
 Hier sind keine Gebürge, noch wiederhallende Thale,  
 Amor und Wohlust nur tanzen und kühlen umher.  
 Kehre zurück, Verirrte, zurück zur Huc des Hirten:  
 Töne der Unschuld freu'n nur ein unschuldiges Herz.

Herder.

Say, rustic pipe! in Cytheræa's dome  
 Why sounds this echo of a shepherd's home?  
 Nor rocks nor valleys here invite the strain;  
 But all is Love. Go, seek thy hills again.

F. H.



## CCCCXXX.

## ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

"Εγχει, καὶ πάλιν εἰπέ, πάλιν, πάλιν, Ἑλιωδώρας,

Εἰπέ, σὺν ἀκρήτῳ τὸ γλυκὺ μίσγ' ὄνομα.

Καὶ μοι τὸν βρεχθέντα μύροις καὶ χθιζὸν ἔοντα,

Μναμόσυνον κείνας, ἀμφιτίθει στέφανον.

Δακρῦει φιλέραστον, ἰδοῦ, ῥόδον, οὔνεκα κείναν

"Αλλοθι, κοῦ κόλποις ἡμετέροις ἔσορᾷ.

## MELEAGRI.

Infunde, atque iterum atque iterum dic, Heliodora,

Et confunde mero nomina blanda Deæ.

Tum illius monumentum, hesterna et molliter uncta

Accedat capiti plexa corona meo.

Ecce tibi, rosa plorat amantibus æqua; quod illam

Absentem, et nostro non videt in gremio.

Dan. Heinsius.

Quiero mas ; echa vino ;

Llena, llena la copa ;

Que bebermela quiero

Al nombre de Eliodora :

Y tú quando la llenes,

Su dulce nombre, Dorcas,

Repite á mis oidos,

Y traeme la corona

Que texiéron sus manos

De azucenas y rosas :

A mis sienes la ciñe ;

Mas ay ! tal vez ahora

Ella en agenos brazos

Descuidada se goza,

Que mustias me lo dicen

Las flores amorosas.

Conde.

## Die weinende Rose.

Schenke mir ein, und ruf', ruf' nochmals: Heliodora!

Mische den Namen süß-klingend zum fröhlichen Wein.

Setze mir auf den Kranz, der noch von den gestrigen Salben

Duftet; es gab ihn mir ihre holdselige Hand.

Doch steh-da! es weinet an ihm die Rose der Liebe—

Gute Rose, du weinst, daß mir die Liebliche fehlt.

Herder.

Fill high the cup with liquid flame,

And speak my Heliodora's name!

Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,

And let the sound my lips adore

Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim

On every bowl's voluptuous brim!

Give me the wreath that withers there ;  
 It was but last delicious night  
 It hung upon her wavy hair,  
 And caught her eyes' reflected light !  
 Oh ! haste, and twine it round my brow ;  
 It breathes of Heliodora now !  
 The loving rose-bud drops a tear,  
 To see the nymph no longer here,  
 No longer where she used to lie,  
 Close to my heart's devoted sigh !

T. Moore

CCCCXXI.

A Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Μηδείας ἐν 'Ρώμῃ.

*Τέχνη Τιμομάχου στοργὴν καὶ ζῆλον ἔδειξε  
 Μηδείης, τέκνων εἰς μόρον ἐλκομένων.  
 Τῇ μὲν γὰρ συνένευσεν ἐπὶ ξίφος, ἣ δ' ἀνανεύει,  
 Σώζειν καὶ κτείνειν βουλομένη τέκεα.*

INCERTI.

Dum rapit in letum pueros Medea, parentis  
 Æmula nunc rabies, nunc amor ora tenet.  
 Timomachi fuit ars. Renuit, simul annuit ensi,  
 Jam parsura, eadem jam nocitura, suis.

G. F. D. T.

Di Timomaco l' arte al vivo espresso  
 Ha l' amore e il furor, onde Medea  
 Inverso i figli ardea.  
 Ve' come al tempo stesso  
 Salvar la prole, e trucidar bramando,  
 Strigne e rigetta il brando.

Pañnini.

Eifersucht und Muttergefühl, grausame Medea,  
 Sind von Timomachus Hand dir in das Auge gemischt.  
 Mützend lächelt sie an den blinkenden Dolch ; und Erbarmen  
 Hält sie zurück ; sie will tödten und retten das Kind.

Herder.

Timomachus Medea's image made,  
 Which all her sternness, all her love displayed.  
 She lifts the sword ; assents, and yet refuses :  
 At once to slay, and save, the mother chooses.

J. W. B.

## CCCCXXXII.

ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΥΠΑΤΟΥ.

Εἰς ξενοδοχεῖον.

Ἀστὸς ἐμοὶ καὶ ξείνος ἀεὶ φίλος· οὐ γὰρ ἐρευνᾷν  
Τίς, πόθεν, ἢ ἐ τίνων, ἐστὶ φιλοξενίης.

MACEDONII.

Civis et externus grati; domus hospita nescit  
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis pater, unde venis.

Sam. Johnson.

Comune ospizio son; nè a me conviene  
Chiedere altrui cli, quale o d' onde ei viene.

Pagnini.

Townsmen and stranger, both I greet, nor deem it hospitality  
To ask my guest, who, whence he is, his parentage and quality.

W.

## CCCCXXXIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ Α. Υ. ΑΙΓΥΠΤ.

Κάλλος μὲν, Κυθήρεια, χαρίζεαι· ἀλλὰ μαραίνει  
Ὁ χρόνος ἐρπύζων σήν, βασιλεια, χάριν.  
Δώρου δ' ὑμετέριοι παραπταμένον με, Κυθήρη,  
Δέχυνσο καὶ δώρου, πότνια, μαρτυρίην.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Das formam, formosa Venus: sed senior ætas  
Illud perpetuum non sinit esse bonum.  
Cum tua defugiant me munera, quo mihi testis  
Muneris, hunc etiam tu tibi, diva, cape.

Grotius.

Ben, Venere, tu doni la beltade;  
Ma questo dono tuo guasta, o regina,  
Col serpeggiante suo venir l' etade.  
E poichè un dono tal, Dea di Citera,  
Or mi trasvola, o veneranda, accetta  
Pur questo, che del don testimon era.

Pompei.

Schönheit zwar, Kytherea, gewährest du, aber die Zeit nimmt  
Deiner beglückenden Günst Blüthe zerstörend hinweg.  
Weil auch mir sie vorübergerauscht, o Kythere, so nimm auch  
Deines verlornen Geschenks Zeugen, Erhabne, zurück.

Jacobs

Beauty as Venus' gift I own :  
 But stealthy time removes it ;  
 And, Goddess, now thy gift is flown,  
 O take the glass that proves it.

W.

## CCCCXXXIV.

ΑΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ.

Τῷ πατρὶ μου τὸν ἀδελφὸν οἱ ἀστρολόγοι μακρόγηρων  
 Πάντες ἐμαντεύσανθ' ὡς ἀφ' ἐνὸς στόματος·  
 Ἀλλ' Ἑρμοκλείδης αὐτὸν μόνος εἶπε πρόμοιρον·  
 Εἶπε δ', ὅτ' αὐτὸν ἔσω νεκρὸν ἐκοπτόμεθα.

LUCILLII.

Vaticinabantur quantum fuit astrologorum  
 Ætatis patruo tempora longa meo :  
 Hermogenes unus, mors, inquit, acerba notatur :  
 Sed tunc cum funus plangeret atra domus.

Grotius.

Al mio germano una ben lunga vita  
 Fu da strolaghi molti presagita.  
 Ermo solo assegnògli un viver corto,  
 Ma quando in casa e' si piangea già morto.

Pagnini.

Il devoit vivre cent ans,  
 Disoient tous les charlatans,  
 Et triompher de l'envie :  
 Comme on l'alloit enterrer,  
 Un seul trouva sans errer,  
 Qu'il seroit de courte vie.

Félibson.

The astrologers did all alike presage  
 My uncle's dying in extreme old age ;  
 One only disagreed. But he was wise,  
 And spoke not till he heard the funeral cries.

W. Cowper.

Your uncle's sure to live through many a year :  
 So, all but one, the fortune-tellers swore.  
 Says Hermocles : he's short-lived I fear ;  
 But this was when the hearse was at the door.

W

## CCCCXXXV.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ.

Εἰς Ἀφροδίτην ὠπλισμένην.

Ἄρεος ἔντεα ταῦτα τίνος χάριν, ὦ Κυθήρεια,  
 Ἐνδεδυσαι, κενεὸν τοῦτο φέρουσα βάρος;  
 Αὐτὸν Ἄρη γυμνὴ γὰρ ἀφώπλισας· εἰ δὲ λέλειπται  
 Καὶ θεός, ἀνθρώποις ὅπλα μάτην ἐπάγεις.

LEONIDÆ.

Arma, Venus, Martis sunt hæc : quid inutile pondus,  
 Mortali bellum si meditare, subis.  
 Nil opus est ferro, ferri cum nuda potentem  
 Exueris spoliis omnibus ipsa Deum.

Lud. Ariostus.

Hæc Martis sunt arma, Venus, cur cingeris istis?  
 Cur, Cytherea, geris tam grave pondus iners.  
 Mars est a nuda victus. Cum cesserit ipse  
 Vel Deus, hæc frustra nunc geris arma viris.

Natalis Comes.

Die gewaffnete Venus.

Mutter der Liebe, du hast die Waffen des schrecklichen Mavors  
 Angeleget? wozu trägst du die eiserne Last?  
 Hast du den Gott nicht selbst in nackter Schöne besieget?  
 Und uns Sterblichen droht eine Gewaffnete Krieg?

Herder.

O Kythereia, weshalb umgürten dich Waffen des Mars?  
 Warum trägst du für ihn diese vergebliche Last?  
 Naht entwaffnetest du den Gewaltigen. Wenn dir ein Gott weicht,  
 Traun, so rüstest du dich gegen die Menschen umsonst.

Jacobs.

The arms of Mars why, Cytherea, wear?  
 Why such an useless burthen bear?  
 Mars, though a god, thy naked charms  
 Spoiled of his arms:  
 Then, against mortals, spear and shield  
 How vain to wield!

J. W. B.



CCCCXXXVI.

Φ Λ Α Κ Κ Ο Υ.

"Εβρου χειμέριοις ἀταλὸς κρυμοῖσι δεθέντος  
 Κούρος ὀλισθηροῖς ποσσὶν ἔθραυσε πάγον,  
 Τοῦ παρασυρομένοιο περιρῥαγὲς αὐχέν' ἔκοψεν  
 Θηγαλέον ποταμοῦ Βιστονίοιο τρύφος.  
 Καὶ τὸ μὲν ἡρπάσθη δίναις μέρος· ἡ δὲ τεκοῦσα  
 Λειφθὲν ὑπερθε τάφῳ μούνον ἔθηκε κάρα.  
 Μυρομένη δὲ τάλαινα, τέκος, τέκος, εἶπε, τὸ μὲν σου  
 Πυρκαϊή, τὸ δέ σου πικρὸν ἔθαψεν ὕδωρ.

FLACCI.

Thrax puer, adstricto glacie dum luderet Hebro,  
 Frigore concretas pondere rupit aquas.  
 Dumque imæ partes rapido traherentur ab amne,  
 Abscidit heu tenerum lubrica testa caput.  
 Orba quod inventum mater dum conderet urna,  
 Hoc peperit flammis, cetera, dixit, aquis.

C. Cæsar Germanicus.

Sopra l' Ebro indurato a fanciul Trace,  
 Scherzando, sotto i piedi il gel si sface :  
 Cade fra l' onde rapide, e la testa  
 Risecata dal ghiaccio in alto resta :  
 La qual la madre ardendo : Di me nacque  
 Questa, disse, alle fiamme ; il resto all' acque.

L. Alamanni.

*On a Thracyan that was drown'd by playing on the ice.*

A Thracyan boy well tipl'd all the day  
 Upon a frozen spring did sport and play,  
 The slipper ice with heft of bodies sway  
 On sodain brake, and swapt his head away :  
 It swam aloft, bylowe the carcass lay.  
 The mother came and bore the head away :  
 When shee did burie it thus gan shee say :  
 This brought I forth in flame his hierce to have,  
 The rest amidst the flood to finde a grave.

Turbervile.



## CCCCXXXVII.

Π Α Λ Λ Α Δ Α.

Ἀργυρέη λιμῶ τις, ἐς εἰλαπίνην με καλέσσας,  
 Ἐκτανε, πειναλέους τοὺς πίνακας προφέρων.  
 Ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρ' ἔειπον ἐν ἀργυροφεγγεῖ λιμῶ·  
 Ποῦ μοι χορτασίη ὀστρακίνων πινάκων;

PALLADÆ.

Dum tot, amice, cibo profers argentea nullo,  
 Regifica perimit me tua cœna fame:  
 Et dico indignans splendores inter inanes:  
 O qui fictilibus me saturem efficiat!

G. S.

A certain host, and at a grand repast,  
 Starved me to death with silver dishes bare.  
 Vex'd, famish'd, dazzled, I exclaimed at last:  
 O for a belly-full, and earthenware!

V7.

## CCCCXXXVIII.

Μ Υ Ρ Ι Ν Ο Υ.

Θύρσις ὁ κωμήτης, ὁ τὰ νυμφικὰ μῆλα νομεύων,  
 Θύρσις ὁ συρίζων Πανὸς ἴσον δόνακι,  
 Ἐνδιος οἰνοπότης σκιερὰν ὑπὸ τὰν πῖτυν εὔδει·  
 Φρουρεῖ δ' αὐτὸς ἐλὼν ποίμνια βάκτρον Ἔρωσ.  
 Ἄ Νύμφαι, Νύμφαι, διεγείρατε τὸν λυκοθαρσῆ  
 Βοσκόν, μὴ θηρῶν κύρμα γένηται Ἔρωσ.

MYRINI.

Thyrsis oves solitus Nympharum pascere, Thyrsis  
 Par in cantando Panos arundinibus,  
 Luce meri potor, pinus cubat ecce sub umbra:  
 Ipse pedo pecudes ipse gubernat Amor.  
 Ah Nymphæ, Nymphæ, pastoris rumpite somnos  
 Intrepidi, ne sit præda Cupido feris.

Grotius.

Thyrsis, welcher den Nymphen der Flur zu der Weide das Vossvieh  
 Treibt, und den Flöten wie Pan liebliche Weisen entlockt,  
 Thyrsis schläft hier, trunken des Weins, in dem Schatten der Dichte;  
 Aber die Heerde bewacht Groß den Stab in der Hand.  
 Nymphen, erweckt, o Nymphen, den schlummernden, nimmererschreckten  
 Thyrsis! daß kein Wolf Kypriens Knaben zerreißt.

Jacobs.

Thyrsis, employ'd by Nymphs their flocks to feed,  
Thyrsis, who Pan could equal on the reed,  
Drunken mid-day under a pine doth sleep,  
And Cupid bears the crook, and tends the sheep.  
Awake, ye Nymphs, awake the shepherd bold,  
Or wolves will bear off Cupid with the fold.

T. F.

CCCCXXXIX.

Α Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Ν Ο Υ .

Παῖδά με πενταέτηρον, ἀκηδέα θυμὸν ἔχοντα,  
Νηλεῖς Ἀΐδης ἤρπασε, Καλλίμαχον.  
Ἀλλά με μὴ κλαίοις· καὶ γὰρ βιότοιο μετέσχον  
Παύρου, καὶ παύρων τῶν βιότοιο κακῶν.

LUCIANI.

Quinquennis puer, et curarum nescius, orco  
Raptus ab immiti Callimachus perii.  
Ne me flete tamen : cui vitæ tempora pauca,  
Huic etiam vitæ pauca fuere mala.

Cumshius

A cinqu' anni la spoglia io qui lasciai.  
Non t' attristar : chè se del viver mio  
Fur pochi i dì, pochi fur anche i guai.

Roncalli

Libre de tous soucis, à l' âge de cinq ans  
La lumière du jour vient de m' être ravie.  
Va, ne me pleure point : j' ai vécu peu d' instants ;  
Mais aussi j' ai souffert peu des maux de la vie.

Fran-Saint-Simon.

*On an Infant.*

Bewail not much, my parents ! me, the prey  
Of ruthless Hades, and sepulchred here.  
An infant, in my fifth scarce finish'd year,  
He found all sportive, innocent, and gay,  
Your young Callimachus ; and if I knew  
Not many joys, my griefs were also few.

W. Cowper.

A child of five short years, unknown to woe,  
Callimachus my name, I rest below.  
Mourn not my fate : if few the joys of life,  
Few were its ills, its conflicts, brief its strife.

T. F.

## CCCCXL.

## ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

*Δάκρυνά σοι καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονός, Ἑλιοδώρα,  
 Δωροῦμαι, σποργᾶς λείψανον; εἰς Ἀῖδαν,  
 Δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα· πολυκλαύτῳ δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
 Σπένδω μνᾶμα πόθων, μνᾶμα φιλοφροσύνας.  
 Οἴκτρὰ γάρ, οἴκτρὰ φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοις Μελέαγρος  
 Αἰάζω, κενεὴν εἰς Ἀχέροντα χάριν.  
 Αἰ αἶ, ποῦ τὸ ποθεινὸν ἐμοὶ θάλος; ἄρπασεν Ἀιδας,  
 Ἄρπασεν ἄκμαϊον δ' ἄνθος ἔφυρε κόνις.  
 Ἀλλὰ σε γουνοῦμαι, γὰ παντρώφε, τὰν πανόδυρτον  
 Ἡρέμα σοῖς κόλποις, μᾶτερ, ἐναγκάλισαι.*

## MELEAGRI.

*Ipsam subter humum monumenta fidelis amoris  
 Has mitto lachrymas, Heliodora, tibi.  
 Heu dignas lachrymis lachrymas! ad flebile bustum  
 Hæc tibi amicitiae pignora certa fero.  
 Nam misere nimium, misere Meleager ademptam  
 Te gemo: sed gemitus nil Acheronta movent.  
 Ah ubi dilectus mihi flos meus? abstulit Orcus,  
 Abstulit: in cinerem corporis ivit honos.  
 At tu depositum placide complectere nostrum,  
 Maternoque fove, te rogo, terra, sinu!*

Grotius.

*Mitto tibi lacrymas, O Heliodora, sub Orcum,  
 In tenebris longè mitto tibi lacrymas.  
 Ah tristes lacrymas, libata in flebile bustum  
 Et desiderii dona, et amoris habe!  
 Te crebro, crebroque, meamque a lumine cassam  
 Defleo; quæ Diti gratia nulla Deo est.  
 O ubi jucundus mihi flosculus? abstulit Orcus.  
 Fœdavit vegetum pulvere germen humus.  
 Quare, terra tuum est amplectier ossa repostæ  
 Mollitèr, et fido salva fovere sinu.*

T. Warton.

*Has cape vel sub humo lacrymas, tribuenda sepultis  
 Unica quæ pietas, Heliodora, manet;  
 Has nimis ah tristes! tumulum libamen in udum,  
 Pignus amicitiae, pignus amoris habe.*

Nam misere et tacitis caram Meleagrus in umbris,  
 Te misere (ah Diti munus inane!) fleo.  
 Heu! ubi nunc dulcis mihi flosculus? abstulit Orcus,  
 Abstulit; et vernans pulvere sordet honos.  
 At, precor, amplexens, penitus mihi, Terra, gemendam  
 Excipe materno leniter, alma, sinu.

G. B.

## Das Todtenopfer.

Thränen bring' ich dir dar zum traurigen Todtenopfer  
 Unter der Erde, wo die, Heliadora, nun wohnst;  
 Bitterrinnende Thränen, das letzte, was Liebe dir geben,  
 Was im Grabe dir kann geben ein bangendes Herz;  
 Denn ich klage dich schwer, o schwer betrübet, indeß du,  
 Süße Schattengestalt, unter den Todten nun wohnst,  
 Mir entrißten. Wo bist du, schöne Sprosse? wer hat mir  
 Deine Blume geraubt? ach, der entstellende Staub.  
 Nun so fleh' ich dich an, du allerbarmende Mutter  
 Erde, die sanfteste Ruh' gönnt' ihr in deinem Schooß.

Herder.

Thränen bring' ich dir, o süße Freundin! der Liebe  
 Einzige Gabe, die dir folgt in das einsame Grab.  
 Bittre Thränen! ich fleh' an deinem Maal', und es rinnen  
 Tropfen der Sehnsucht herab, Tropfen der Liebe herab.  
 Meine Klage folget dir nach in die Tiefen der Schatten,  
 Dort, wo die Jugend verblüht, dort, wo die Grazie fleucht!  
 Ach! wo ist sie nun, die schönste der Blumen? die Gruft hat  
 Sie verschlungen, es hat Asche die Blüthen entstellt!  
 Knieend fleh' ich dich an, o alleßernährende Erde!  
 Laß, die ich liebe, sie sanft, Mutter, im Schooß dir ruhn!

Christian von Stillerberg

Thränen ach! wein' ich dir nach in dem Acheron, Heliadora,  
 Zärtlicher Liebe Geschenk, Nester des alten Vereins,  
 Thränen, dem bittersten Schmerze geweint. Am bejammerten Grabe  
 Spend' ich der Sehnsucht Laß, spend' ich der Zärtlichkeit Mal.  
 Schmerzvoll, schmerzvoll klag' ich dir nach, in dem Tode noch theure;  
 Aber der Sterblichen Schmerz rühret den Acheron nicht.  
 Ach, wo schwandest du Blume mir hin? Dich entführte des Hades  
 Neidische Hand, und ach! mischte die Blüthe dem Staub.  
 Aber vernimm du, Erde, mein Flehn, allnährende Mutter,  
 Drücke das zarte Gebild leis' an die liebende Brust.

Jacobs.

Tears, all that love has left to give the dead,  
 Take, Heliodora, e'en in earth's lone bed;  
 Tears, bitter tears, the glistening mound below,  
 Regret's, affection's fond memorial flow.  
 Thee sorely, sorely, loved though lost, laments  
 Meleager, nor Pluto's heart relents!  
 Ah! where's my soul's sweet blossom? reft! the tomb  
 Hath reft it! dust has stained her prime of bloom.  
 All-nursing Earth! O bid her softly rest,  
 And gently fold my mourned one to thy breast.

G. B.

Though the earth hide thee, yet there, even there, my Heliodora,  
 All that is left me, I give, tears of my love, to thy grave,  
 Tears, how bitterly shed, on thy tomb bedewed with my weeping,  
 Pledge of my fond regret, pledge of affection for thee.  
 Piteously, piteously still, but in vain, grieves on Meleager:  
 Thou art among the dead; Acheron heeds not my woe.  
 Where is the flower that I loved? Death has torn it away in the springtide,  
 Torn it away, and the dust stains the fair leaves in their bloom.  
 Genial Earth, be it thine, at the mourner's humble entreaty,  
 Gently to hold in thine arms her whom I ever deplore.

E. C. H.

Tears, that through earth shall find their way,  
 For thee, my Heliodora, flow;  
 The tears of bitter weeping they,  
 Love's tribute to the realm of Woe.

Still shall around thy sacred tomb  
 Her sad libations Memory shed,  
 And cherish still, 'mid sorrow's gloom,  
 Affection lingering o'er the dead.

Yes, dearest still, though lost for ever,  
 Meleager for thee shall mourn,  
 Though vain the Poet's fond endeavour  
 To call thee from thy dark sojourn.

My pleasant plant! where is it, where?  
 The grave hath rifled all its pride!  
 The flower that bloomed so full and fair,  
 Is sunk to dust in summer-tide!



All-fostering Earth, behold me weep !  
 Behold me bend the suppliant knee ;  
 Lull'd on thy breast to gentle sleep,  
 Clasp, mother, clasp thy child to thee.

H. H.

Tears, Heliodora ! tears to thee, though under ground, I shed,  
 All that remains of yearning love, an offering to the dead !  
 Tears o'er thy loud-lamented tomb, which falling sadly prove  
 Memorials of affection fond, and longings of my love !  
 But vain are Meleager's woes, in vain he thee deplores,  
 His tears, unheeded offerings, fall on Acheron's dark shores.  
 Alas ! where art, my much-lov'd flower ? Thy bloom has Ades spoil'd,  
 And all thy beauteous primy hues in baleful dust defiled :  
 But thee, O Earth ! I supplicate, to thy all-fost'ring breast  
 Clasp gently my lamented one in ever peaceful rest !

R. Swainson Fisher.

CCCCXLI.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Θησαυρὸς μέγας ἔστ' ἀγαθὸς φίλος, Ἡλιόδωρε,  
 Τῷ καὶ τηρῆσαι τοῦτον ἐπισταμένῳ.

INCERTI.

Nullus thesaurus præstantior, Heliodore,  
 Quam, bene si serves, fidus amicus erit.

Grotius.

Felix, qui servare bonum sibi novit amicum !  
 Ingentem thesaurum, Heliodore, tenet.

W.

A lui che sa serbarlo, Eliodoro,  
 È un amico fedel grande tesoro.

M

Heliodorus, ja ! Des Lebens größter Schatz ist  
 Freundschaft ; aber nur dem, der zu bewahren ihn weiß.

Herder.

Unter den Schätzen der Welt ist, Heliodoros, des Freundes  
 Treue der grösste für den, der ihn zu hüten versteht.

Jacobs.

Hast thou a friend ? Thou hast indeed  
 A large and rich supply,  
 Treasure to serve your every need,  
 Well managed, till you die.

W. Cowper.



## CCCCXLII.

Κ Α Λ Λ Ι Μ Α Χ Ο Υ .

Τίς ξένος, ὦ ναυηγέ ; Λεόντιχος ἐνθάδε νεκρὸν  
 Εὐρεν ἐπ' αἰγιαλούς, χῶσε δὲ τῷδε τάφῳ,  
 Δακρύσας ἐπὶ κηρον ἐὼν βίον· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς  
 "Ἡσυχος, αἰθυίῃ δ' ἴσα θαλασσοπορεῖ.

CALLIMACHI.

Navita te, quemcunque, Leontichus hic prope littus  
 Inventum, hoc saltem condidit in tumulo ;  
 Scilicet agnoscens propriæ discrimina vitæ,  
 Et maris incertas, quas subit ipse, vices.

Grenville, Baro

A. Chi mai, naufraga salma, ha te riposta  
 In quest' avel ? B. Leontico raccolta  
 M' ha dal lido vicino, e qui sepolta,  
 Non senza deplorar sua vita espota  
 A mortal rischio. Anch' ei di pace in bando  
 Qual foliga pel mar si va aggirando.

Fagnini.

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, found stranded here,  
 O'er thee Leontichus heaped up this grave,  
 Whilst at his own hard lot he dropped a tear :  
 He too, a restless sea-bird, roams the wave.

W.

## CCCCXLIII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν .

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἀφροδίτης τῆς ἐν Κνίδῳ.

Τίς λίθον ἐψύχωσε ; τίς ἐν χθονὶ Κύπριν ἐσεῖδεν ;  
 "Ιμερον ἐν πέτρῃ τίς τόσον εἰργάσατο ;  
 Πραξιτέλους χειρῶν ὅδε που πόνος, ἧ τάχ' "Ολυμπος  
 Χηρεύει, Παφίης ἐς Κνίδον ἐρχομένης.

INCERTI.

*De effigie Veneris in Cnido.*

Quis lapidi spirare dedit ? quis Cyprida vidit  
 In terris ? quantum marmor amoris habet ?  
 Praxitelis manus est : Venere, ut puto, regia cœli  
 Jam caret, ad Cnidios venit ut ipsa Venus.

Grotius.

Chi la pietra animò? Chi Citerca  
 Vide, e tanta beltà sì al vivo rese?  
 Di Prassitele è l'opra, oppur la Dea  
 Vedovo il ciel lasciando in Gnido seese.

Pagnini

Wer gab Seele dem Stein? Wer schaute Kytheren auf Erden?  
 Oder ertheilte dem Fels sehnenerregenden Reiz?  
 Ist das ein Werk von der Hand des Praxiteles? oder verwaiste  
 Setzt der Olympos, und wohnt Kypris im Knidischen Hain?

Jacobs.

Who gave such life to stone,  
 Nor life alone,  
 But such a pow'r of love?  
 Who upon earth hath seen  
 The Cyprian queen  
 Descended from above?  
 Praxiteles alone  
 To lifeless stone  
 The charms of Venus gives:  
 Else is Olympus left  
 Of her bereft,  
 And she in Cnidos lives.

E. S.

## CCCCXLIV.

ΑΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Πολλάκις οἶνον ἔπεμψας ἐμοί, καὶ πολλάκις ἔγνων  
 Σοὶ χάριν, ἡδυπότῳ νέκταρι τερπόμενος.  
 Νῦν δ' εἴπερ με φιλεῖς, μὴ πέμψῃς· οὐδέομαι γὰρ  
 Οἴνου τοιούτου, μηκέτ' ἔχων θρίδακας.

LUCIANI.

Sæpe merum mihi misisti, gratesque peregi,  
 Sparsus nectarei pectora rore meri.  
 At mihi ne mittas posthac, rogo. Quo mihi acetum!  
 Lactucis et qui caulibus abstineam.

D' Orvillius.

Oft as you sent me wine, I gave you for't  
 The thanks your nect'rous tipples claim'd in reason.  
 Now if you love me, send no more: that sort  
 Is of no use;—salads are out of season.

W.

## CCCCXLV.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ Α. Υ. ΑΙΓΥΠΤ.

Πλούτων, δέξο, μάκαρ, Δημόκριτον, ὥς κεν; ἀνάσσω  
 Αἰὲν ἀμειδήτων, καὶ γελῶντα λάχοις.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Accipe Democritum, Pluton, ut rideat unus  
 In regno risum non capiente tuo.

Grotius.

Accipe Democritum, Pluto, precor, una sit ut quæ  
 Tot flentes inter rideat umbra tibi.

Fazakerley.

Varca Democrito  
 Lo Stigio fiume;  
 Lieto ricevilo,  
 Tartareo Nume.

Fosti de' miseri  
 Sempre fra i lai;  
 Con lui nell' Erebo  
 Or riderai.

Felici.

*Epitaphe de Rabelais.*

O Pluton, Rabelais recoy,  
 Afin que toy qui es le Roy  
 De ceux qui ne rient jamais,  
 Tu ais un rieur désormais.

Bair.

Selig' Pluto, nimm, nimm an den lachenden Weisen,  
 Unter der traurigen Schaar hast du jetzt Einen, der lacht.

Herder.

Heiliger Pluton, nimm den Demofritos, daß du in deiner  
 Stets unfreundlichen Schaar einen doch habest, der lacht.

Voss.

Herrscher der Schatten, empfang den Demofritos, daß sich dem ernstest  
 Volke, bey dem du regierst, endlich ein Lacher vereint.

Jacobs.

Pluto receive the sage, whose ghost  
 Is wafted to thy gloomy shore.  
 One laughing spirit seeks the coast,  
 Where never smile was seen before.

Merivale.

Greet, Pluto, greet Democritus, and have  
 One merry soul, thou monarch of the grave.

W.

## CCCCXLVI.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

‘Ο φθόνος ἐστὶ κάκιστος, ἔχει δέ τι καλὸν ἐν αὐτῷ·  
 Τήκει γὰρ φθονερῶν ὄμματα καὶ κραδίην.

INCERTI.

Pessima res livor : sed habet laudabile quiddam,  
 Liventi quod cor exedit atque oculos.

Grotius.

Pessima è invidia ; ma ha del buono ancora :  
 Gli occhi ed il cor dell’ invido divora.

M.

L’ envie est, dites vous, de mille maux la cause.

Hola ! cher ami, parlez mieux ;

L’ envie est une bonne chose,

Elle fait crever l’ envieux.

De la Monnoye.

Neid, du grossēs Uebel ! doch ist das Gute noch in dir,

Dass du mit eigenem Weis selber das Herz dir durchbohrest.

Herder.

Envy’s detestable, but has this good ;

The envious waste their eyesight and heart’s blood.

W.

## CCCCXLVII.

Κ Α Λ Α Ι Κ Τ Η Ρ Ο Σ .

Εἰς ἱατρὸν κλέπτειν.

Φαρμακίοισι ῥόδων λέπραν καὶ χοιράδας αἶρει·  
 Τᾶλλα δὲ πάντ’ αἶρει καὶ δίχα φαρμακίων.

CALLICTER.

Herbis tollenti strumam scabiemque Rhodoni,

Herbis, ut tollat cætera, non opus est.

Grotius.

*On a pilfering quack.*

Celsus takes off, by dint of skill,

Each bodily disaster :

But takes off spoons, without a pill ;

Your plate without a plaister.

Græves.

With med’cines Rhodon carries off the gout,

But every other kind of thing without.

W.

## C'CC'CNLVIII.

## Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Οὐ δύναται τῇ χειρὶ Πρόκλος τὴν ῥῖν' ἀπομύσσειν,  
 Τῆς ῥινὸς γὰρ ἔχει τὴν χέρα μικροτέρην.  
 Οὐδὲ λέγει Ζεὺ σῶσον, ἐὰν πταρῇ· οὐ γὰρ ἀκούει  
 Τῆς ῥινός, πολὺ γὰρ τῆς ἀκοῆς ἀπέχει.

## INCERTI.

Ricardus nescit madidas emungere nares ;  
 Tam longo est naso, tam brevis a cubito :  
 Nec si sternutat, ' fausto siet omine ! ' clamat ;  
 Tam longe amotos non capit aure sonos.

H. Drury.

Proclo soffarsi il naso tenta invano,  
 Perchè del naso è assai minor la mano ;  
 Nè il naso suo lontan, quand' ei starnuta,  
 Udir ei può per dir : Giove, m' aiuta.

Pagurus.

*Du Nez de Germain.*

Il n'est possible que Germain  
 Son nez avec sa main touche,  
 Pource que sa trop courte main  
 De son nez la longueur n' approuche,  
 Même il ne s'oit éternuer,  
 Et si, Dieu nous aid, on luy crie,  
 Ne daigneroit s' en remuer,  
 Pensant que ce soit moquerie.

Bail.

*Auf eine lange Nase.*

O aller Nasen Nas' ! Ich wollte schwören,  
 Daß Ihr fann sie nicht schnauben hören.

Lessing.

*On a great Nose.*

Thy nose no man can wipe, Proclus, unless  
 He have a hand as big as Hercules :  
 When thou dost sneeze, the sound thou dost not hear,  
 Thy nose is so far distant from thine ear.

Anon. Mus. Del

Proclus with his hand his nose can never wipe,  
His hand too little is his nose to gripe;  
He sneezing calls not Jove; for why? he hears  
Himself not sneeze, the sound's so far from 's ears.

Sir Thomas Browne.

Dick cannot wipe his nostrils when he pleases,  
His nose so long is, and his arm so short;  
Nor ever cries, God bless me! when he sneezes,  
He cannot hear so distant a report.

Merivale.

CCCCXLIX.

ΔΗΜΟΔΟΚΟΥ.

Καππαδόκην ποτ' ἔχιδνα κακῇ δάκεν' ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ  
Κάτθανε, γευσασμένη αἵματος ἰοβόλου.

DEMODOCI.

Vipera Cappadocem jam sæva momordit, at ipsa  
Hausto lethifero sanguine rursus obit.

Salvinus.

Morse fier' aspe un Cappadoce un dì;  
Ma il costui sangue velenoso appena  
Ebbe l' aspide tocco, che morì.

M.

*Imitazione.*

Una vipera a Luca s' avventò:  
Che cosa vi credete che seguisse?  
Che Luca ne morisse?  
La vipera crepò.

Funanti

*Imitation.*

Un gros serpent mordit Aurèle;  
Sais-tu ce qu' il en arriva?  
Qu' Aurèle en mourut. Bagatelle!  
Ce fut le serpent qui creva.

Bruzen de la Martinière.

Hier auprès de Charenton  
Un serpent mordit Jean Fréron.  
Que croyez-vous qu' il arriva?  
Ce fut le serpent qui creva.

Voltaire

A viper stung a Cappadocian's hide;  
And, poison'd by his blood, that instant died.

Merivale.



## CCCCL.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Τῆς πολλῆς τόδε σῆμα Μαρωνίδος, ἥς ἐπὶ τύμβῳ

Γλυπτὴν ἐκ πέτρης αὐτὸς ὄρᾳς κύλικα.

Ἢ δὲ φιλάκρητος καὶ αἰὲ λάλος οὐκ ἐπὶ τέκνοις

Μύρεται, οὐ τεκέων ἀκτεάνῳ πατέρι·

Ἐν δὲ τόδ' αἰάζει καὶ ὑπ' ἡρίον, ὅττι τὸ Βάκχου

Ἄρμενον οὐ Βάκχου πλήρες ἔπεστι τάφῳ.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Hæc vetulæ sunt busta Maronidis, inque sepulcro

Ex lapide est sculptus, cernis ut ipse, calix.

Multibiba atque loquax : neque nunc de prole relicta,

Deque suæ prolis paupere patre, dolet.

Unam rem flendam putat et tumulata, quod aptum

Vas Bromio Bromii munera non habeat.

Grotius

Sieh, hier decket, o Wandrer, das Grab die besahrte Maronis,

Wo du den Becher erblickst, auch aus dem Steine geschnitten.

Aber des Weingotts Priesterinn, sie, die geschwätzige, klagt nicht

Ueber die Kinder und nicht über den dürftigen Mann ;

Nur dieß eine bejammert sie jetzt, das leer von des Bacchos

Gabe des Gottes Gefäß hier auf dem Grab' sie erblickt.

Jacobs.

*Epitaph on an old drunken crone.*

This tomb Maronis holds, o'er which doth stand

A bowl, carv'd out of flint, by Mentor's hand ;

The tipling crone while living, death of friends

Ne'er touch'd, nor husband's nor dear children's ends.

This only troubles her, now dead, to think,

The monumental bowl should have no drink.

Sir Edward Sherburne

## CCCCI.

ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΥ.

Νικήτης ἄδων τῶν ᾠδῶν ἐστιν Ἀπόλλων·

Ἄν δ' ἱατρεὺν, τῶν θεραπευόμενων.

AMMIANI.

Nicetas Pæan vere est novus ; ut citharædus

Aures, ægroto cnecat ut medicus.

Grotius.

Nicetas sings, and without shame  
 Murders the finest musick.  
 When he prescribes he does the same,  
 And murders me or you sick.

W

## CCCCLII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Ὁ γαστήρ κυνόμενα, δι' ἣν κόλακες παράσιτοι  
 Ζωμοῦ πωλοῦσιν θεσμόν ἐλευθερίας.

INCERTI.

Improba res venter, parasitus sumine vili  
 Si libertatis vendere jura potest.

G. S.

O ventre non saziabile, che vendi  
 La libertà pel cibo che tu prendi.

L. A. G. M. A. M. M.

Der Bauch.

Bauch, du Unverschämter! Der Freyheit heilige Rechte  
 Gibst der Smeichler hinweg um eine Suppe für dich.

Herder.

O shameless belly! parasites, through thee,  
 For a vile sop barter their liberty.

W

## CCCCLIII.

Σ Ι Μ Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ.

Οὗτος Ἀδειμάντου κείνου τάφος, οὗ διὰ βουλὰς  
 Ἑλλὰς ἐλευθερίας ἀμφέθετο στέφανον.

SIMONIDIS.

Cernis Adimanti tumulum. Hoc duce et auspice facti  
 Est libertatis Græcia nacta decus.

G. S.

Dieß ist das Grab Adimants. Auf seinen rathenden Anschlag  
 Setzte der Griechen Land Kränze der Freyheit sich auf.

Herder.

Here Adeimantus rests: the same was he,  
 Whose counsels won for Greece the crown of liberty.

Mervale

Here Adimantus lies, by whom led on  
 To fight, all Hellas freedom's garland won.

Sterling

## C'CCCLIV.

Λ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Δ Ι Ο Υ .

*Eis φυλακὴν βληθεὶς ποτὲ Μάρκος ὁ ἀργός, ἐκοντί,  
'Οκνῶν ἐξελθεῖν, ὡμολόγησε φόνον.*

LUCILLII.

Carcere conclusus Marcus piger ille, fatetur  
Cædem sponte sua; quippe illum exire pigebat.

Jac. Dupontus.

Marco, celebre poltrone,  
Per non prendersi il fastidio  
D'uscir fuori di prigionie,  
S'accusò d'un omicidio.

Fagnini

Lazy Mark, snug in prison, in prison to stay,  
Thought confessing a murder the easiest way.

W.

Mark declares he's a murd'rer: who credits the tale?  
He's only too lazy to come out of jail.

W.

## C'CCCLV.

Λ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Δ Ι Ο Υ .

*Τῆς νυκτὸς τροχάσας ἐν ὕπνοις ποτὲ Μάρκος ὁ ἀργός  
Οὐκέτ' ἐκοιμήθη, μὴ πάλι πονεῖν τροχάσῃ.*

LUCILLII.

Cum semel in somnis Marcus piger ille cucurrit,  
Ne rursum currat dormire haud amplius audet.

Jac. Dupontus.

Heus! piger iste, modo in somnis sibi currere visus,  
Non iterum, ne iterum curreret, it cubitum.

G. F. D. U.

Markos träumte, der Faule, vorlängst, als hab' er gelaufen,  
Seitdem schläft er nicht mehr, weil vor dem Laufen ihm bangt.

Jacobs.

That dream about running gave Mark such a fright  
About running again, that he sits up all night.

W.

Marcus dreamt he was running; so took in his head,  
For fear he should run, not to get into bed.

W. B.

CCCCCLVI.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

*Εἰς Ἀῖδην ἰθεὶα κατήλυσις, εἴτ' ἀπ' Ἀθηνῶν**Στείχοις, εἴτε νέκυσ νίσσαι ἐκ Μερόης.**Μὴ σέ γ' ἀνιάτω πάτρης ἄπο τῆλε θανόντα·**Πάντοθεν εἰς ὃ φέρων εἰς Ἀῖδην ἄνεμος.*

INCERTI.

*Ad manes æque prona est via, seu quis Athenis**Mittitur, exustâ seu venit a Meroë :**Nec procul a patriâ grave sit tibi claudere vitam :**Undique ad infernos prospera flabra ferunt.*

Grotius.

*Dritto all' Orco è il cammin sia che d' Atene**Morto tu parta, o dall' Etiopie arene.**Dalla patria morir lungi che importa?**Laggiù un sol vento ove che siamo ci porta.*

M.

*Alenthalben führet der Weg zu den Schatten hinunter,**Gleich, ob du von Athen oder von Meroe kommst.**Also gräme dich nicht, wenn du weit in der Fremde davon mußt ;**Auch in der Fremde geht's g'rade zum Orkus hinab.*

Herder.

*Gradaus führet der Weg in den Aïdes, ob du von Ballas**Burg könnst, oder im Tod nieder von Meroe steigst.**Kümmre dich nicht, wenn fern von dem heimischen Lande der Tod ruft !**Wo du auch seyst, Ein Wind führt dich zum Hafen der Ruh.*

Jacobs.

*Whether from Athens thou begin**Or Meroe thy road,**One trodden track still points the way**Unto the joyless god.**And though an exile's death thou die**And see thy home no more,**Blows from each clime one steady gale,**Swift to the Stygian shore.*

Robert Tweddell.

*From Athens or from Meroë**Your passage to the grave will be**Direct alike. Then cease to care**Far from your country if you die :**From every quarter of the sky**To our last home the wind sets fair.*

W.

## CCCCLVII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Οὕτω τοι μελία ταναὰ ποτὶ κίονα μακρὸν  
 Ἑσσο, Πανομφαίῳ Ζηνὶ μένουσ' ἱερά·  
 Ἦδη γὰρ χαλκός τε γέρων, αὐτὴ τε τέτρυσαι  
 Πυκνὰ κραδαινομένα δηΐφ' ἐν πολέμφ.

SIMONIDIS.

Sic gracilis longæ stabis suffixa columnæ  
 Hasta, Panomphaeo rite dicata Jovi.  
 Nam tibi consenuit cuspis, vibrantis et ipsa  
 Attrita es multa per fera bella manu.

G. S.

*On a soldier's spear dedicated to Jove.*

Against this pillar tall thou taper spear  
 Repose, to Jove oracular offered here ;  
 For now thy brass is old, and, worn at length  
 By warlike uses, thou hast lost thy strength.

Sterling

Here, tapering lance, beneath the dome  
 Of Jove oracular, be thy home,  
 Yon column tall thy stay.  
 Dulled is thy point so keen and bright,  
 And brandished oft in mortal fight  
 Thy shaft is worn away.

G. S.

## CCCCLVIII.

ΚΛΑΥΔΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εἰς κρύσταλλον ἔνδον ὕδωρ ἔχουσιν.

Εἴπ' ἄγε μοι, κρύσταλλε, λίθῳ πεπυκασμένον ὕδωρ,  
 Τίς πῆξεν ; Βορέης. ἢ τίς ἔλυσε ; Νότος.

CLAUDIANI.

Dic, age, mi Crystalle, latex lapidescere jussus :  
 Quis strinxit ? Boreas. Cui resoluta ? Noto.

Barthius.

Dic aqua sub lapidis glaciati tegmine, quo tu  
 Compacta es ? Borea. Vel resoluta ? Noto.

Grotius.

*Paraphrasis.*

Lymphæ, quæ tegitis cognato corpore lymphas,  
 Et quæ nunc estis, quæque fuistis aquæ,  
 Quod vos ingenium vinxit? qua frigoris arte  
 Torpuit, et maduit prodigiosa silex?  
 Quis tepor inclusus securas vindicat undas?  
 Interior glacies quo liquefacta Noto?  
 Gemma quibus claustris arcano mobilis æstu  
 Vel concreta fuit, vel resoluta gelu?

Claudianus.

*The Crystal having water within.*

O Crystal! tell me, did the Northern blast  
 Upon thy waters petrification cast?  
 And thee the Southern wind to waves restore  
 Thy substance deliquated as before?

A. Hawkins.

Say, Crystal! are thy stone-girt drops the growth  
 Of melting South, or freezing North, or both?

W.

Humid Crystal! rock-bound water! prithee how were ye produc'd?  
 By the freezing north wind fasten'd, by the melting south unloos'd.

W

CCCCCLIX.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Α.

Οὐδ' εἴ μοι γελώωσα καταστροφέσειε Γαλήνη  
 Κύματα, καὶ μαλακὴν φρίκα φέροι Ζέφυρος,  
 Νηοβάτην ὄψεσθε· δέδοικα γὰρ οὐς πάρος ἔτλην  
 Κινδύνους, ἀνέμοις ἀντικορυσσόμενος.

LEONIDÆ.

Non ego, ventorum quamvis freta blanda fruuntur  
 Pace, vel a Zephyro molliter acta tremant,  
 Scandam transtra ratis. Quæ namque pericula sensi  
 Luctatus contra flamina sat memini.

Grotius.

Though smiling calms should smooth the glassy seas,  
 Or the light ruffling of the western breeze  
 Should skim their surface, with no venturous prow  
 Will I the dreary waste of waters plough.  
 By sad experience warn'd I tempt no more  
 The swelling billows and the tempest's roar.

W. Shepherd.



## CCCCCLX.

## Μ Ο Σ Χ Ο Υ.

Εἰς Ἑρωτα ἀροτριῶντα.

Λαμπάδα θεὸς καὶ τόξα, βοηλάτιν εἵλετο ῥάβδον

Οὐλος Ἑρως, πῆρην δ' εἶχε κατωμαδίνην·

Καὶ ζεύξας ταλαεργὸν ὑπὸ ζυγὸν αὐχένα ταύρων

Ἑσπείρειν Διοῦς αὐλακα πυροφόρον.

Εἶπε δ' ἄνω βλέψας αὐτῷ Διὶ πλήσον ἀρούρας,

Μή σε τὸν Εὐρώπης βοῦν ὑπ' ἄροτρα βάλω.

MOSCHI.

*In Amorem arantem.*

Peram humeris habilem, posito nunc induit arcu,

Et positâ baculum lampade sumpsit Amor :

Subque jugum missos stimulo citat ecce juvencos

Improbis, et cultæ semina mandat humo :

Suspiciensque polos, imple, inquit, Jupiter arva,

Ne cogam Europæ te juga ferre bovem.

Politianus.

Rus petiit positis arcu facibusque Cupido :

Virga manu : tergo pendula pera fuit.

Hoc habitu sulcos glebæ Cerealis arabat,

Gnavus, agens domitos sub juga curva boves :

Respiciensque Jovem : terras, ait, ignibus ure,

Ne bos Europæ tu quoque factus ares.

Grotius.

Ille improbus Cupido

Quondam exuens pharetram,

Arcum, facem, sagittas,

Mentitus est colonum,

Et rustico paratu

Stimulum, sagumque gestans

Boves jugo revinxit,

Altisque operta sulcis

Frumenta deposivit.

Dein, verso ad astra vultu ;

Cæli alme rector, inquit,

Nostro fave labori,

Lætasque redde messes.  
 Sin id negas ; et ipsum  
 Te ferre aratra cogam  
 Tyriæ bovem puellæ.

N. S. Sanado.

Gitta il protervo Amor la face e i dardi,  
 Di veste umil si cuopre,  
 E di pungolo acerbo armato, i tardi  
 Bovi unisce all' aratro, e incalza all' opre ;  
 E mentre il divin seme in suol felice  
 Spargendo va, si volge all' alto, e dice :  
 Fa, Giove, che la bionda  
 Messe germogli, e ai voti miei risponda ;  
 O arar vedrassi per miracol mio,  
 In bue converso un'altra volta un Dio.

Averardo de' Medici

Posto giù face e strali, ad armacollo  
 Un zaino Amore e un pungolo in man tolse ;  
 E avvinto al giogo il tollerante collo  
 De' buoi, un solco a seminar si volse.  
 Gridò poi volto a Giove : O i campi miei  
 Feconda, o bue d' Europa al giogo ir dei.

Paolini.

Posti giù gli archi, e la face,  
 Un da buoi pungol tenea,  
 E su gli omeri un capace  
 Zaino il tristo Amor scotea :

Là de' tori al pertinace  
 Collo il giogo impor godea,  
 Poi di Cerere a un ferace  
 Solco il seme commettea.  
 E la faccia al cielo eretta,  
 Sì diss' ei rivolto a Giove :  
 Tu a scaldar quel suol t' affretta,  
 Se non vuoi, che in altre prove  
 All' aratro io ti sommetta,  
 Te d' Europa un giorno bove.

Luigi Rossi

Sackel und Pfeil' ablegend, ergrif den Stecken des Treibers  
 Groß der Schalk, und ein Sack hing ihm die Schulter herab.  
 Als in das Joch er gespannt den dulbenden Nacken der Stiere,  
 Streuet' er Weizensaat über der Deo Gefild.  
 Auf zum Zeus nun blickt' er, und redete: Fülle die Furchen!  
 Oder ich hole dich gleich, Stier der Europa, zum Pflug!

Voss.

Laying aside his bow and torch, a whip  
 Severe Love took, and at his side a scrip;  
 Then on the patient oxen doth impose  
 A yoke, and in the fertile furrow sows:  
 And looking up: Good weather, Jove, or thou  
 (Saith he) Europa's bull shalt draw my plough.

T. Stanley.

*Cupid turned ploughman.*

His lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,  
 A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders tied,  
 Sly Cupid, always on new mischiefs bent,  
 To the rich field, and furrow'd tillage went.  
 Like any ploughman toil'd the little god,  
 His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sow'd;  
 Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above,  
 Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove:  
 Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,  
 And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain;  
 Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,  
 Feel the sharp goad, and draw the servile plough;  
 What once Europa was, Nannette is now.

Prior.

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CCCCLXI.

Π Α Α Α Α Δ Α.

Δάφνην καὶ Νιόβην ὠρχήσατο Μέμφις ὁ σιμός,  
 Ὡς ξύλινος Δάφνην, ὡς λίθινος Νιόβην.

PALLADÆ.

Daphnen et Nioben saltavit simius idem;  
 Ligneus ut Daphne, saxeus ut Niobe.

Ausonius.

Daphnen et Nioben Memphis simunculus egit;  
 Ligneus in Daphne, saxeus in Niobe.

Grotius

Der Tänzer.

Tanzt ich die Niobe nicht und die Daphne recht nach dem Leben?  
Wahrlich! Sene wie Stein, diese wie starrendes Holz.

Herder

Der Schauspieler.

Täuschend fürwahr stellt Daphnen und Nioben Memphis im Tanz dar;  
Hölzern die Daphne, und dich, Tantalos Tochter, wie Stein.

Jacobs

The dance of Memphis well portray'd  
Daphne and Niobe:  
Like stone the Niobe he played,  
The Daphne like a tree.

W.

CCCCLXII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΥ.

'Ανέρα τις λιπόγυιον ὑπὲρ νότωιο λιπανγῆς  
ἤγε, πόδας χρήσας, ὄμματα χρησάμενος.

PLATONIS.

Aspice, cæci humeris fertur pede claudus utroque.  
Commodat hic oculos, commodat ille pedes.

G. S.

Mentre un cieco sul dorso un zoppo tiene,  
Dà in presto i piedi, e gli occhi in presto ottiene.

Paßnini.

Un boiteux des deux pieds sur un aveugle mis,  
Marche droit ou il veut; l'aveugle voit sa voye.  
L'un prenant ce qu' a l'autre, et s'entr'aidant, amis.  
Le boiteux ses yeux prête à l'autre et le convoye:  
L'aveugle prête après ses deux pieds au boiteux;  
L'un change en yeux ses pieds, et l'autre en pieds ses yeux.

Antoine Mâgé.

Un aveugle porte un boîteux;  
Ils font prudemment tous les deux:  
L'un des yeux le guide en la sorte,  
L'autre des pieds ainsi le porte.

La Fresnaye.

Un aveugle portait sur son dos un goutteux.  
Comme il prêtait des pieds, il empruntait des yeux.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Said the lame to the blind, on your back let me rise:  
So the eyes were the legs, and the legs were the eyes.

W. F.

## CCCCLXIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Οὐδὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι μένει χρῆμ' ἔμπεδον αἰεὶ·

“Ἐν δὲ τὸ κάλλιστον Χίος ἔειπεν ἀνὴρ·

“Οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.”

Παῦροί μιν θνητῶν οὔασι δεξάμενοι

Στέρνοις ἐγκατέθεντο. πάρεστι γὰρ ἐλπίς ἐκάστω,

Ἀνδρῶν ἢ τε νέων στήθεσιν ἐμφύεται.

Θνητῶν δ' ὄφρα τις ἄνθος ἔχῃ πολυήρατον ἥβης,

Κοῦφον ἔχων θυμὸν πόλλ' ἀτέλεστα νοεῖ.

Οὔτε γὰρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχει γηρασσέμεν, οὔτε θανεῖσθαι,

Οὐδ', ὑγιῆς ὅταν ᾖ, φροντίδ' ἔχει καμάτου.

Νήπιοι, οἷς ταύτῃ κεῖται νόος, οὐδέ τ' ἴσασιν,

Ὡς χρόνος ἔσθ' ἥβης καὶ βιότου ὀλίγος

Θνητοῖς. ἀλλὰ σὺ ταῦτα μαθὼν βιότου ποτὶ τέρμα

Ψυχῇ τῶν ἀγαθῶν τλήθῃ χαριζόμενος.

SIMONIDIS.

Rebus in humanis nulla est constantia certa,

Veridico vates Chius ut ore canit:

Non minus est foliis hominum gens fluxa caducis.

Pauci ubi ceperunt auribus ista, suis

Pectoribus fixere: animis namque indita quondam

Spes teneris blandè credula corda fovet:

Et dum læta viret jucundo flore juventa,

Percursant animos irrita multa leves:

Nec senium, mortemve pavet: neque corpore sano

Provida venturi cura doloris adest.

O malè stultorum mens credula, qui brevis ævi

Tempora non norint quàm fugitiva volent:

At tu præmonitus, nigræ ad confinia mortis

Lætus age, et Genio gratificare tuo.

Buchananus.

Keines der Güter verbleibt bey den Sterblichen dauernd und immer;

Wahrlich ein treffliches Wort sagte der Chiische Mann:

“So wie der Blätter Geschlecht, so sind die Geschlechter der Menschen.”

Viele vernahmen das Wort, doch mit den Ohren allein;

Wenige nahmen im Herzen es auf; stets gängelt die Hoffnung

Alter und Jugend, und wächst wurzelnd im tiefen Gemüth.



Strahlet dem Sterblichen noch die erfreuliche Blüthe der Jugend,  
 Denkt er mit flatterndem Sinn Vieles, so nie sich bewährt.  
 Nicht auch denkt er daran, daß Alter und Tod ihm bevorsteht;  
 Krankheit künmert ihn nicht, fühlt er sich eben gesund.  
 Kindisch traun ist solch ein Gemüth, das nie sich erinnert,  
 Wie so dürftig und kurz Jugend und Leben uns ist.  
 Auf denn, Freund, dieß denkend erfreue dich! bis zu des Lebens  
 Grenze gewähre dem Geist seines Verlangens Genuß.

Jacobs.

*Human Life.*

Nought lasts for ever with man's changeful kind:  
 This truth the Chian bard has well defined;  
 'The human race is as the race of leaves.'  
 Though each this precept in his ears receives,  
 He lodges not within: for Hope's sweet tongue  
 Befools the old man as it did the young.  
 While youth's fair flower is blooming in its spring,  
 What dreams infatuate to the bosom cling  
 Of things impracticable! for we, forsooth,  
 Believe not age succeeds quick paced on youth,  
 That death is nigh! and, while we are at ease,  
 Health blooming laughs at troubles and disease:  
 Fools thus to dream! and not to understand  
 That life is short, that death is now at hand!  
 Ah, ye who know this truth, your souls employ  
 To life's last hour in every grateful joy!

R. Swainson Fisher.

## CCCCLXIV.

## Z H N Ω N O Σ.

"Ἔστι πάτρα Φοίνισσα, τίς ὁ φθόνος; εἰμὶ δὲ Κάδμος  
 Κείνος, ἀφ' οὗ γραπτὰν Ἑλλὰς ἔχει σελίδα.

## ZENONIS.

Ne me, quod Phœnix sum, despice; nam mihi debet  
 Græcia quot scriptos nunc habet illa libros.

G. S.

Cadmus am I: then grudge me not, Phœnician though I be,  
 The boast, that every written page the Greeks have owed to me.

W.

Take it not ill that Cadmus, Phœnician though he be,  
 Can say that Greece was taught by him to write her A, B, C.

W.



## CCCCLXV.

Λ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Λ Ι Ο Υ .

Μῦν Ἀσκληπιάδης ὁ φιλάργυρος εἶδεν ἐν οἴκῳ,  
 Καί, τί ποιεῖς, φησὶν, φίλτατε μῦ, παρ' ἐμοί ;  
 Ἦδὺ δ' ὁ μῦς γελάσας, μηδέν, φίλε, φησί, φοβηθῆς,  
 Οὐχὶ τροφῆς παρὰ σοὶ χρήζομεν, ἀλλὰ μονῆς.

LUCILLII.

Irrepssisse suas murem videt Argus in ædes,  
 Atque ait, heus, a me nunquid, amice, velis ?  
 Ille autem ridens, metuas nihil, inquit ; apud te,  
 O bone, non epulas, hospitium petimus.

Th. Gray.

Vide un topo entro il suo tetto  
 Asclepiade, e paventando  
 D' alcun danno : Ah maledetto,  
 Che, diss' egli, vai cercando ?  
 Quegli a lui dolce ridendo :  
 Non temer danno o periglio ;  
 Chè appo te non cibo intendo  
 Ritrovar, ma un nascondiglio.

Felici.

L' avare Hermon voyant trotter une souris,  
 Eh ! chez moi, lui dit-il, que fais-tu, ma petite ?  
 Ne crains rien, reprit-elle avec un doux souris :  
 Mon cher, je cherche ici, non du pain, mais un gîte.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Der Geizhals und die Maus.

Der Hungerleider Asklepiades  
 Sah eine Maus in seinem Hause. " Was ?  
 Was bringst du mir, mein Mäuschen ? " sprach er süß.  
 Sey ruhig, lieber Freund, antwortet sie :  
 In deinem Hause sucht ein Mäuschen selbst  
 Zwar etwa Wohnung, aber keinen Tisch.

Herder.

Als ein Mäuschen der Knicker Amint in dem Hause gewahrte,  
 Rief er verwundert ihm zu : Kleine, was willst du bey mir ?  
 Spöttisch lächelnd erwiedert die Maus : Sey ruhig, o Lieber !  
 Futter erwart' ich nicht hier ; wohnen nur laß mich im Haus.

Jacobs.

*Of a covetous niggard, and a needie mouse.*

Asclepiad that greadie carle, by fortune found a mouse  
 (As he about his lodgings lookte) within his niggish house.  
 The chiding chuffe began to chafe, and (sparefull of his cheere)  
 Demanded of the siely beast and sayde what makste thou heere?  
 You neede not stand in feare (good friend) the smyling mouse replide:  
 I come not to devoure your cates but in your house to bide.

Turkcombe

As Pedro stalk'd around his house,  
 The jealous miser spy'd a mouse:  
 How now, cries he, what dost thou here?  
 Sir, says the mouse, dismiss your fear;  
 I come not with the hopes of food,  
 But for the sake of solitude.

Graves.

A miser traversing his house,  
 Espied, unusual there, a mouse,  
 And thus his uninvited guest  
 Briskly inquisitive address'd:  
 Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it  
 I owe this unexpected visit?  
 The mouse her host obliquely eyed,  
 And, smiling, pleasantly replied:  
 Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard!  
 I come to lodge, and not to board.

W. Cowper.

A mouse miser Elwes once found in his house:  
 What occasions your visit to me, pretty mouse?  
 Says the mouse, sweetly smiling: My friend, do not fear,  
 I expect not a meal but a solitude here.

Sir Alexander Croke.

*Parody.*

As —— was stepping out of bed,  
 A lurking mouse he spies;  
 And thus, alarm'd with sudden dread,  
 Aloud to Tony cries:  
 Tony make haste—the trap prepare—  
 I see the rascal dodging.

Friend, quoth the mouse, you need not fear,  
 I come but for a lodging ;  
 Nor plant that dreadful engine there,  
 To catch me by the neck fast ;  
 For surely I had ne'er come here,  
 If I had wanted breakfast.

Richard Owen Cambridge.

CCCCLXVI.

A Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς ἀγαλμα Νιόβης.

Ἐκ ζωῆς με θεοὶ τεύξαν λίθον· ἐκ δὲ λίθοιο  
 Ζωὴν Πραξιτέλης ἔμπαλιν εἰργάσατο.

INCERTI.

Vivebam : sum facta silex, quæ deinde polita  
 Praxitelis manibus, vivo iterum Niobe.  
 Reddidit artificis manus omnia, sed sine sensu.  
 Hunc ego, cum læsi numina, non habui.

Ausonius

Me saxum e viva potuerunt reddere Divi :  
 E saxo vivam reddere Praxiteles.

Vavassor.

Vivam olim in lapidem verterunt numina, sed me  
 Praxiteles vivam reddidit ex lapide.

Cœlius Calcaëgninus.

Fecerat e vivâ lapidem me Jupiter ; at me  
 Praxiteles vivam reddidit e lapide.

Th Gray.

Ex viva lapidem Dii me fecere ; retroque  
 E saxo jussit vivere Praxiteles.

G. F. D. '11.

In sasso un dì conversa,  
 Niobe, la vita hai persa :

In sasso oggi scolpita  
 Ricuperi la vita.

Aurelio Bertola.

Me viva i numi in sasso han convertita ;  
 Prassitel me dal sasso or torna in vita.

M.

Par les Dieux irritez, de vivante autrefois  
 Je fus en pierre transformée ;  
 Et Praxitèle une seconde fois,  
 De pierre que j' étois m' a renduë animée.

Longépierre.

Le fatal courroux des Dieux                      Le sculpteur a fait bien mieux ;  
Changea cette femme en pierre.              Il a fait tout le contraire. Voltaire

Des dieux la jalouse colère  
Fit de mon corps vivant jadis un bloc de pierre.  
Praxitèle, ton art savant  
D'un bloc de pierre a su me faire un corps vivant. Poin-Saint-Simon.

Lebend war ich, da wandelten mich die Götter zum Stein um ;  
Aber Praxiteles schuf wieder zum Leben den Stein. Herder.

Lebend ward ich versteint von den Himmlischen ; aber aus Steine  
Schuf Praxiteles mich wieder zur Lebenden um. Voss.

The gods to stone transform'd me ; but again,  
I from Praxiteles new life obtain. John Addison.

To stone the gods have chang'd her—but in vain ;  
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again. Anon. Elegant Extracts

The gods the living Niobe                      Praxiteles arose, and, see,  
To marble turned : in vain !                      The marble lives again. G. S.

CCCCLXVII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

*Δείφανα Δουκίλλης διδυματόκου ἐνθάδε κεῖται,  
ἥς μεμέριστο βρέφη, ζῶν πατρί, θάτερον αὐτῇ.*

INCERTI.

Hic Lucilla jacet mater de prole gemella,  
Quorum viva patri pars obtigit, altera matri.

Grotius

Di due gemelli madre                      L' un d' essi ha lei seguita,  
Lucilla uscì di vita :                      L' altro è rimasto al padre. Fagnini.

De son mari Lucile uniquement chérie,  
A deux jumeaux donna la vie  
Et la perdit en même tems.

Le sort aux deux époux partagea les enfans :  
L' un au tombeau suivit sa mère,  
L' autre vécut pour consoler son père.

Anon. Anthologie Française.

Mother of twins Lucilla died, whose relics here we lay :  
One babe, the father's share, yet lives, and one she takes away.

## CCCCLXVIII.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

*"Ωπλισμαι πρὸς Ἐρωτα περὶ στέρνοισι λογισμὸν,**Οὐδέ με νικήσει, μῦθος ἔων πρὸς ἓνα.**Θνατὸς δ' ἀθανάτῳ συστήσομαι· ἦν δὲ βοηθὸν**Βάκχον ἔχῃ, τί μόνος πρὸς δύο' ἐγὼ δύναμαι;*

RUFINI.

*Arma in corde meo rectæ rationis amori**Objiciens uni par satis unus ero.**Mortalis certabo Deo: sed si comes illi**Bacchus erit, contra quis ferat arma duos?*

Grotius

*D' armatura di senno ho il petto cinto**Incontro Amore; ed essend' egli solo**Contra un solo non fia ch' io resti vinto.**Uom con un Dio pugna farò: ma s' ei**Abbia poi Bacco in suo soccorso, allora**Un solo contra due, che far potrei?*

Pompeii.

*Je m' arme de raison, contre Amour et ses traits;**Et seul à seul sans doute, il ne vaincra jamais.**Oui mortel, contre un Dieu, ce Dieu sous qui tout cède,**J' éprouverai sans crainte un combat dangereux;**Mais si Bacchus vient à son aide,**Que pourrai-je seul contre deux?*

Langeheine.

*Gegen den Amor bin ich in meinem Busen gewaffnet**Durch die Vernunft; ich steh' Einer dem Ainen zur Wehr,**Ich ein Sterblicher ihm dem Unsterblichen. Aber ist Bacchus**Ihm zur Seite, wer mag gegen zwei Götter bestehen?*

Herder.

*With Love I war, and Reason is my shield,**Nor ever, match'd thus equally, will yield:**If Bacchus joins his aid, too great the odds;**One mortal cannot combat two such gods.*

Fawkes.

*With Reason I cover my breast as a shield,**And fearlessly meet little Love in the field;**Thus fighting his godship, I'll ne'er be dismay'd;**But if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,**Alas! then, unable to combat the two,**Unfortunate warrior! what should I do?*

T. Moore



## CCCCIX.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

Εὐκαίρως μονάσασαν ἰδὼν Προδίκην, ἰκέτευον,  
 Καὶ τῶν ἀμβροσίων ἀψάμενος γονάτων,  
 Σῶσον, ἔφην, ἄνθρωπον ἀπολλύμενον παρὰ μικρόν,  
 Καὶ φεύγον ζωῆς πνεῦμα σύ μοι χάρισαι.  
 Ταῦτα λέγοντος, ἔκλαυσεν· ἀποψήσασα δὲ δάκρυ,  
 Ταῖς τρυφεραῖς ἡμᾶς χερσὶν ὑπέξέβαλεν.

RUFINI.

Cum Prodicen solam, nullo comitante, viderem,  
 Lapsus ad ipsius, supplice more, pedes,  
 Serva hominem, dixi, cui mors gravis imminet, et fac  
 Muneris hanc animam, quæ fugit, esse tui.  
 Flebat, ut audierat: sed flentia lumina siccans  
 Nos a se tenera repulit illa manu.

Grotius

Sola in buon punto io Prodica mirando,  
 Supplice a lei dicea:  
 Deh salva un uom ch'è di sè stesso in bando,  
 E il fuggente mio spirto in me rappella.  
 Al suon di mia favella  
 Pietosa ella piangea.  
 Poi gli occhi asciuga, e con l' eburnee braccia  
 Lungi da sè mi scaccia.

Pagnini

Während ich Prodiken jüngst zur erwünschtesten Stunde allein fand,  
 Schlang ich die flehende Hand um das ambrosische Knie.  
 Rette, so fleht' ich, o rette den Liebenden, welchem nur wenig  
 Athem und Leben noch blieb; gönn' ihm den fliehenden Nest.  
 Thränen entfielen ihr, während ich sprach; dann, trocknend die Augen,  
 Warf sie mit lieblicher Hand mich zu der Thüre hinaus.

Jacobs.

Prodice finding alone and at leisure,  
 I knelt and I touched her ambrosial knee:  
 O pity a man all but dying, my treasure,  
 And save him the breath that is hast'ning to flee.  
 I spake and she wept: when the weeping was o'er,  
 She rose, and with lily hands shewed me the door.

G. G. S.



## CCCCLXX.

## Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν.

Εἰς τὴν ἐν Σπάρτῃ ἔνοπλον Ἀφροδίτην.

Παλλὰς τὰν Κυθήρειαν ἔνοπλον εἶπεν ἰδοῦσα·

Κύρι, θέλεις οὕτως ἐς κρίσιν ἐρχόμεθα ;

Ἡ δ' ἀπαλὸν γελάσασα, τί μοι σάκος ἀντίον αἶρειν ;

Εἰ γυμνὴ νικῶ, πῶς ὅταν ὅπλα λάβω ;

## INCERTI.

Armata[m] vidit Venerem Lacedæmone Pallas.

Nunc certemus, ait, iudice vel Paride.

Cui Venus : Armata[m] tu me, temeraria, temnis ;

Quæ, quo te vici tempore, nuda fui ?

*Aliter.*

Armata[m] Pallas Venerem Lacedæmone visens,

Visne, ut iudicium sic ineamus ? ait.

Cui Venus arridens : Quid me galeata laceassis ?

Vincere si possum nuda, quid arma gerens ?

ANONIMUS.

Armata[m] ut vidit Venerem dea bellica, Rursum

Iudicium Paridis vis subeamus ? ait.

Cui Venus arridens : non est opus ense nec hasta.

Vincere te potui nuda ; quid arma gerens ?

P. Francius.

Vide Vener armata Palla, e disse :

Combattiam' ora, e giudichi Parisse.

A cui Vener : Tu stolta armata spregi

Chi già nuda ti vinse, e porta pregi ?

L. Alamanni.

Pallas trouve Vénus endossant le harnois,

Et l'appelle au combat : Ah ! c'est à cette fois

Qu'il faut venger une injure reçue :

Comment, répond Vénus, téméraire, oses-tu,

Me voyant l'arme au poing, défier ma vertu

Que j'ai su vaincre alors que j'étois toute nue.

Antoine de Cotel.

Als die kriegende Pallas die Liebesgöttin in Waffen  
 Sah: "Wohlan," sprach sie, "lass uns versuchen den Kampf."  
 Lächelnd erwiderte diese: "bedarf's gewaffneter Kämpfe?  
 Trug ich nicht über dich nackt schon die Krone davon?"

Herder.

Pallas, als sie Kytheren geschmückt mit den Waffen erblickte,  
 Sagte: Wofern dir's gefällt, treten wir so vor Gericht.  
 Lächelnd erwiderte Kypris: Wozu wohl hülf' der Schild dir?  
 Wurde mir Nackten der Sieg, fehlt der Bewehrten er nicht.

Jacobs.

*Of Venus in armour.*

In complete armour Pallas saw  
 The Ladie Venus stande;  
 Who said: Let Paris now be judge,  
 Encounter we with hande.  
 Replide the goddesse: What?  
 Scornst thou in armour mee,  
 That naked earst in Ida mount  
 So foylede and conquerde thee?

Turbervile.

Pallas saw Venus arm'd, and straight she cry'd:  
 Come if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be try'd.  
 Why fool! says Venus, thus provok'st thou me,  
 That being nak'd thou know'st could conquer thee?

Crashaw.

When Pallas arm'd met Venus in the field,  
 Will you, said she, the prize of beauty yield?  
 Venus reply'd: If naked with my charms  
 I can prevail, what need have I of arms?

Charles Goodall.

*Parody.*

When Venus, loose in all her naked charms  
 Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms,  
 The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid  
 From head to foot, and tauntingly she said:  
 Yield, sister, rival, yield: naked you see  
 I vanquish: guess how potent I should be,  
 If to the field I came in armour drest,  
 Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my crest.

Prior.

## CCCCLXXI.

## ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ.

Εἰς τὴν ἀδελφὴν αὐτοῦ Εὐγενίαν.

Τὰν πάρος ἀνθήσασαν ἐν ἀγλαΐᾳ καὶ ἀοιδᾷ,  
 Τὰν πολυκυδίστον μνάμονα θεσμοσύνας,  
 Εὐγενίαν κρύπτει χθονία κόνις· αἱ δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
 Κεῖραντο πλοκάμους Μοῦσα, Θέμις, Παφίη.

AGATHIÆ,

de sorore sua *Eugenia*.

Quæ formæ cantusque simul florebat honore,  
 Cui super et leges discere cura fuit ;  
 Eugeniâ tellus tegit hæc : in funere vulsis  
 Crinibus adstabant Cypria, Musa, Themis.

Grotius.

Quella che in mente ben serbò da pria  
 Le gloriose inclite leggi, e in canto  
 Ed in fulgore di beltà fioria,  
 Quell' Eugenia qui sotto al suol si chiuse ;  
 E sulla tomba sua le trecce loro  
 Troncaron Citerea, Temi e le Muse.

Pompei

Eugenia, a cui la rosea guancia, il canto,  
 E delle leggi il gran saper diè vanto,  
 Qui giace. A lei con raso crin gli estremi  
 Uffici fer Ciprigna, Euterpe e Temi.

Paḡnini.

Giace in quest' urna Eugenia,  
 Cui diè Calliope il canto,  
 Temi ogni legge, e Venere  
 Sopra le belle il vanto.  
 Rase le chiome, al tumulo  
 Or la sua sorte rea  
 Piangon Temi, Calliope  
 E l' alma Citerea.

Felici.

In loveliness' and poetry's full bloom,  
 And fam'd in jurisprudence, we laid here  
 Eugenia in the dust. Upon her tomb  
 Venus, the Muse, and Themis dropp'd a tear.

W.

## CCCLXXII.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤ.

Γνώσομαι εἴ τι νέμεις ἀγαθοῖς πλέον, ἢ καὶ ὁ δειλὸς  
 Ἐκ σέθεν ὡσαύτως ἴσον, ὁδοιπὸρ', ἔχει.  
 Χαιρέτω οὗτος ὁ τύμβος, ἐρεῖς, ἐπεὶ Εὐρυμέδοντος  
 Κεῖται τῆς ἱερῆς κοῦφος ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς.

THEOCRITI.

Jam dabitur cerni fortesne, viator, honores,  
 Fortis an et timidus sint tibi jure pari.  
 Huic tumulo bene sit, dices, reor, Eurymedontis  
 Incumbit sancto qui levis in capite.

Grotius

Mi avvedrò, viatore,  
 Se agli uomini dabbene  
 Dai tu qualche vantaggio, o pari onore  
 L'empio da te si ottiene.  
 Dirai: Dia grazia e pace  
 Il ciel benigno a questa  
 Tomba, che lieve giace  
 Di Eurimedonte sulla sacra testa.

Cesare Gaetani della Torre.

Or fia ch'io riconosca di leggiero  
 Se a' buoni e a' rei tu fai lo stesso onore,  
 Quando questo sepolcro, o passeggiere,  
 Avverrà che tu sì dicendo onore:  
 Pace a la tomba che d' Eurimedonte  
 Lieve sta sopra a la sacrata fronte.

Vicini.

Now shall I know if craven hearts, and brave,  
 Alike thou honourest, or brave hearts more:  
 Else, traveller, before thou passest on,  
 Thou sure wilt say: Thrice hail unto this grave,  
 Which lightly lieth thy blest ashes o'er,  
 Eurymedon!

J. W. B.

## CCCCLXXIII.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Α Α Λ Ε Ξ Α Ν Δ Ρ Ε Ω Σ.

Ἦν ὁπότε γραμμαῖσιν ἐμὴν φρένα μούνον ἔτερπον,  
 Οὐδ' ὄναρ εὐγενέταις γνώριμος Ἴταλίδαις·  
 Ἀλλὰ τανῦν πάντεσσιν ἐράσμιος· ὁψὲ γὰρ ἔγνω,  
 Ὅππόσον Οὐρανίην Καλλιόπην προφέρει.

LEONIDÆ.

Cum struerem varias in docto pulvere formas,  
 Ausonidum nulli nomine notus eram.  
 At nunc me tellus amat Italia, sero videntem  
 Quanto est Urania Calliopea prior.

Grotius.

D' Ausonia ai grandi ignoto vissi intanto  
 Che tra circoli e quadri il tempo spesi.  
 A tutti or piaccio; e tardi alfin compresi  
 Che sovra Urania tien Calliope il vanto.

Paggini.

My mind intent on diagrams alone,  
 I to th' Italian nobles lived unknown;  
 Now they all love me; for at length I see  
 Urania is not worth Calliope.

W.

## CCCCLXXIV.

Α Ν Τ Ι Π Α Τ Ρ Ο Υ.

Οὐδετέρης ὅλος εἰμὶ θανῶν νέκυσ, ἀλλὰ θάλασσα  
 Καὶ χθῶν τὴν ἀπ' ἐμεῦ μοῖραν ἔχουσιν ἴσην.  
 Σάρκα γὰρ ἐν πόντῳ φάγον ἰχθύες· ὅστέα δ' αὖτε  
 Βέβρασται ψυχρῇ τῇδε παρ' ἡϊόνι.

ANTIPATRI.

Non tellus totum, non me tenet unda, sed æquam  
 Terra mei partem, nec minus æquor habet.  
 Piscibus esca caro facta est mea: littore summo  
 Huc ejecta maris fluctibus ossa jacent.

Grotius.

Nè mar nè terra intero hanno il mio frale;  
 Ma l' uno e l' altra han di me parte uguale.  
 Mangiaro i pesci in mar la carne, e in questo  
 Lido gittato fu dall' onde il resto.

Paggini.

Nor land nor sea hath all of me  
 Now that I'm dead ;  
 But equal shares have sea and land.  
 For when upon my flesh at sea  
 The fish had fed ;  
 My bones were cast on this bleak strand.

CCCCLXXV.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Μὴ τρέσσης, ὅτι τόξον, ὁδοιπόρε, καὶ νεοθηγεῖς  
 Ἴους γυμνώσας πρόσθε ποδῶν ἐθέμην,  
 Μηδ' ὅτι βαστάζω ῥόπαλον χερσί, μηδ' ὅτι δέρμα  
 Ἀμφ' ὅμοις χαροποῦ τοῦτο λέοντος ἔχω.  
 Πημαίνειν οὐ πάντας ἐπίσταμαι, ἀλλὰ κακούργους,  
 Καὶ σώζειν ἀγαθοὺς ἐξ ἀχέων δύναμαι.

INCERTI.

*Signum Herculis Avertunt.*

Cornua ne quoniam cernis sinuata, viator,  
 Spiculaque ante pedes nuda jacere, time ;  
 Nec quia nodosam gestat mea dextera clavam,  
 Terga Cheronæa nec quia pelle tegor ;  
 Lædere non cunctos, sed solos ista nocentes  
 Arma, bonis eadem vim prohibere solent.

Grotius.

Zittre nicht, weil du den Bogen, o Wanderer, oder der Weife  
 Eben geschliffnes Geschoss' nackt mir zu Füßen erblickst ;  
 Auch nicht, weil mir die Keule die Hand füllt, oder des grausen  
 Unthiers zottiges Fell Rücken und Schultern umfließt.  
 Denn nicht Jedem bedroht der Gerüstete, sondern die Frevler ;  
 Aber den Guten gewährt Herakles Schutz in Gefahr.

Jacobs.

Let not my bow, O traveller, cause you fright,  
 And newly sharpen'd arrows placed in sight,  
 Nor fear the club I wield, nor, 'tis my pride,  
 That I stand wrapt in this grim lion's hide.  
 None would I injure but the bad alone,  
 The good distress'd my saving prowess own.

W. F.



## CCCCLXXVI.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ.

Ῥύγχος ἔχων τοιοῦτον, Ὀλυμπικὲ, μήτ' ἐπὶ κρήνην  
 Ἐλθης, μήτ' ἐν ὄρει πρὸς τι διαυγὲς ὕδωρ.  
 Καὶ σὺ γὰρ, ὡς Νάρκισσος, ἰδὼν τὸ πρόσωπον ἐναργὲς,  
 Τεθνήξῃ, μισῶν σαυτὸν ἕως θανάτου.

LUCILLII.

Insignis rostro ingenti fuge, Pyrame, fontem,  
 Et cave lucidulos ne videas latices :  
 Ut quondam ille sui periit Narcissus amore,  
 Sic tu forte odio ne moriari tui.

Cunichius.

*In puellam deformem.*

Narcissus vitreis cum se vidisset in undis  
 Interiit formæ captus amore suæ.  
 Tu quoque te speculo videas vel fonte, caveto :  
 Tunc odio vultus interitura tui es.

Paulus Thomas.

Se ami te stesso, Aronte,  
 Fuggi lo stagno e il fonte :  
 Che, come il bel Narciso  
 Già vi perì d' amor,  
 Tu con quel brutto viso  
 Vi puoi morir d' orror.

Roncelli

Avendo ceffo tu di tal figura,  
 Non appressarti, Olimpico, a fontana,  
 Ne per monte mirar dentro onda pura ;  
 Chè qual Narciso, nel vedere espresso  
 Il tuo-sembiante, ne morrai tu pure  
 Sino a morte portando odio a te stesso.

Pompei

*Imitation.*

Il est certain ruisseau, miroir trop peu flatteur,  
 Qui peint aux yeux, sans artifice,  
 Et les attraits et la laideur :  
 Fuis ce miroir ; en s' y voyant, Narcisse  
 Mourut d' amour, tu mourrais de frayeur.

Imbert.

Daff du mit diesem Gesicht, o Olympifos, nimmer dem Brunnen  
 Raßst, und auf dem Gebirg nimmer dem spiegelnden See!  
 Denn wie Narciffoß einst, erblickst du dein wirkliches Antlig,  
 Stirbst du darob. Zum Tod würde dir grausen vor dir.

Jacobus

Beware, my friend! of crystal brook,  
 Or fountain, lest that hideous hook,  
 Thy nose, thou chance to see;  
 Narcissus' fate would then be thine,  
 And self-detested thou would'st pine,  
 As self-enamour'd he.

W. Cowper.

No more near yonder fountain stray,  
 Nor in yon stream your face survey,  
 Reversing sad Narcissus' fate:  
 He was by idle love betray'd  
 To languish for a beauteous shade;  
 But you will pine with grief and hate.

Ph. Smyth.

Olympius, with such a snout, beware of every fountain,  
 Or pool of limpid water, such as stand on any mountain.  
 For as when fair Narcissus gazed, his beauty was his bane,  
 You'd die of sheer disgust to see your countenance so plain.

G. C. S.

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CCCCCLXXVII.

Π Α Λ Α Δ Α.

*Πᾶς τις ἀπαίδευτος φρονιμώτατός ἐστι σιωπῶν,  
 Τὸν λόγον ἐγκρύπτων, ὥς πάθος αἰσχρότατον.*

PALLADÆ.

Vir rudis est una prudens ratione, tacendo:  
 Comprimit ut morbum dum sua verba gravem.

Grotius.

Cum tacet indoctus, sapientior esse videtur,  
 Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

Sam. Johnson.

The greatest of fools, if he keeps himself still,  
 With the worst of disease, may be wise if he will.

W. F.

A blockhead, as long as he's silent, is wise;  
 For his talk is a sore he should hide from all eyes.

17.

## CCCCLXXVIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ.

Στέφος πλέκων ποθ', εὖρον  
 Ἐν τοῖς ῥόδοις Ἔρωτα·  
 Καὶ τῶν πτερῶν κατασχών,  
 Ἐβάπτισ' εἰς τὸν οἶνον.  
 Λαβὼν δ' ἔπιον αὐτόν·  
 Καὶ νῦν ἔσω μελῶν μου  
 Πτεροῖσι γαργαλίζει.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Cum necterem corollam,  
 Inter rosas repertum  
 Cupidinem prehendi  
 Alâ, meroque mergens  
 Unâ imbibi procacem.  
 Nunc ille sævit imis  
 Puer mihi in medullis.

Ph. Melancthon.

Nel fare un serto  
 Di rose belle,  
 Colgo fra quelle  
 Nascosto Amor.  
 Per l' ali il prendo,  
 Che porta al tergo,  
 Nel vino immergo  
 Quel traditor.

Invan le piume  
 Scuote il tiranno,  
 Io lo tracanno  
 Fra il buon liquor.  
 Per questo avviene,  
 Che ognora io provo  
 Un grato, un nuovo  
 Palpito al cor.

Rofati.

Guari non ha che standomi  
 Una ghirlanda a tessere,  
 Fra rose Amor trovai,  
 E per l' ali acchiappatolo,  
 Di vino in una ciotola  
 L' immersi, e' l' trangugiai :  
 Ora coll' ale il rio  
 Titilla il dentro mio.

Tejiendo unas guirnaldas  
 Ví á Amor entre las rosas,  
 Y el batiendo las alas  
 Vertió vino en mi boca ;

Io bebí Amor y vino :  
 Y desde aquella hora  
 Se apoderó el muchacho  
 De mis entrañas todas.

Villegas

Entre unas frescas rosas  
 Tejendo unas guirnaldas  
 Hallé al Amor un día :  
 Cojile de las alas,  
 Y en vino sumergido  
 Me lo bebí con ansia,  
 Tal que hora voltea  
 En torno á mis entrañas.

Canga Argüelles.

A table faisant l'autre jour  
 Des couronnes de fleurs nouvellement écloses,  
 Je trouvai le petit Amour  
 Parmi de délicates roses :  
 Par l'aile je le pris soudain,  
 Et je le plongeai dans du vin.  
 J'avalai tout ensuite, et des peines nouvelles  
 Me le font sentir dans mon sein,  
 Qui me chatouille avec ses ailes.

Longepierre.

Ich flocht ein Rosenkränzchen,  
 Und fand im Mößchen Amor.  
 Schnell faßt ich seine Flügel,  
 Und warf ihn in den Becher,  
 Und trank im Wein ihn nieder.  
 Nun sitzt er mit im Herzen,  
 Und schwirret mit den Flügeln.

Herder.

Jüngst wand ich mir ein Kränzchen  
 Fand in den Rosen Amor,  
 Und faßt' ihn bei den Flügeln  
 Warf ihn in meinen Becher,  
 Und trank ihn mit hinunter.  
 Nun küßelt er mich innen  
 Im Herzen mit den Flügeln.

J. Fried. Degen.

As a rosy wreath I bound,  
 'Mongst the roses Love I found ;  
 Swift I seiz'd his pinions fast,  
 And in wine the wanton cast ;  
 Taking then the laughing cup,  
 Swift I drank the wanton up.  
 Now with ever-tickling wings  
 Up and down my breast he springs.

John Addison.

As once a flowery wreath I wove,  
 I found among the roses Love ;  
 By both his wings the god I bound,  
 And in a cup of nectar drowned :  
 I pledged my fair, and took the cup,  
 And mad with rapture drank him up.  
 Ah ! ever since on tickling wings  
 About my throbbing heart he springs !

R. Swainson Fisher.

## CCCCLXXIX.

A I M I L I A N O Y.

"Ελκε, τάλαν, παρὰ μητρὸς ὃν οὐκέτι μαζὸν ἀμέλξεις,  
 "Ελκυσσον ὑστάτιον νᾶμα καταφθιμένης·  
 "Ἢδῃ γὰρ ξιφέεσσι λιπόπνοος· ἀλλὰ τὰ μητρὸς  
 Φίλτρα καὶ εἰν 'Αἶδῃ παιδοκομεῖν ἔμαθεν.

ÆMILIANI.

Sume, puer, tibi quæ præbent dona ultima lactis  
 Materni, vita deficiente, sinus !  
 Sume, miser ! tua te non ipsa in morte relinquit,  
 Sed vivum exanimo pectore mater alit.

Grenville, Baro.

Exprime,—non posthac misero dabit,—exprime lactis  
 Quod tibi supremum dat moribunda parens.  
 Exanimis jam cæsa jacet ; sed morte sub ipsa  
 Dulcis opem natis scit dare matris amor.

G. B.

Lac de matre, miser, lac extrahe fonte benigno,  
 Quod moriens rursus non dabit alma parens.  
 Et jam vita sub ense fugit, sed morte vel ipsa  
 Maternus quod alat reddere discit amor.

T. F.

Suck, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives,  
Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives!  
She diés: her tenderness survives her breath;  
And her fond love is provident in death.

Webb.

CCCCLXXX.

Δ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Δ Ι Ο Υ.

Μηκέτι, μηκέτι, Μάρκε, τὸ παιδίον, ἀλλ' ἐμὲ κόπτου,  
Τὸν πολὺ τοῦ παρὰ σοὶ νεκρότερον τεκνίου.  
Εἰς ἐμὲ νῦν ἐλέγους ποιεῖ πάλιν, εἰς ἐμὲ θρήνους,  
Δήμιε, τὸν στιχίνῳ σφαζόμενον θανάτῳ.  
Τοῦ σοῦ γὰρ πάσχω νεκροῦ χάριν, οἷα πάθοιεν  
Οἱ καταδείξαντες βιβλία καὶ καλάμους.

I. UCILLII.

*In Marcum versificatorem, qui elegos in filii obitum recitans, auditorem fere  
enecaverat.*

Non puerum jam, Marce, tuum; mea funera plange;  
Pejori nam sum morte peremptus ego.  
In me nunc elegos et carmina tristia verte,  
Cui tua dira fuit pagina causa necis.  
O! qui primus erat chartæ calamique repertor,  
Di dent ut versus audiat ille tuos.

G. S.

Cease, Marcus, cease your infant to deplore;  
I'm much more dead, and should be pitied more.  
On me compose dirge, ode, and elegy,  
Me, whom you rhyme to death so cruelly,  
All through that boy! Like suff'rings be their due,  
Who furnish'd paper, pens, and ink to you!

W.

Bewail no more that brat of thine,  
Marcus, the deadlier death is mine.  
To me is due thy elegy  
That murdered by thy stanzas lie.  
Whoe'er he was that shewed to men  
The use of paper and of pen,  
Heaven grant, to expiate his crimes,  
He may be doomed to hear thy rhymes.

G. S.



## CCCCLXXXI.

## ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ.

Τὰν ὀλοὰν Μήδειαν ὅτ' ἔγραφε Τιμομάχου χεῖρ,  
 Ζάλῳ καὶ τέκνοις ἀντιμεθελκομέναν,  
 Μυρίον ἄρατο μόχθον, ἵν' ἦθεα δισσὰ χαράξῃ,  
 Ὡν τὸ μὲν εἰς ὄργαν νεύε, τὸ δ' εἰς ἔλεον.  
 Ἀμφῷ δ' ἐπλήρωσεν ὄρα τύπον. ἐν γὰρ ἀπειλᾷ  
 Δάκρυον, ἐν δ' ἐλέῳ θυμὸς ἀναστρέφεται.  
 Ἀρκεῖ δ' ἅ μέλλησις, ἔφα σοφός· αἶμα δὲ τέκνων  
 Ἐπρεπε Μηδείᾳ, κοῦ χερὶ Τιμομάχου.

## ANTIPHILI.

*In Medæ imaginem, nobile Timomachi opus.*

Medeam vellet cum pingere Timomachi mens,  
 Volventem in natos crudum animo facinus;  
 Immanem exhausit rerum in diversa laborem,  
 Fingeret affectum matris ut ambiguum.  
 Ira subest lachrymis, miseratio non caret irâ.  
 Alterutrum videas, ut sit in alterutro.  
 Cunctantem satis est: nam digna est sanguine mater  
 Natorum; tua non dextera, Timomache.

Ausonius.

En ubi Medæ varius dolor æstuat ore,  
 Jamque animum nati, jamque maritus, habent!  
 Succenset, miseret, medio exardescit amore,  
 Dum furor inque oculo gutta minante tremit.  
 Cernis adhuc dubiam; quid enim? licet impia matris  
 Colchidos, at non sit dextera Timomachi.

Th Gray.

Als Timomachus dich, o grause Medea, dem Bilde  
 Gab: wie kämpfte die Kunst deiner Empfindungen Kampf!  
 Den sie weise vollendet! Im zornigen funkelnden Auge  
 Hängen Thränen; die Wuth schmilzt in der Mutter Gefühl—  
 Weiter maßte sie nicht. "Der Kinder Blut zu vergießen,  
 Sprach der Künstler, geziemt nur der Medea, nicht mir."

Herder.

The fell Medea's soul to trace,  
 Its conflict waging in her face,  
 To paint the wife's, the mother's mind,  
 At once to hate and love inclined,

Timomachus, might task thy skill;  
Yet could thy hand its part fulfil;  
Pity and rage are mingling here,  
The menace struggling with the tear.  
Painter, the murderous thought we see.  
Enough! The deed beseems not thee.

G. S.

CCCCLXXXII.

ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ.

Ὅκτώ μιν πήχεις ἄπεχε, τρηχέα θάλασσα,  
Καὶ κύμεινε βόα θ', ἡλίκαι σοι δύναμις·  
Ἦν δὲ τὸν Εὐμάρεω κατέλῃς τάφον, ἄλλο μὲν οὐδὲν  
Κρήγνον, εὐρήσεις δ' ὅστέα καὶ σποδίην.

ASCLEPIADIS.

Ut vis, ponte minax; modo tres discesseris ulnas,  
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque sonum.  
Si forsan tumultum quo conditur Eumarus aufers,  
Nil lucri facies; ossa habet et cinerem.

Sam. Johnson.

Otto cubiti, o mar, ti scosta, e poi  
Fremi e t' alza in furor quanto più puoi.  
Chè se mia tomba a depredar verrai,  
Null' altro che nud' ossa e polve avrai.

Fagnini.

Nur acht Ellen zurück entferne dich, feindliche Meerfluth;  
Braus' und schaume dann auf, wie du nur immer vermagst.  
Wenn du auch Eumares Hügel zerstörst, so entdeckst du doch nichts  
Taugliches drinne verwahrt, sondern nur Staub und Gebein.

Jacob.

Eight cubits from me keep, rough wave!  
There, swell and roar with might and main.  
E'en should'st thou whelm Eumares' grave,  
His bones and dust is all thou'lt gain.

J. W. B.

Keep off, rude sea! if but eight cubits' length,  
And roar and rage and swell with all thy strength.  
Whelm'st thou the grave of Eúmares? thou'st gained  
Nought but the bones and ashes it contained.

## CCCCLXXXIII.

Α Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ .

*Εὖρου με τρηχεῖα καὶ αἰπῆσσσα καταιγίς,  
 Καὶ νύξ, καὶ δνοφερῆς κύματα πανδυσίης  
 Ἔβλαψ' Ὀρίωνος· ἀπώλισθον δὲ βίοιο  
 Κάλλαισχος, Λιβυκοῦ μέσσα θέων πελάγους.  
 Κἀγὼ μὲν πόντῳ δινεύμενος, ἰχθύσι κύρμα,  
 Οἰχεύμαι· ψεύστης δ' οὗτος ἔπεστι λίθος.*

LEONIDÆ.

*Euri me rabies hyemosa, et nox, et Orion  
 In caligantes præcipitatus aquas  
 Demisere neci. Sic luminis excidit oris  
 Callæschrus, Lybici dum secat alta maris.  
 Fluctibus ipse feror, pascoque cadavere pisces;  
 Mentita hæc cineres stant tibi busta meos.*

G S.

*The rough and blustering East wind's sudden sway,  
 As set in storm and wrack Orion's ray,  
 And pitchy night fell on the Libyan wave,  
 Hurl'd down Callæschrus to a watery grave.  
 The billows bear my corse, to fish a prize,  
 And this my tomb its title but belies.*

G. S.

## CCCCLXXXIV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

*Εἰς δὺ' ἀδελφειοῦς ἐπέχει τάφος· ἐν γὰρ ἐπέσχον  
 Ἥμαρ καὶ γενεῆς οἱ δύο καὶ θανάτον.*

INCERTI.

*Unus habet fratres tumulus duo, quippe gemellos  
 Protulit una dies, abstulit una dies.*

Grotius.

*Quest' urna ha duo german, cui diè la sorte  
 Nel giorno stesso e nascimento e morte.*

Pagnini

*Hanno un solo sepolcro  
 Qui due fratelli, cui dal ciel concesso  
 Fu l' aver vita e morte il giorno istesso.*

M.

*One grave these twins entombs: one day their breath  
 They both received, and both one day their death.*

W

## CCCCCLXXXV.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Οὐ σὸν μνῆμα τόδ' ἔστ', Εὐριπίδῃ, ἀλλὰ σὺ τοῦδε·

Τῇ σῇ γὰρ δόξῃ μνῆμα τόδ' ἀμπέχεται.

INCERTI.

Umbram non urna hæc Euripidis, ipsa sed urnam  
Condecorat magni nominis umbra suam.

G. S.

*Imitazione.*

Questo marmo, Luisa alma e gradita,  
Non memoria è di te, ma tu di lei,  
Perchè solo il tuo nome il tiene in vita.

L. Alamanni.

Nicht dein Mal ist dieß, Euripides, sondern du seines;  
Denn dein herrlicher Ruhm, Erler, umstrahlet das Mal.

Jacobs

Divine Euripides, this tomb we see  
So fair, is not a monument for thee,  
So much as thou for it, since all will own  
Thy name and lasting praise adorns the stone.

Anon Spectator.

This marble is no monument of thine,  
Euripides; thou mak'st the stone a name.  
What though the tomb thine ashes here enshrine?  
That tomb itself is circled with thy fame.

G. F. D. T.

*Imitation.**On Drayton's Monument in Westminster Abbey.*

Doe pious marble, let thy readers knowe  
What they, and what their children owe  
To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust  
We recommend unto thy trust.  
Protecte his mem'ry, and preserve his storye,  
Remaine a lastinge monument of his glorye;  
And when thy ruines shall disclame  
To be the treas'rer of his name,  
His name, that cannot fade, shall be  
An everlasting monument to thee.

Ben. Jonson

## CCCCLXXXVI.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ.

Εἰς βάκχην ἐν Βυζαντίῳ.

Ἐκφρονα τὴν βάκχην οὐχ ἡ φύσις, ἀλλ' ἡ τέχνη  
Θήκατο, καὶ μανίην ἐγκατέμιξε λίθῳ.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Baccha quod insanit, non hoc natura, sed ars est,  
Vivit enim lapidi mixtus ab arte furor.

Grotius.

Credite, non viva est Mænas; non spirat imago:  
Artificis rabiem miscuit ære manus.

Th. Gray.

'Twas Art, not Nature, made this Bacchant rave,  
And inwrought phrensies to the marble gave.

W.

This Bacchant is no work of Nature, Art  
Maddened the stone, it raves in every part.

W.

## CCCCLXXXVII.

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ.

Δοῦλος ἐγὼ, ναὶ δοῦλος, ἐλευθερίῳ δέ με τύμβῳ,  
Δέσποτα Τιμάνθη, τὸν σὸν ἔθεν τροφέα.  
Εὐαίων ἀσινῇ τείνοις βίον· ἦν δ' ὑπὸ γῆρας  
Πρὸς με μόλῃς, σὺς ἐγὼ, δέσποτα, κῆν Ἀΐδῃ.

DIOSCORIDIS.

Servus eram; tumulto sed me decoravit honesto  
Timanthes: gremio luserat ille meo.

Longa, here, sit felixque ætas tibi: quin gravis annis  
Ad me si venias, hic quoque crede tuum.

G. S.

Io servo fui. Tu, donna mia Timata,

A me tuo balio ergesti urna onorata.

Vivi felice, e quando al fin verrai

Quaggiù, me servo anchè tra l' ombre avrai.

Pagnini.

Lebend war ich ein Knecht; doch meine Gebieterin gönnet

Mir dieß bessere Grab, weil ich ihr gerne gedient.

Lebe denn wohl, du edle Timanthe. Kommst du im Alter

Ginst zu den Todten hinab, dien' ich auch unten dir gern.

Herter



Timanthes, master dear ! albeit a slave,  
 To me, thy nurse, thou gav'st a freeman's grave.  
 Heav'n spare thee long ! and when thou com'st to me,  
 E'en *there* thou'lt find me faithful still to thee !

J. W. B.

## CCCCCLXXXVIII.

Α Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Α Τ Α Ρ Α Ν Τ Ι Ν Ο Υ .

"Αστρα μὲν ἡμαύρωσε καὶ ἱερὰ κύκλα σελήνης  
 "Αξονα δινήσας ἔμπυρος ἥελιος"  
 "Τμνοπόλους δ' ἀγεληδὸν ἀπημάλδυνεν" Ὀμηρος,  
 Δαμπρότατον Μουσῶν φέγγος ἀνασχόμενος.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Ceu jubar astrorum, lunæ ceu deficit orbis,  
 Fertur ubi rapido flammeus axe dies ;  
 Sæcla poetarum sic tota extinxit Homerus :  
 Pierii sol est unicus ille chori.

G. S.

Come spuntando il sol, con l' ignea forza  
 L' argentea luna e l' auree stelle ammorza ;  
 Così, quando il cantor Meonio apparve,  
 Degli altri vati ogni chiaror disparve.

Faḡḡini.

Wenn auf feurigem Wagen die Sonn' an dem Himmel herauffährt,  
 Schwinden die Sterne dahin, und es erblasset der Mond.  
 Also erloschen vor dir, Melesigenes, Schaaren der Säng' er,  
 Als du das strahlende Licht himmlischer Mäusen erhobst.

Jacobs

Nor stars, nor the moon's sacred orb gives light,  
 When from his fiery car the sun shines bright :  
 So fares each bard when Homer strikes the lyre,  
 Himself of song the brightness and the fire.

T. F.

Rolling his chariot round, the fiery sun  
 Blots out the stars and the moon's holy light.  
 The host of bards thus Homer has outdone,  
 Holding the Muses' torch so high and bright.

F E



## CCCLXXXIX.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Εἰς εἰκόνα Διδουῦς.

Ἀρχέτυπον Διδουῦς ἐρικυδέος, ὦ ξένε, λεύσσεις,  
 Εἰκόνα θεσπεσίῳ κάλλει λαμπομένην.  
 Τοίη καὶ γενόμην, ἀλλ' οὐ νόον οἶον ἀκούεις,  
 Αἰσχρὸν ἐπ' εὐφήμοις δόξαν ἐνεγκαμένην.  
 Οὐδὲ γὰρ Αἰνείαν ποτ' ἐσέδρακον, οὐδὲ χρόνοισι  
 Τροίης περθομένης ἤλυθον εἰς Λιβύην  
 Ἀλλὰ βίας φεύγουσα Ἰαρβαίων ὑμεινῶν  
 Πῆξα κατὰ κραδίης φάσγανον ἀμφίτομον.  
 Πιερίδες, τί μοι ἄγνόν ἐφωπλίσσασθε Μάρωνα ;  
 Τοῖα καθ' ἡμετέρης ψεύσατο σωφροσύνης.

INCERTI.

Illa ego sum Dido vultu, quem conspicias, hospes,  
 Assimilata modis pulchraque mirificis.  
 Talis eram : sed non, Maro quam mihi finxit, erat mens ;  
 Vita nec incestis læta cupidinibus.  
 Namque nec Æneas vidit me Troius unquam,  
 Nec Libyam advenit classibus Iliacis.  
 Sed furias fugiens atque arma procacis Iarbæ,  
 Servavi, fateor, morte pudicitiam,  
 Pectore transfixo : castus quod perculit ensis,  
 Non furor, aut læso crudus amore dolor.  
 Sic cecidissee juvat : vixi sine vulnere famæ.  
 Ulta virum, positis mœnibus, oppetii.  
 Invida cur in me stimulasti Musa Maronem,  
 Fingeret ut nostræ damna pudicitiae ?  
 Vos magis historicis, lectores, credite de me,  
 Quam qui furta Deum concubitusque canunt  
 Falsidici vates ; temerant qui carmine verum,  
 Humanisque Deos assimilant vitiis.

Ausonius.

Quam cernis, vera est magnæ Didonis imago,  
 Hæc Paphiam formæ vincit honore Deam.  
 Talem me Tyrii quondam genuere parentes ;  
 Nec mea, quem credis, corda perussit amor.

Nunquam etenim Æneam vidi, neque tempore eodem,

Quo cecidit Priami regia, Byrsa fuit.

Ipsa mihi, ne me Libycus poteretur Hyarbas,

Conscivi mortem fortiter ausa manu.

At vos impuro Musæ favisse Maroni

Non pudet, et tantum sustinuisse nefas?

P. Angelius Bargæus.

*Didone dipinta.*

In questa viva immagine

Vedi la Tiria Dido,

Che di valor, di grazia

Sparsa già tanto grido.

L' arte trionfa ingenua

Nella beltà del volto;

Ma il bello più pregevole

Fu dall' error sconvolto.

Del pio figliuol di Venere

Dido non mai s' accese.

Fu Troja eran già secoli,

Allorchè in Libia scese.

Sol per fuggire il talamo

Dell' amator Numida

S' immerse in core intrepida

La sua spada omicida.

Muse, e al cantor di Mantova

Spiraste un sì bel foco

Perchè la donna Punica

Volgesse a turpe gioco?

Felici.

Yo soy la casta Dido celebrada,

Y no que Virgilio infama en vano,

Porque jamas me vio Eneas Troyano,

Ni a Libia descendìo su Teucra armada.

No fue lascivo amor, fue casta espada

La que me hirìo por Hiarbas el tyrano.

Vivi, y mateme con mi propria mano,

Mis muros levantados, y vengada.

Pues yo vivi sin ofender las glorias,

De mi fama, y hazañas, porque infamas

Mi castidad, Virgilio, en versos tales?

Pero creed los que leys historias

Que no es mucho disfame humanas famas

Quien se atreve a los Dioses celestiales.

Lope de Vega Carpio

Dieß ist, Wandrer, die wahre Gestalt der gefeyerten Dido;

Schönheit göttlicher Art strahlt von dem holden Gebild.

Wie du mich siehst, so war ich vordem; was aber von meinem

Sinne du hörtest, erfand mich zu verleunden der Neid.

Niemals sah' mein Aug' den Aeneas; auch zu der Zeit, wo  
 Hellas Troja zerstört, kam ich nach Libyen nicht.  
 Aber Jarbas Hand zu entfliehn und des Hymen Gewaltthat,  
 Stieß ich das schneidende Schwert muthig mir selber in's Herz.  
 Musen, weshalb nur gabt ihr gegen mich Waffen dem Maro,  
 Daß er der Keuschheit Ruf so mir durch Lüge besleckt?

Jacobs.

*Of Dido and the truth of hir death.*

I Dido and the Quene of Carthage ground,  
 Whose limmes thou seest so lively set to sight :  
 Such one I was, but never to be found  
 So farre in love as Vergill seemes to wright,  
 I livde not so in lust and fowle delight.

For neither he, that wandring Duke of Troie,  
 Knewe mee, nor yet at Lybie land arivde :  
 But to escape Jarbos that did anoie  
 Mee sore, of lyfe my carcasse I deprivde,  
 To keep my hest that he would tho have rivde.

No storme of love nor dolour made me die,  
 I slue myselfe to save my sheete of shame  
 Wherein good Sycheus wrapped me perdie :  
 Then Vergill then the greater be thy blame,  
 That so by love doest breede my fowle defame.

Turberville.

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CCCCXC.

Α Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Δ Ι Ο Υ.

Οὕτως ἔστ' ἀργὸς Πανταίνετος, ὥστε πυρέξας  
 Μηκέτ' ἀναστῆναι παντὸς ἐδεῖτο θεοῦ.  
 Καὶ νῦν οὐκ ἐθέλων μὲν ἐγείρεται, ἐν δέ οἱ αὐτῷ  
 Κωφὰ θεῶν ἀδίκων οὐατα μεμφόμενος.

LUCILLII.

Tam piger est, ut febre calens Pantænetus omnes  
 Orarit, nunquam surgere posse, Deos.  
 Nunc quoque quod surgit procul est ut gaudeat; ipsa  
 Incusat precibus numina surda suis.

Grotius.

So lazy is Pantænetus, to all the gods he prayed,  
 His fever they would never cure, nor set him on his legs.  
 And now perforce recover'd, he does nothing but upbraid  
 The partial gods, whose cruel ears are deaf to all he begs.

77.

CCCCXCI.

Α Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Δ Ι Ο Υ .

Οἱ τοῖχοι, Διόφαντε, τὰ κύματα πάντα δέχονται,  
 Καὶ διὰ τῶν θυρίδων Ὀκεανὸς φέρεται.  
 Δελφίνων δ' ἀγέλαι, καὶ Νηρέος ἀγλαὰ τέκνα  
 Ἐν τῷ πλοίῳ σου νηχόμενα βλέπεται.  
 Ἄν δ' ἀναμείνωμεν, πλεύσει τάχα καὶ τις ἐν ἡμῖν  
 Οὐ γὰρ ἔνεστιν ὕδωρ οὐκέτι τῷ πελάγει.

LUCILLII.

En quassum, Diophante, omnes latus accipit undas,  
 Perque foros laxos æquora tota ruunt.  
 Delphinumque greges, et Nerei lucida proles  
 Nant per navigium luxuriantque tuum.  
 Utque expectemus, cito navita velificabit  
 Per nostram, pelago deficiente, ratem.

G. S.

Ueber die Wände des Schiffs, Diophantos, stürzt der Meer schwall;  
 Und der Okeanos dringt wild zu den Fenstern herein.  
 Nereus wimmelnde Brut und des Delphins glänzende Heerden,  
 Schwimmen in deinem Gefäß munter hinauf und hinab.  
 Warten wir nur, so segelt auch wohl noch ein Schiff in dem unsern;  
 Denn es beginnt schon, Freund, Wasser zu mangeln im Meer.

Jacobs.

Through your timbers, Diophantus, not a wave but freely goes,  
 In and out, and through your hatches Ocean pouring ebbs and flows,  
 While you see the shoals of Dolphins and the beauteous Nereid train  
 Swim about in all directions in your ship as in the main.  
 Wait a little, and some other ships will sail in us may-be,  
 For there *can* be no more water left to float them in the sea.

77.

## CCCCXCII.

## ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ.

Ποῦ τὸ περίβλεπτον κάλλος σέο, Δωρὶ Κόρινθε ;  
 Ποῦ στεφάναι πύργων ; ποῦ τὰ πάλαι κτέανα ;  
 Ποῦ νηοὶ μακάρων, ποῦ δώματα, ποῦ δὲ δάμαρτες  
 Σισύφιαι, λαῶν θ' αἶ ποτε μυριάδες ;  
 Οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' ἔχνος, πολυκάμμορε, σεῖο λέλειπται,  
 Πάντα δὲ συμμάρψας ἐξέφαγεν πόλεμος.  
 Μοῦναι ἀπόρθητοι Νηρηίδες, Ὀκεανοῖο  
 Κούραι, σὼν ἀχέων μίμνομεν ἀλκύνες.

## ANTIPATRI.

Heu ! ubi conspicuae, tua Dorica mœnia, turres ?  
 Heu ! veteres ubi opes, pulchra Corinthe, tuæ ?  
 Fana Deûm, atque ædes, et Sisyphiæ Matronæ,  
 Et, quæ nunc nulla est, maxima turba fori ?  
 Cuncta quidem, miseræ nec enim vestigia restant,  
 Absumpsit Mavors improbus ingluvie.  
 Nos solæ indomitæ Nereides Oceaninæ,  
 Tantâ strage tuâ, linquimur Halcyones.

G. F. D. T.

## Das zerstörte Corinth.

Dorische Schöne, wo bist du hin, du hohe Corinthus ?  
 Wo ist dein Thurmhaupt jetzt ? deine so reiche Gestalt ?  
 Wo die Tempel der Götter und deine stolzen Balläste ?  
 Myriaden von Volk, Sisyphus altes Geschlecht ?  
 Keine Spuren, o Arme, sind von dir übergeblieben ;  
 Alle vertilgete sie wüthend der grausame Krieg.  
 Uns nur schont' er, die Nereiden, Oceanus Tochter,  
 Und mit der Welle Geräusch klagen wir immer um dich.

Herder.

Where is thy grandeur, Corinth ! shrunk from sight,  
 Thy ancient treasures, and thy ramparts' height ;  
 Thy god-like fanes and palaces ! Oh where  
 Thy mighty myriads, and majestic fair !  
 Relentless war has pour'd around thy wall,  
 And hardly spared the traces of thy fall !

Edward Dodwell.



Where are thy splendours, Dorian Corinth, where  
 Thy crested turrets, thy ancestral goods,  
 The temples of the blest, the dwellings fair,  
 The high-born dames, the myriad multitudes?  
 There's not a trace of thee, sad doom'd one, left,  
 By rav'ning war at once of all bereft.  
 We the sad Nereids, offspring of the surge,  
 Alone are spared, to chaunt thy haleyon dirge.

W.

*Paraphrase.*

Where, Corinth, are thy glories now,  
 Thy ancient wealth, thy castled brow,  
 Thy solemn fanes, thy halls of state,  
 Thy high-born dames, thy crowded gate?  
 There's not a ruin left to tell,  
 Where Corinth stood, how Corinth fell.  
 The Nereids of thy double sea  
 Alone remain to wait for thee.

G. S.

## CCCCXCIII.

## Λ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Λ Ι Ο Υ .

Ἦν βραδὺς Εὐτυχίδας σταδιοδρόμος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δειπνον  
 ἔτρεχεν, ὥστε λέγειν· Εὐτυχίδας πέταται.

## LUCILLII.

Eutychides cursu tardus fuit; at celer idem  
 Cænipeta, ut dicas: en volat Eutychides.

Grotius.

Eutychides tardus cursu: sed currere novit  
 Ad mensam, ut dicas, jam volat Eutychides.

Obsopæus.

Pigro alla lizza è Coridon: se mai  
 Lo inviti a cena, un volator vedrai.

Pagnini.

Langsam war als Läufer Eutychides; aber zur Mahlzeit  
 Lief er, und wer ihn sah, sagte: Eutychides fliegt.

Jacobs.

Eutychides was no swift runner. True;  
 But as a diner-out you'd say he flew.

W.



## CCCCXCIV.

## Γ Ε Μ Ι Ν Ο Υ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἡρακλέους.

Ἡρακλες, ποῦ σοι πτόρθος μέγας, ἥ τε Νέμειος  
 Χλαῖνα, καὶ ἡ τόξων ἔμπλεος ἰοδόκη ;  
 Ποῦ σοβαρὸν βρίμημα ; τί σ' ἔπλασεν ὧδε κατηφῇ  
 Δύσιππος, χαλκῷ τ' ἐγκατέμιξ' ὀδύνην ;  
 Ἀχθῇ γυμνωθεὶς ὅπλων σέο· τίς δέ σ' ἔπερσεν ;  
 Ὁ πτερόεις, ὄντως εἰς βαρὺς ἄθλος, Ἔρωσ.

## GEMINI.

*De Herculis imagine.*

Alcide, quo clava tibi, telisque pharetra  
 Dives, et e Nemea raptus amictus abit?  
 Fastus ubi? quis te tam tristi fronte figurat?  
 Lysippus. Paret multus in ære dolor.  
 Arma tibi mœres detracta. Quis abstulit illa?  
 Unum certamen, sed grave, præpes Amor.

Grotius.

*Vandante ed Ercole.*

V. Ercole ov' è la tua gran clava e il manto  
 Nemeo? ove di strali il pien turcasso?  
 Ov' è sparito ogni tuo fasto e vanto?  
 Chi ti foggìò sì gramo, afflitto e lasso?  
 E. Lisippo fu ch' espresse  
 Nel rame di mia sorte il rio tenore.  
 Tolsè a me l' armi, e sì mi vinse e oppresse  
 Quel fero volatore,  
 Quel più penoso mio travaglio, Amore.

Fagnini.

Heraclès, wo nur hast du die mächtige Keule gelassen ;  
 Köcher und Bogen und Pfeil, und das Nemeische Fell?  
 Wo dein drohender Blick? Weshalb nur formte Lysippos  
 Dich so niedergedrückt, mischend die Schaam mit dem Erz?  
 Aber du trauerst der Waffen entblößt.—Wer hat dich geplündert?—  
 Groß, den du allein nicht zu besiegen vermocht.

Jacobs.

*Dialogue between Hercules and a Traveller.*

- TRA. Where now the club by great Alcides borne?  
 The skin from the Nemean lion torn?  
 Where, the bent bow? The full-fraught quiver, where?  
 The walk majestic, and disdainful air?  
 Who dar'd the mighty Hercules debase,  
 With abject posture and dejected face?
- HER. In molten brass Lysippus made me bow,  
 And cast this cloud of sorrow on my brow.
- TRA. Spoil'd of your arms, you mourn the secret shame!  
 But who the mighty son of Jove could tame?
- HER. Love of his arms the son of Jove despoils;  
 The only heavy toil of all my Toils.

Ogle

## CCCCXCV.

## ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἡρακλέους.

- "Ἡρῇ τοῦτ' ἄρα λοιπὸν ἐβούλετο, πᾶσιν ἐπ' ἄθλοις  
 "Ὀπλων γυμνὸν ἰδεῖν τὸν θρασὺν Ἡρακλέα.  
 Ποῦ χλαῖνωμα λέοντος, ὃ τ' εὐροῖζητος ἐπ' ὤμοις  
 Ἴος, καὶ βαρύπους ὄζος ὁ θηρολέτης;  
 Πάντα σ' Ἔρως ἀπέδυσε· καὶ οὐ ξένον, εἰ, Δία κύκνον  
 Ποιήσας, ὅπλων νοσφίσασθ' Ἡρακλέα.

## PHILIPPI.

- Cernere præ cunctis certamen maluit unum  
 Alciden armis Juno carere suis.  
 Illa sonans humeris pharetra, exuviaeque leonis,  
 Clavaque monstrorum sanguine turpis, ubi?  
 Despoliavit Amor: qui de Jove fecit olorem,  
 Quid mirum nato si rapit arma Jovis.

Grotius.

- Dieß nur wünschte die Gattin des Zeus, nach der Thaten Vollendung  
 Nackt und Waffenberaubt Herakles Schultern zu sehn.  
 Wo denn hast du die Hülle des Leun, und des flirrenden Köchers  
 Pfeil', und der Keule Gewicht, welche den Löwen erschlug?  
 Groß plünderte dich. Er, welcher zum Schwane den Zeus schuf,  
 Mochte die Waffen dir wohl, Sohn der Alkmene, entziehn.

Jacobs

Each toil attempted, and each toil surpast,  
 Juno reserv'd this Labor for the last.  
 Spoil'd of his arms she wish'd him : and she view'd,  
 And smil'd to see, the son of Jove subdu'd.  
 No more Alcides formidably drest,  
 Arms with the lion's skin his milder breast.  
 His winged quiver seems an useless freight !  
 Nor feels he, of his club the force, but weight !  
 Depos'd by Love, apart each weapon lies.  
 Nor wonder thou, dread empress of the skies !  
 If Jove was humbled to a swan by Love ;  
 Why may not Love disarm the *son* of Jove.

Ogle.

## CCCCXCVI.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Εἰς αἶγα θηλάζουσας λύκον.

Τὸν λύκον ἐξ ἰδίων μαζῶν τρέφω οὐκ ἐθέλουσα,  
 Ἀλλὰ μ' ἀναγκάζει ποιμένος ἀφροσύνη·  
 Αὐξηθεὶς δ' ὑπ' ἐμοῦ, κατ' ἐμοῦ πάλι θηρίον ἔσται.

Η ΧΑΡΙΣ ΑΛΛΑΞΑΙ ΤΗΝ ΦΥΣΙΝ ΟΥ ΔΥΝΑΤΑΙ.

INCERTI.

Fœtum invita lupæ sed jussu nutrit herili,  
 Et sua lacte suo pignora fraudat ovis :  
 Scilicet ut meritam bene de se perdat adultus ;  
 Mutare ingenium gratia nulla potest.

Lud. Ariostus.

Ecce capella lupum non sponte hunc ubere pasco,  
 Mens pastoris heri sic malesana jubet :  
 Lacte meo nutritus ut in me sæviat olim.  
 Mutare ingenium gratia nulla potest.

G. S.

Da l' inuman desio  
 Del mio pastor forzata,  
 Lupa di fresco nata  
 Nudrii del latte mio.

Meco ella crebbe, e fiera  
 Visse così com' era ;  
 Che un amorosa cura  
 Non fa cangiar natura.

Averardo de' Medici.

À un loup, malgré moi, je donne nourriture ;  
 À cela me contraint le vouloir d' un pasteur ;  
 Car l' ayant allaité, je lui serai pâture.  
 Le bienfait ne peut pas changer un méchant cœur.

Familiar.

I' allaite un louveteau. Berger, quelle folie !  
 Malgré moi tu le veux. Mon lait le fortifie.  
 Bientôt c' est tout mon sang qu' il boira, le cruel !  
 Les bienfaits peuvent-ils changer le naturel ?

Poan-Saint-Simon

Das Schaf, das einen Wolf nährt.

Wozu zwingest du mich ? mit meinen friedlichen Brüsten,  
 Soll ich mein Lamm nicht mehr, muß ich ernähren den Wolf.  
 Hirte, du wirst's erfahren, wenn Du, wenn ich erzogen :  
 Keine Wohlthat und Günst ändert des Bösen Natur.

Herder.

Hungern nähr' ich den Wolf an dem schwellenden Euter und säug' ihn ;  
 Aber mich zwinget des Herrn thörigter Wille dazu,  
 Setso erwächst er durch mich ; dann wird er sich gegen mich richten ;  
 Kein Wohlthun noch Günst ändert die schlimme Natur.

Jacobs.

A wolf reluctant with my milk I feed,  
 Obedient to a cruel master's will ;  
 By him I nourish'd soon condemned to bleed,  
 For stubborn nature will be nature still.

Bland.

CCCCXCVII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΜΕΝΕΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ ΣΑΜΙΟΥ.

Εἴ τις γηράσας ζῆν εὐχεται, ἄξιός ἐστι  
 Γηράσκειν πολλῶν εἰς ἐτέων δεκάδας.

LUCILLII, VEL MENEKRATIS SAMII.

Optârit quicunque senex sibi longius ævum,  
 Dignus qui multa in lustra senescat, erit.

Sam. Johnson.

Le vieillard que cent ans n' ont pu rassasier,  
 Mérite de vieillir encore un siècle entier.

Poan-Saint-Simon

When dotards pray for further life, they should  
 Go through ten thousand years' decrepitude.

W.

## CCCCXCVIII.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

Κάλλος ἔχεις Κύπριδος, Πειθοῦς στόμα, σῶμα καὶ ἀκμὴν  
 Εἰαρινῶν Ὠρῶν, φθέγμα δὲ Καλλιόπης,  
 Νοῦν καὶ σωφροσύνην Θέμιδος, καὶ χεῖρας Ἀθήνης·  
 Σὺν σοὶ δ' αἱ Χάριτες τέσσαρές εἰσι, Φίλη.

RUFINI.

Os Suadæ; Veneris species tibi; corpus in Horis  
 Quale viget vernis; vox tibi Calliopes:  
 Sancta, Phile, Themidis mens, et manus ipsa Minervæ,  
 Teque sibi quartam Gratia terna vocat.

Grotius.

La beltà della diva di Citera,  
 Della Suasione la bocca, i membri  
 E il fior dell' Ore hai tu di primavera,  
 Il senno ed i pensier di Temi, il suono  
 Di Calliope, e le mani di Minerva:  
 Quattro, o cara, con te le Grazie sono.

Pompei.

Vous avez de Vénus la beauté ravissante;  
 La bouche que fait voir la Persuasion,  
 D'une Muse la voix touchante,  
 L'éclat de la Saison naissante,  
 De Thémis la prudence et la discretion.  
 Les mains de Minerve elle même;  
 Des Graces l'on vous voit enfin la quatrième.

Longepierre.

Kypriens Schönheit hast du, der Peitho Lippen, der Horen  
 Frühlingsblüth' und Gestalt; auch der Kalliope Ton;  
 Themis Sinn und sittliches Maass, und die Hände der Pallas.  
 Setzt sind also mit dir, Holde, der Chariten vier.

Jacobs.

Persuasion's lips, the bloom of beauty's queen;  
 Calliope's sweet voice; the spring's gay mien;  
 Minerva's hands are yours, and Themis' mind;  
 Four are the Graces to my charmer join'd.

John Addison.



Cypris in beauty, Persuasion in tone,  
 Fresh as the Hours in exuberant May,  
 Endued with a voice like Calliope's own,  
 Prudent as Themis thy counsel to weigh,  
 Nimble at work as Athene ! 'tis clear  
 The Graces are four for the future, my dear.

G. C. S.

## CCCCXCIX.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

*Ἄν περιλειφθῇ μικρὸν ἐν ἄγγεσιν ἡδέος οἴνου,  
 Εἰς ὃξὺ τρέπεται τοῦτο τὸ λειπόμενον.  
 Οὕτω ἀπαντήσας τὸν ὄλον βίον εἰς βαθὺν δ' ἐλθὼν  
 Γῆρας ὁ πρεσβύτης, γίγνεται ὀξύχολος.*

INCERTI.

Exiguum vini servat si testa relict,  
 Acre fit hoc, dulcis cui fuit ante sapor :  
 Sic, prius exhausta vitæ dulcedine, faciem  
 Qui tetigit, querulo fit jecur acre seni.

G. B.

Quando entro a' vasi il dolce vin finisce,  
 Quel poco che rimanvi inacetisce.  
 Così brusco diviene e pien d'asprezza  
 Uom che al colmo arrivò della vecchiezza.

Paggini.

Qu' on laisse dans un vase un reste de bon vin,  
 Il se change en vinaigre. Hélas ! c' est notre image.  
 La vitale liqueur chez nous s' épuise enfin :  
 Le fond qui tourne à l' aigre, est le lot du vieil âge.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

In chalice left the sweetest wine  
 To sourest vinegar will change.  
 So hearts of men when years decline  
 From sweet to sour too surely range.

T. P. R.

If in the cask some generous drops remain ;  
 To vinegar 'twill turn from sweetest wine.  
 And thus, if to the dregs life's joy thou drain,  
 The peevishness of sour old age is thine.

T



## D.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Eis 'Ορφέα.

Οὐκέτι θελγομένης, 'Ορφεῦ, δρύας, οὐκέτι πέτρας  
 "Αἶξεις, οὐ θηρῶν αὐτονόμους ἀγέλας·  
 Οὐκέτι κοιμάσεις ἀνέμων βρόμον, οὐχὶ χάλαζαν,  
 Οὐ νιφετῶν συρμούς, οὐ παταγεῦσαν ἄλα.  
 "Ωλεο γάρ· σέ δὲ πολλὰ κατωδύραντο θύγατρες  
 Μναμοσύνας, μάτηρ δ' ἔξοχα Καλλιόπα.  
 Τί φθιμένοις στοναχεύμεν ἐφ' υἷάσιν, ἀνίκ' ἀλαλκεῖν  
 Τῶν παίδων 'Αἴδην οὐδὲ θεοῖς δύναμις.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Non quereus posthac, Orpheu, non saxa movebis,  
 Non festinantes ad tua fila feras:  
 Non nivibus, non insanis cum grandine ventis,  
 Non somnum æquoreæ conciliabis aquæ!  
 Interiisti etenim. Leto gemuere Camœnæ,  
 Ante alias mater Calliopea, tuò.  
 Quid natos flemus nostros? avertere natis  
 Fatalem Superi non potuere diem.

Petrus Franciscus.

Non più selve e sassi e fere	Tu se' morto. Di Parnaso
Trarti appresso, Orfeo, ti lice	Versò lagrime ogni Dea,
Con le note lusinghiere	E più ch' altra al duro caso
Della Diva genitrice;	La tua madre Calliopea.
Nè arrestar del ciel cruccioso	Ahi de' figli il tristo fato
Stretto nembo o rio vapore,	Ahi che giova il pianger tanto,
Nè dell' Euro procelloso,	Se a chi pur de' Numi è nato
O del mar l' insano orrore.	Non giovò de' Numi il pianto!

Folletti.

Nicht mehr wirfst du die Sicher, nicht mehr die Felsen, o Orpheus  
 Nicht das horchende Wild lenken mit süßem Gesang;  
 Nicht besängstigen mehr der Winde Brausen, des Hagels  
 Schwarzen, woltigen Zug, an das erzurnete Meer.  
 Der du bist todt! Es weinen um dich des Gedächtnisses Töchter  
 Alle; doch bitterer weint um dich Kalliope jetzt  
 Deine Mutter. O wir, wir Sterbliche klagen der Unsern  
 Tod, der selber ja auch Söhne der Götter nicht schont.

Herder.

Ach, nun lockt nicht mehr dein Zauber die Fischen o Orpheus!

Und den Fels und des Hains freie Bewohner um dich!

Ach, nun hemmst du den Hagel nicht mehr, und die Flüsse der Wolken,  
Schweigest den brausenden Sturm, ach! und die Wogen nicht mehr!

Ach, du starbst, du göttlicher Seher! da flossen der Musen  
Thränen, und bitterer Gram füllte Kalliope's Herz!

Und wir murren bei'm Tode der Unsern, da selber der Götter  
Macht vor Schicksal und Tod ihre Söhne nicht schützt?

Christian von Stolberg

Nicht mehr wirst du hinfort anflauschende Bäume, den Fels nicht,  
Orpheus, rufen, und nicht irrender Thiere Geschlecht.

Nicht mehr zähmst du des Sturms lautlosendes Rauschen, des Hagels  
Heftigen Sturz, und den Schnee, oder das hallende Meer;

Denn du erblickst. Laut weinten um dich der Mnemosyne Töchter;  
Aber Kalliope weint lauter als alle dem Sohn.

Sollen wir denn noch trauern um Sterbliche, während der Götter  
Allmacht selber den Tod nicht von den Söhnen entfernt?

J. J. J.

No longer, Orpheus, shall thy sacred strains  
Lead stones, and trees, and beasts along the plains;  
No longer sooth the boist'rous winds to sleep,  
Or still the billows of the raging deep:  
For thou art gone: the Muses mourn'd thy fall  
In solemn strains; thy mother most of all.  
Ye mortals, idly for your sons ye moan,  
If thus a goddess could not save her own.

Anon. Spectator.

Orpheus, 'tis thine no more the charmed wood,  
Nor rocks, nor herds of wild beasts unsubdued  
To lead with minstrelsy;  
No more to lay in sleep the pelting hail,  
Or howling winds, or snows that sweep the vale,  
Or lull the roaring sea.  
For thou art gone; and o'er thee tears were shed:  
For Memory's daughters wept the minstrel dead;  
Wept most Calliope,  
Thy mother. Why then mourn our sons that die,  
When not the children e'en of gods can fly  
From Pluto's destiny?

T. F. R.

## DI.

## Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Διονύσου καὶ Ἡρακλέους.

Ἀμφότεροι Θήβηθε, καὶ ἀμφότεροι πολεμισταί,  
 Κῆκ Ζηνός· θύρσῳ δεινός, ὃ δὲ ῥοπάλῳ.  
 Ἀμφοῖν δὲ στήλαι συντέρμονες. εἴκελα δ' ὄπλα,  
 Νεβρίς, λειοντῆ· κύμβαλα δέ, πλαταγῆ.  
 Ἥρῃ δ' ἀμφοτέροις χαλεπὴ θεός. οἱ δ' ἀπὸ γαίης  
 Ἦλθον ἐς ἀθανάτους, ἐκ πυρὸς ἀμφότεροι.

INCERTI.

*De imagine Bacchi et Herculis.*

Ambo belligeri, Thebarumque ambo propago,  
 Et Jovis: hic clavam, thyrsos at ille gerit.  
 Vicini effigie, cultus paris: hunc leo vestit,  
 Hunc nebris: hic crotalo ludit, hic æra crepat.  
 Juno potens utrique gravis Dea: venit uterque  
 Ad superos: ignis fecit utrique viam.

Grotius.

Thebis orti ambo, clari armis, ex Jove nati  
 Ambo, thyrsiger hic, claviger ille Deus.  
 Stant pariter metæ amborum. Illic spolia hirta leonis;  
 Nebrida at hic gerit: hic cymbala; at hic crotala.  
 Junonem sunt passi ambo: venere beatas  
 Ambo deum ad sedes ignibus e mediis.

Cunicius.

*Ercole e Bacco.*

Ambo figli di Giove, ambo Tebani,  
 Un la clava, uno il tirso ha nelle mani:  
 Viaggiatori illustri ambo e guerrieri  
 Pari han colonne agli ultimi emisferi:  
 Uno ha il cembalo, e veste da leone;  
 Un la nacchera, e veste da caprone:  
 Soffriron per Giunon ambi non poco:  
 Ambi saliro al cielo in mezzo al foco.

Roncali.

*On the image of Bacchus and Hercules.*

Both sons of Jove ; both Thebans ; in the field  
 Mighty, the thyrsus or the club to wield ;  
 Their pillars coupled ; their accoutrements,  
 The fawn's or lion's hide ; their instruments,  
 Cymbals and rattles ; how their fates conspire !  
 From earth to heav'n, both, spite of Juno's ire,  
 Ascend immortal through the cleaving fire.

71.

## DII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ.

Ἐκλήθην ἐχθές, Δημήτριε· σήμερον ἦλθον  
 Δειπνεῖν. μὴ μεμψῃ, κλίμακ' ἔχεις μεγάλην.  
 Ἐν ταύτῃ πεποίηκα πολλὸν χρόνον· οὐδ' ἂν ἐσώθην  
 Σήμερον, ἀλλ' ἀνέβην κέρκον ὄνου κατέχων.  
 Ἦψαι τῶν ἄστρον. Ζεὺς ἡνίκα τὸν Γανυμήδην  
 Ἦρπασε, τῇδ' αὐτόν, φαίνεται, ἔχων ἀνέβη.  
 Ἐνθεν δ' εἰς Ἀΐδην πότε' ἀφίξεις ; οὐκ ἀφυγὸς εἶ.  
 Εὐρύκας τέχνην πῶς ἔσῃ ἀθάνατος.

NICARCHI.

Ad cœnam quod heri, Demetrie parce, vocatus  
 Nunc venio, in scalis est ea culpa tuis.  
 Longa via et durus labor est : asinique tenerem  
 Cum caudam, scandi sic quoque vix hodie.

Grotius.

'Twas yesterday, Demetrius, you bade me come and dine :  
 I'm come to-day, as you observe : the fault was none of mine.  
 'Twas that unending flight of stairs of yours that made me fail :  
 Nor had I reached the top to-day ; but by an ass's tail  
 I held when all my breath was gone. Why, sir, you're in the sky :  
 This way, I think, the bird of Jove with Ganymede did fly.  
 So low as Hades from this height you'll never surely fall :  
 So you're immortal it would seem. Sharp fellow after all !

G. C. S.

## DIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΝΤΙΚΕΝΣΟΡΟΣ.

Ἀμητὸς πολὺς ἐστὶ τεῖν κατὰ δάσκιον ὄψιν·  
 Τῷ σε χρὴ δρεπάνοισι, καὶ οὐ ψαλίδεσσι καρῆναι.

JULIANI ANTECESSORIS.

Tam gravis hirsuto surgit tibi messis in ore,  
 Ut te non valeat tondere novacula, sed falx.

Grotius.

With such a crop your muzzle is o'ergrown,  
 You cannot shave yourself; you must be mown.

W.

## DIV.

ΝΕΙΛΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Σατύρου ἀπὸ ψηφίδος ἐν Ἀντιοχείᾳ.

- A. Πάντες μὲν Σάτυροι φιλοκέρτομοι· εἰπὲ δὲ καὶ σύ,  
 Τί πρὸς ἕκαστον ὁρῶν τόνδε γέλωτα χέεις;  
 B. Θάμβος ἔχων γελῶ, πῶς ἐκ λίθου ἄλλοθεν ἄλλης  
 Συμφερτός, γενόμην ἐξαπίνης Σάτυρος.

NILI.

Semper amat risum Satyrorum turba: sed ejus  
 Materia est ut quem conspicias ecqua tibi?  
 Miror tesserulis quí de tot et undique lectis  
 Compositus, factus tam cito sim Satyrus.

Grotius.

- A. Tutti i Satiri son burlieri assai;  
 Ma tu di che ad ognun ridendo vai?  
 B. Rido di maraviglia, come a un tratto  
 Di piu ciottoli un Satiro son fatto.

M.

Auf das Bild eines lachenden Satyrs,  
 das aus vielen Steinen zusammen gesetzt war

Alles, was Satyr heißt, ist Spötter; aber warum doch  
 Sage mir, Satyr, warum lachst du auch immer für dich?  
 "Wandrer, ich staune mich an, wie aus der Menge von Steinen  
 Ich zum Bilde gedieh und nun ein Satyr bin."

Herder.



Der lachende Satyr

Alle Satyre zwar sind Schäferer; sage mir dennoch,  
 Warum blickst du auf uns so mit Gelächter umher?  
 "Vor Verwunderung lacht' ich, wie schön aus mancherlei Steinen  
 Ich zusammengefügt plötzlich zum Satyre ward."

A. Zwar Spottlust hegt jeder von euch; doch sage mir, Satyr,  
 Was dich zum Lachen bewegt, wen du auch immer erblickst?

B. Muss ich nicht staunen und lachen zugleich, dass aus Steinen und wieder  
 Steinen zusammengefügt, plötzlich zum Satyr ich ward?

Jacobs

A. Satyrs deal in pert grimaces;  
 Saucy Satyr, prithee say,  
 Why you look in all our faces,  
 Thus to laughter giving way?

B. When was such a laughing-matter,  
 When was such a wonder known?  
 All at once I'm grown a Satyr,  
 Out of these odd bits of stone.

W.

DV.

ΦΩΚΥΛΙΔΟΥ ΜΙΛΗΣΙΟΥ.

Καὶ τῷδε Φωκυλίδεω· Λέριοι κακοί· οὐχ ὁ μὲν, ὃς δ' οὐ·  
 Πάντες, πλὴν Προκλέους· καὶ Προκλῆς Λέριος.

PHOCYLIDIS.

Pessima gens Leria est: non partim; pessima tota.  
 Excipio Procleem: sed Proclees Lerijs.

G. S.

Παρφδία.

Νήϊδες εἰσι μέτρων οἱ Τεύτονες· οὐχ ὁ μὲν, ὃς δ' οὐ·  
 Πάντες· πλὴν Ἑρμαννος· ὁ δ' Ἑρμαννος μάλα Τεύτων.

R. Porson.

The Germans in Greek  
 Are sadly to seek:  
 Not five in five score  
 But ninety-five more;  
 All but friend Hermann,  
 And Hermann's a German.

R. Porson.



## DVL.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

"Αδε τοι, Ἀρχίου υἱέ, Περικλέες, ἅ λιθίνα ἔγω

"Εστακα στάλα, μνᾶμα κυναγεσίας·

Πάντα δέ τοι περὶ σᾶμα τετεύχεται, ἵπποι, ἄκοντες,

Αἱ κύνες, αἱ στάλικες, δίκτυ' ὑπὲρ σταλίκων,

Αἷ, αἷ, λάϊνα πάντα· περιτροχάουσι δὲ θήρες·

Αὐτὸς δ' εἰκοσέτας νήγρετον ὕπνον ἔχεις.

INCERTI.

Hic lapis, Archiada, Pericles, tibi ponitur, artem

Venandi referens militiamque tuam.

Omnia, quicquid erat, circa stant, spicula, equique,

Amite cum levi retia juncta, canes.

Ast heu! saxea cuncta; feræ circum undique cursant;

Te viginti annos natum habet alta quies.

G.

Des Jägers Grab

Dir, o Archias Sohn Periklees, ward ich errichtet,

Eine Seule von Stein, als ein Gedächtniß der Jagd.

Alles bereitete man um das Denkmal: Pferd' und Geschosse,

Hund' und Gassen und Netz', über die Gassen gespannt.

Aber von Stein ist alles! Wie viel des Gewildes umherläuft;

Du, ein Zwanziger, schläfst ach! unerwecklichen Schlaf!

Voss.

Dir, o Perikles, Archias Sohn, ragt hier mit des Waidmanns

Zeichen geschmückt, dieß Mal, deinem Gedächtniß geweiht.

Alle Geräthe der Jagd umringen es, flüchtige Rosse,

Langen und Hund' und Gestäng; neben den Stangen das Netz;

Aber ach! Alles von Stein. Dreist irrt das Gewild um das Grabmal,

Und du, Jüngling, schläfst nimmer erwecklichen Schlaf.

Jacobs.

To thee, O son of Archias,

In token that the chase,

Periclees, thy pastime was,

This tomb of stone we place.

And all around thy monument

We've carved thy hunting-gear,

The dogs, the steeds, each implement,

The pole, the net, the spear;

All, all, of stone, alas! un-scar'd  
 The deer run tripping by;  
 Whilst thou, for twenty brief years spared,  
 Sleep'st here eternally!

W.

## DVII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΑ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ.

Ἦχ' ἤεσσα θάλασσα, τί τὸν Τιμάρεος οὕτως  
 Πλώοντ' οὐ πολλῇ νηὶ Τελευταγόρην,  
 Ἀγρία χειμῖνασα, κατεπρηνώσας πόντον  
 Σὺν φόρτῳ, λάβρον κύμ' ἐπιχεναμένη;  
 Χῶ μὲν πον καύηξι καὶ ἰχθυόβοις λαρίδεσσιν  
 Τεθρήνητ' ἄπνους εὐρεῖ ἐν αἰγιαλῷ.  
 Τιμάρης δὲ κενὸν τέκνον κεκλαυμένον ἄθρων  
 Τύμβον, δακρύει παῖδα Τελευταγόρην.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Cur ita Timaris, resonum mare, per freta prolem  
 Tam modica vectum nave Teleutagoram  
 Præcipitem egisti violenta desuper unda,  
 Sæva furens, tenues et leve pondus opes?  
 Littore quem vasto, mergi fulicæve, marinæ  
 Exanimem luxit nil nisi clangor avis.  
 Sed, vacuum nati spectans lacrymabile bustum,  
 Flet pater erepti fata Teleutagoræ.

G. E.

Wherefore, ye sounding seas, in tempest wild,  
 On that small bark that bore Timares' child,  
 With all its freight, hurl down th' impetuous surge?  
 Breathless he lies on some lone beach, his dirge  
 The cormorant and rav'ning sea-mew's cry;  
 Whilst poor Timares gazing on the bier,  
 Where Teleutagoras, his child, should lie,  
 Pours on his empty tomb full many a tear.

## DVIII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ.

Τῇδε Σάων, ὁ Δίκωνος, Ἀκάνθιος ἱερὸν ὕπνον  
 Κοιμᾶται. θνήσκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς.

CALLIMACHI.

Haec tellure Saon requiescit Acanthius, ortus  
 Patre Dicone: mori dicere turpe bonos.

N. Frischlinus

Hic sacro fruitur somno Sao, civis Acanthi,  
 Patre Dicone; bonos parce putare mori.

Grotius.

Patre Dicone Saon prognatus; civis Acanthi,  
 Hic placide dormit. Vir bonus haud moritur.

G. S.

Compiuto alfine il suo mortal viaggio,  
 D'anni e di meriti carco  
 Qui riposa Clearco:  
 Io morto nol dirò: non muore il saggio.

Cesare Montaltini.

Saon Acanzio, di Dione il figlio,  
 Chiuso in pio sonno il ciglio,  
 Qui dorme: indegno fora  
 Il dir che un buono mora.

II.

Cy gît Saon. Tranquillement il dort.  
 Il fut homme de bien. Ne dis pas qu'il est mort.

Poan-Saint Simon.

Saon, Dikons Sohn, der Akanthier, schlummert den heil'gen  
 Schlaf hier; nenne ja nie Tod des Edlichen Schlaf.

Herder

Hier schläft Saon heiligen Schlaf! Dass der Edliche sterbe  
 Sage nicht! denn der Tod eines Gerechten ist Schlaf!

Christian von Stolberg.

Saon, Dikons Sohn, der Akanthier, schlummert im Grab hier  
 Heiligen Schlaf; nicht Tod nenne der Seligen Ruh.

Jacobs.

With sacred slumbers bless'd, here Saon lies;  
 For think not, reader, that the good man dies.

Graves.

Here Saon, wrapp'd in holy slumber, lies:  
 Thou canst not say, the just and virtuous dies.

Merrill.

Beneath this tomb Acanthian Saon lies  
In holy sleep : the good man never dies.

F H

Here Dicon's son Acanthian Saon lies  
In blessed sleep : say not, the good man dies.

M.

*Parody.*

Here sleeps Sam Dickonson, of Thorney.  
You must not say he's dead, I warn ye ;  
Its actionable, and he's an attorney.

DIX.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Τίνας ἂν εἶποι λόγους Κλυταιμνήστρα Ὀρέστου μέλλοντος αὐτὴν σφάξαι.

Πῇ ξίφος ἰθύνεις ; κατὰ γαστέρος, ἢ κατὰ μαζῶν ;  
Γαστήρ ἢ σ' ἐλόχευσεν, ἀνεθρέψαντο δὲ μαζοί.

INCERTI.

In ventremne tuum vel mammas dirigis ensem ?

Hæc te mamma aluit, venter at iste tulit.

Janus Pannonius.

En mamman ! En ventrem ! Sævum quo verteris ensem ?

Hæc te mamma aluit, tulit hic te venter, Orestes.

G. S.

Dove portar t' appresti

Quel ferro ? Al ventre, o al sen ? Dal ventre l'essere,

Dal seno il latte avesti.

M.

Ou frapperont tes mains cruelles,

Par le ventre ou par les mammelles ?

Le ventre, Oreste, t'a porté,

Les mammelles t'ont allaité.

La Fresnaye.

Κλυταιμνήστρα zu Orestes.

Wohin fährst du das Schwert ? Zum Leib ? Er hat dich geboren.

Oder zur Brust ? Es hat, Mörder, die Brust dich genährt.

Heider.

Where wilt thou point the deadly steel ?

Shall breast or womb thy vengeance feel ?

The womb that bare thee, or the breast

To which thy infant lips were prest ?

E. S.

## DX.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Μουσῶν.

Ἵμῖν τοῦτο, Θεαὶ, κεχαρισμένον ἄνθετο πάσαις  
 Τῷ γαλμα Ξενοκλῆς, τοῦτο τὸ μαρμάρινον,  
 Μουσικός· οὐχ ἑτέρως τις ἐρεῖ. σοφία δ' ἐπὶ τᾷδε  
 Αἶνον ἔχων, Μουσέων οὐκ ἐπιλανθάνεται.

THEOCRITI.

Hanc vobis Xenocles statuam de marmore puro  
 Dedicat, Aonides, turba novena, Deæ,  
 Musicus. Haud quisquam negat hoc, cui parta canendo  
 Fama, Camœnarum par meminisse fuit.

Grotius.

A tutte voi questo di marmo eletto  
 Simulacro ha Senocle, o Muse, eretto.  
 Ei Musico, e per tale arte in onore  
 Venuto, non oblia l' Aonie Suore.

M.

*On a monument erected to the Muses.*

Here Xenocles hath rais'd this marble shrine,  
 Skill'd in sweet music, to the tuneful Nine:  
 He from his art acquires immortal fame,  
 And grateful owns the fountain whence it came.

Fawkes.

## DNI.

ΤΡΑΙΑΝΟΥ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ.

Ἀντίον ἡελίου στήσας ῥίνα καὶ στόμα χάσκον,  
 Δείξεις τὰς ὥρας πᾶσι παρερχομένοις.

TRAJANI IMPERATORIS.

Si tuus ad solem statuatur nasus, hiant  
 Ore, bene ostendas dentibus, hora quota est.

Th. Merus

Si nasum radiis obvertas solis, et hiscas  
 Ore, videbit ibi, qui volet, hora quota est.

Grotius.

Stande with thy nose against the sunne with open chaps,  
 And by thy teeth we shall discern what 'tis o'clock perhaps.

Turberville.

*To a Nose and Teeth very long.*

Gape 'gainst the sun, and by thy teeth and nose  
'Tis easie to perceive how the day goes.

Anon. Mus. Del.

If open-mouth'd, thy Nose to the sun did stand,  
Wee by thy teeth the houres might understand.

Lawrence T. Hall.

*An Epigram in praise of John Pig's diminutive Nose, in imitation of the  
Emperour Trajan's.*

Well, all the Dyal-makers are undone !  
Let Pig but turn his Nose to the Sun,  
'Twill serve for both steeple and Weather-cock,  
And on his teeth tell travellers what's a clock.

Charles Goodall

Let Dick some summer's day expose  
Before the sun his monstrous nose,  
And stretch his giant mouth, to cause  
Its shade to fall upon his jaws :  
With nose so long, and mouth so wide,  
And those twelve grinders side by side,  
Dick, with a very little trial,  
Would make an excellent sun-dial.

Memorale

## DXII.

Θ Ε Ο Δ Ω Ρ Ο Υ .

*Ἑρμοκράτης τὰς ῥινός· ἐπεὶ τὰν ῥῖνα λέγοντες  
Ἑρμοκράτους, μικροῖς μακρὰ χαριζόμεθα.*

THEODORI.

Hermocrates nasi. Parvis aptamus iniqui  
Grandia, si nasum dicimus Hermocratis.

U. Velius.

*On John Pig, who was very famous for his great Nose.*

To say the nose of Pig ! that cannot be ;  
There's no comparison, 'tis all Hyperbole !  
But he that would the naked truth expose,  
Must for distinction say, Pig of the Nose !

Charles Goodall.



## DXIII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Χρυσὸν ἀνὴρ εὐρὼν ἔλιπεν βρόχον· αὐτὰρ ὁ χρυσὸν  
 “Ὀν λίπεν οὐχ εὐρὼν, ἦψεν δὲ εὔρε βρόχον.

PLATONIS.

Thesauro invento qui limina mortis inibat  
 Liquit ovans laqueum quo periturus erat.  
 At qui, quod terra abdiderat, non repperit aurum,  
 Quem laqueum invenit, nexuit: et periit.

Ausonius.

Qui laqueum collo nectebat, repperit aurum:  
 Thesaurique loco deposuit laqueum.  
 At qui condiderat, postquam non repperit aurum:  
 Aptavit collo, quem reperit laqueum.

Ausonius.

Hic, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter ut aurum  
 Non reperit, nectit quem reperit laqueum.

Sam. Johnson.

Un che impiccarsi per povertà intende,  
 Trova un tesoro: lascia il laccio, e quel prende.  
 L' altro che 'l suo tesoro trova furato,  
 Impicca sè col laccio ivi trovato.

L. Alamanni.

Chi strozzar si volea, trovò un tesoro:  
 Se 'l prese, e lasciò il laccio ov' era l' oro.  
 Chi l' oro non trovò quivi lasciato,  
 Col laccio si strozzò da lui trovato.

Paḡnini.

Un pobre, de miseria ya aburrido,  
 Se iba á ahorcar; mas encontró un tesoro;  
 Y sacándole alegre, en vez del oro  
 El lazo del cordel dexó escondido.  
 Vino el rico, que oculto le tenia,  
 Gozoso; pero al verse sin dinero,  
 Tomó el cordel, y se ahorcó severo.  
 He aquí como la suerte se varía.

Arroyal.

Un fol attachant à son col  
 Pour s' étrangler, un fier licol,  
 Trouva sous l' arbre, d' aventure,  
 Un beau trésor, en lieu duquel  
 Il jetta le cordeau mortel,  
 Ou jà branloit sa mort future.  
 L' autre venant chercher son or,  
 Trouvant en lieu de son trésor  
 Le licol, le prend et le noue  
 De rage à son col, et soudain  
 S' en pendit de sa propre main.  
 Ainsi de nous le sort se joue.

*Maïlou de la Haye.*

Un qui la corde en main s' en alloit pour se pendre  
 Trouve un riche trésor ; laisse la corde la.  
 Le maître du trésor allant pour le reprendre,  
 Et ne le trouvant plus, du licol s' étrangla.

*Tamisiar.*

Celui qui pauvre s' alloit pendre,  
 Trouve un trésor dans un poteau ;  
 Pour le trésor qu' il alla prendre,  
 Il laissa là son vil cordeau.  
 Mais celui, qui riche avoit mise  
 Sa pécune au poteau fendu,  
 A du pauvre la corde prise,  
 Et, misérable, s' est pendu.

*La Fresnaye*

Un jour le malheureux Lindor,  
 Etant sur le point de se pendre,  
 Vint à découvrir un trésor,  
 Qui du coup avec joie eut l' heur de le défendre ;  
 Mais Chrisophon triste et touché  
 De ne plus retrouver l' or qu' il avoit caché  
 Eut bien une autre destinée ;  
 Car ce désespéré, que la fureur surprit,  
 En se mettant au col la corde abandonnée,  
 Serra le nœud dont il périt.

*Mau'trot.*

Un homme allait se pendre. Il découvre un trésor,  
 Jette sa corde, et prend la somme.  
 Le maître vient, ne trouve plus son or,  
 Mais bien la corde. Elle pendit mon homme.

Joan-Saint-Simon.

Das Gold und der Strick.

Gold lag hier begraven; ein Dürstiger, der in Verzweiflung  
 Sich schon knüpfte den Tod, fand das begrabene Gold,  
 Ruhn's und vergass den Strick, den er zum Tode sich knüpfte.  
 Du, der das Gold begrub, such' es und finde den Strick.

Herder.

For shamefast harne of great and hatefull nede,  
 In depe dispaire as did a wretch go,  
 With ready corde out of his life to spede,  
 His stumbling foote did finde an horde, lo,  
 Of gold, I say, where he preparde this dede,  
 And in exchange he left the corde tho.

He that had hid the golde, and found it not,  
 Of that he found, he shapt his neck a knot.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

*Of two desperate men.*

A man in deepe despaire with hempe in hand  
 Went out in haste to end his wretched dayes:  
 And where he thought the Gallotree should stand  
 He found a pot of gold: he goes his wayes  
 Therewith eftsoone, and in exchaunge he left  
 The rope wherewith he would his breath bereft.

The greedie carle came within a space  
 That ownde the gold and saw the pot behinde  
 Where ruddocks lay, and in the ruddocks place  
 A knottie corde, but ruddocks could not finde.  
 He caught the hemp and hoong himselfe on trec,  
 For grieffe that he his treasure could not see.

Turbervile

A man found a treasure, and what's very strange,  
 Running off with the cash left a rope in exchange:  
 The poor owner at missing his gold, full of grief,  
 Hung himself with the rope which was left by the thief.

Sir Alexander Croke.

DXIV.

M A R I A N O Υ Σ Χ Ο Λ Α Σ Τ Ι Κ Ο Υ .

Εἰς λουτρὸν ὀνομαζόμενον Ἑρωτα.

Μητέρα Κύπριν ἔλουσεν Ἑρως ποτὲ τῷδε λοετρῷ,  
 Αὐτὸς ὑποφλέξας λαμπάδι καλὸν ὕδωρ.  
 Ἴδρῶς δ' ἀμβροσίῳ χυθεὶς χροὸς ἄμμιγα λευκοῖς  
 Ὕδασι, φεῦ, πνοιῆς ὅσσον ἀνήψεν ἔαρ.  
 Ἐνθεν αἰὲ ροδόεσσιν ἀναζεύουσιν αὐτμήν,  
 Ὡς ἔτι τῆς χρυσῆς λονομένης Παφίης.

M A R I A N I S C H O L A S T I C I .

Laverat hoc quondam genitricem fonte Cupido,  
 Subjiciens undis molliibus ipse facem.  
 Ambrosius nitido manans e corpore sudor  
 Quam plenas rosei fecit odoris aquas?  
 Ex illo sic semper aquis ver spirat in illis,  
 Ceu se prolueret nunc quoque pulchra Venus.

Grotius.

Amor und Cypris badeten hier in der lieblichen Quelle;  
 Amor schergte darin, tauchte die Fackel hinein,  
 Siehe, da mischten sich Funken der Liebe zur glänzende Welle,  
 Und von der Göttinn floss süßter ambrosi'scher Duft  
 Immer noch blinkt und duftet die Quelle von rosigter Liebe:  
 Amor und Paphia, sie baden noch immer in ihr.

Herder.

As in this fount Love wash'd the Cyprian dame,  
 His touch the water tinged with subtle flame;  
 And, while his busy hands his mother lave,  
 Ambrosial dews enrich the silver wave,  
 And all the undulating bason fill;  
 Such dews as her celestial limbs distil.  
 Hence how delicious float these tepid streams!  
 What rosy odours! what nectareous steams!  
 So pure the water, and so soft the air,  
 It seems as if the goddess still were there.

Ogilby.

Once on a time Love bathed his mother here,  
 First heating with his torch the waters clear.  
 Lo from her goddess form what dews distil!  
 And wake fresh odours in the mingling rill!  
 E'en now, such roseate fumes ascend, you'd swear  
 That golden Venus still was bathing there.

## DXV.

ΚΑΛΛΙΣΤΡΑΤΟΥ.

Σκόλιον.

Ἐν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,  
 Ὡσπερ Ἀρμόδιος κ' Ἀριστογείτων,  
 Ὅτε τὸν τύραννον κτανέτην  
 Ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποιησάτην.  
 Φίλταθ' Ἀρμόδι', οὐ τί που τέθνηκας  
 Νήσοις δ' ἐν μακάρων σέ φασιν εἶναι,  
 Ἴνα περ ποδώκης Ἀχιλεὺς,  
 Τυδεΐδην τέ φασιν Διομήδεα.  
 Ἐν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,  
 Ὡσπερ Ἀρμόδιος κ' Ἀριστογείτων,  
 Ὅτ' Ἀθηναίης ἐν θυσίαις  
 Ἄνδρα τύραννον Ἰππαρχον ἐκαινέτην.  
 Ἀεὶ σφῶν κλέος ἔσσεται κατ' αἶαν,  
 Φίλταθ' Ἀρμόδιος κ' Ἀριστογείτων,  
 Ὅτι τὸν τύραννον κτανέτην,  
 Ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποιησάτην.

CALLISTRATI.

*Scolium.*

Harmodii ritu myrto cingam ilicet ense,  
 Rituque Aristogeitonis,  
 Libera quùm justâ ferrent nece jura tyranni  
 Legesque Athenis liberas.

Harmodii pietas, non te mors occupat atra :  
 Jam per beatorum insulas  
 Crederis ire comes felix velocis Achillei,  
 Tydidis et felix comes.

Harmodii ritu myrto cingam ilicet ense,  
 Rituque Aristogeitonis,  
 Pallados Hipparchum quando inter sacra tyrannum  
 Dmitterent ferro neci.

Virtus Harmodii, vivet per secula : vivet,  
 Aristogeiton, et tua ;  
 Libera qui justâ tuleris nece jura tyranni,  
 Legesque Athenis liberas.

G. F. D. 1

Ich befränge mein Schwert mit Myrtenzweigen,  
 Wie Harmodios that, und Aristogiton,  
 Da sie tödteten den Tyrannen, da sie  
 Schenkten Athen Gerechtigkeit, und Freiheit!

O, ihr Freiheitgeber, euch hohen Helden  
 War der Tod nicht Tod! in der Seligen Inseln  
 Lebt ihr! dort wo der Göttinn Sohn Achilleus  
 Lebt, und der tapfere Iphides Diomedes!

Ich befränge mein Schwert mit Myrtenzweigen,  
 Wie Harmodias that, und Aristogiton,  
 Da den Tyrannen sie, den Mann Hipparchos  
 Tödteten bei Athene's Opferfeste!

Ewig wird auf Erden tönen euer  
 Ruhm, Harmodios und Aristogiton,  
 Die ihr tödtetet den Tyrannen, die ihr  
 Schenktet Athen Gerechtigkeit und Freiheit!

Christian von Stiller

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,  
 The sword that laid the tyrant low,  
 When patriots, burning to be free,  
 To Athens gave equality.

Harmodius, hail! though reft of breath,  
 Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death;  
 The heroes' happy isles shall be  
 The bright abode allotted thee.

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,  
 The sword that laid Hipparchus low,  
 When at Minerva's adverse fane  
 He knelt, and never rose again.

While Freedom's name is understood,  
 You shall delight the wise and good;  
 You dar'd to set your country free,  
 And gave her laws equality.

D

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,  
 Like our patriots the noble and brave,  
 Who devoted the tyrant to death,  
 And to Athens equality gave.



Lov'd Harmodius, thou never shalt die !

The poets exultingly tell,  
That thine is the fulness of joy,  
Where Achilles and Diomed dwell.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,  
Like our patriots the noble and brave,  
Who devoted Hipparchus to death,  
And buried his pride in the grave.

At the altar the tyrant they seiz'd  
While Minerva he vainly implor'd,  
And the goddess of wisdom was pleas'd  
With the victim of liberty's sword.

May your bliss be immortal on high,  
Among men as your glory shall be !  
Ye doom'd the usurper to die,  
And bade our dear country be free.

D

*Paraphrase.*

Wreath'd with myrtles be my glave,  
Like the falchion of the brave,  
Death to Athens' lord that gave,  
Death to tyranny !

Yes ! let myrtle-wreaths be round  
Such as then the falchion bound,  
When with deeds the feast was crown'd,  
Done for liberty !

Voiced by Fame eternally,  
Noble pair ! your names shall be,  
For the stroke that made us free,  
When the tyrant fell.

Death, Harmodius ! came not near thee,  
Isles of bliss and brightness cheer thee,  
There heroic breasts revere thee,  
There the mighty dwell !

D. K. Sandford.

## DXVI.

Α Λ Κ Α Ι Ο Υ.

Δοκρίδος ἐν νέμεϊ σκιερῷ νέκυν Ἑσιόδοιο  
 Νύμφαι κρηνίδων λοῦσαν ἀπὸ σφετέρων,  
 Καὶ τάφον ὑψώσαντο· γάλακτι δὲ ποιμένες αἰγῶν  
 Ἐρράναν, ξανθῷ μιζάμενοί μέλιτι·  
 Τοίην γὰρ καὶ γῆρυν ἀπέπνεεν, ἐννέα Μουσέων  
 Ὅ πρέσβυς καθαρῶν γευσάμενος λιβάδων.

ALCÆI.

Hesiodi corpus silvæ sub Locridos umbra  
 Laverunt Nymphæ fonte nitente suo,  
 Et tumulum fecere super, quem lacte rigarunt  
 Pastores, memores addere nectar apīs.  
 Fuderat his rebus similes quia pectore voces,  
 Aonidum puro potus ab amne senex.

Grotius

Als im Lokrischen Thain der Hirt Hesiodus abschied,  
 Wuschen im klaren Quell Nymphen den heiligen Leib  
 Und errichteten ihm sein Grabmal. Schäfer und Hirten  
 Gossen zum Opfer ihm Milch und Honig hinan:  
 Denn das athmeten einst des Lebenden süsse Gesänge;  
 Müssen, es trank der Greis euren reinsten Quell.

Herder:

Deep in a shady Locrian glade  
 The wood-nymphs Hesiod's funeral made:  
 They washed his corse, they raised a mound;  
 While shepherds on that hallowed ground  
 The tide of milk and honey poured  
 To him whom all their hearts adored.  
 For why? Because the Muses nine  
 Once fed him from their fount divine;  
 And from that hour the poet's song  
 Like milk and honey flowed along.

J. W. B.

## DXVII.

A Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Οἷος ἔης φεύγων τὸν ὑπὴνέμον, ἔμπνοε Λάδα,  
 Θῦμον, ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ πνεύματι θεῖς ὄνυχα,  
 Τοῖον ἐχάλλευσέν σε Μύρων, ἐπὶ παντὶ χαράξας  
 Σώματι Πισαίου προσδοκίην στεφάνου.  
 Πλήρης ἐλπίδος ἐστίν, ἄκροις δ' ἐπὶ χεῖλεσιν ἄσθμα  
 Ἐμφαίνει κοίλων ἔνδοθεν ἐκ λαγόνων.  
 Πηδῆσει τάχα χαλκὸς ἐπὶ στέφος, οὐδὲ καθέξει  
 Ἄ βάσις· ὦ τέχνη πνεύματος ὠκυτέρα.

INCERT.

Qualis eras, celerem certans ubi vincere Thymum  
 Verrebas rapido flamina summa pede,  
 Talem, et sic toto expectantem præmia palmæ  
 Corpore te, Ladas, fluxit in ære Myron.  
 Spe tumet instinctum pectus; singultibus ora  
 Summa simul erebris et latera ima tremunt.  
 Prosilit æs vivum, spretaque crepidine palmam  
 Præripit: O ventos vincere docta manus!

G. S.

Wie du zum Ziel' hinfliegst mit schwebendem Fuß in der Lüften,  
 Wie mit athmender Brust auf zum Pisaischen Kranz  
 Du dich habest: so hat dich, Ladas, Myron gebildet:  
 So schwingt, leicht wie die Luft, deine Gestalt sich empor  
 Voll von Hoffnung.—Es schwebt auf äußerster Lyre der Hauch ihm:  
 Seine gehob'ne Brust wölbt Verlangen hinauf.  
 Hast schon hürlet das Bild von dem Fußgestelle zum Kranz auf:  
 O der lebenden Kunst, leicht wie der athmende Geist.

H. S. S.

'Tis Lades, as with foot of wind  
 When o'er the course he flew,  
 And e'en swift Thymus left behind,  
 Each part to nature true.  
 In Myron's bronze again he lives,  
 Again the eager soul  
 For Pisa's chaplet pants and strives,  
 And fires the glorious whole.

Of hope each quivering muscle tells :

Mark but the straining hip,  
The bosom that with ardour swells,  
The hot breath on the lip !

Its stand no more the metal keeps,  
But bounding from its base,  
Forward to grasp the crown it leaps.  
Art, thou hast won the race !

G. S.

## DXVIII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Λάδας τὸ στάδιον εἴθ' ἤλατο, εἴτε διέπτη,  
Δαιμόνιον τὸ τάχος, οὐδὲ φράσαι δυνατόν.

INCERTI.

Ladas per stadium saltaverit, an volitarit,  
(Tam cito confecit) dicere nemo potest.

Grotius.

Such was the speed of Ladas, no one knew  
Whether he leapt across the course or flew.

W.

## DXIX.

Σ Π Ε Υ Σ Ι Π Π Ο Υ.

Εἰς Πλάτωνα.

Σῶμα μὲν ἐν κόλποις κατέχει τόδε γαῖα Πλάτωνος·  
Ψυχὴ δ' ἰσοθέων τάξιν ἔχει μακάρων.

SPEUSIPPI.

*De Platone.*

Terra sinu magni complectitur ossa Platonis,  
Par superis animus regna beata tenet.

Grotius.

Ha in sen la terra di Platon la salma,  
Ma immortal fra' beati alberga l' alma.

M.

Platons Hülle verbirgt in dem heiligen Schooße die Erde ;  
Aber der Seligen Chor hat sich die Seele vereint.

Jacobs.

Plato's dead form this earthy shroud invests ;  
His soul among the godlike heroes rests.

Merivale

## DXX.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Αἰσώπου.

Εὔγε ποιῶν, Λύσιππε γέρων, Σικυνώνιέ πλάστα,  
 Δείκελον Αἰσώπου στήσας τοῦ Σαμίου  
 Ἑπτὰ σοφῶν ἔμπροσθεν, ἐπεὶ κείνοι μὲν ἀνάγκην  
 Ἐμβαλον, οὐ πειθῶ, φθέγμασι τοῖς σφετεροῖς·  
 Ὅς δὲ σοφοῖς μύθοις καὶ πλάσμασι καίρια λέξας,  
 Παῖζων ἐν σπονδῇ, πείθει ἐχεφρονέειν.  
 Φευκτὸν δ' ἢ τρηχεῖα παραίνεσις· ἢ Σαμίου δὲ  
 Τὸ γλυκὺ τοῦ μύθου καλὸν ἔχει δέλεαρ.

AGATHIÆ.

Ære tuo Septem Sapientes ponere jussus  
 Æsopi effigiem sede priore locas,  
 Et dignè, Lysippe, facis, Sicyonie; ab illis  
 Scilicet invito cogimur esse boni;  
 Ast hic vera joco dicens apteque repertis  
 Fabellis recti suadet inire viam.  
 Admonitus duos fugiendum est: allicit ultro  
 Captum animum Samii fabula blanda senis.

G S.

Æsopus im Wille

Läßlich hast du gethan, o Lysippus, daß du vor alle  
 Sieben Weisen das Bild unsers Æsopus gesetzt.  
 Zene lehren die Pflicht in schwer aufzwingenden Sprüchen;  
 Dieser, fabelnd mit uns, spielet uns Weisheit in's Herz.

Herder.

*On Æsop's statue placed at the head of those of the seven sages of Greece.*

Lysippus, well has your discerning taste,  
 Before yon sages, Æsop's statue plac'd:  
 Our reason they with logic's power assail,  
 And scorn by gentler methods to prevail;  
 Whilst Æsop, with acuteness more refin'd,  
 At once instructs and entertains the mind:  
 Each hearer's pride and fancy he beguiles;  
 Whilst wisdom borrows fiction's airy smiles.

Pn Smyth

Well done ! old Sicyonian sculptor famous !  
 Well hath Lysippus grouped Æsop of Samus  
 Before the Sages seven, whose sayings stern  
 Oblige, while his persuade, wisdom to learn.  
 By tale or fiction apt, a word in season  
 Draws us, 'twixt play and earnest, back to reason,  
 When counsel rude we'd shun ; with bait more sure  
 The pleasant Samian's fable can allure.

## DXXI.

N I K I O Y.

*Ἴζεν ὑπ' αἰγέλοισιν, ἐπεὶ κάμες, ἐνθάδ' ὀδῖτα,  
 Καὶ πῖε θᾶσσον ἰὼν πίδακος ἀμετέρας·  
 Μνᾶσαι δὲ κρίναν καὶ ἀπόπροθι, τὰν ἐπὶ Γίλλῳ  
 Σῖμος ἀποφθιμένῳ παιδὶ παριδρύεται.*

NICIÆ.

Populea (fessus namque es) requiesce sub umbra,  
 Deque mea potum sume, viator, aqua :  
 Sisque memor fontis longe quoque, flebile Gilli  
 Ad bustum Simus quem pater apposuit.

GRILLUS.

Grabsschrift am Quell.

Setze dich, auszuruhn, o Wanderer, unter den Pappeln  
 Hier, und schöpfe dir schnell einen erfrischenden Trunk.  
 Aber gedenke des Quells auch ferne noch, welchen am Gillus  
 Seinem gestorbenen Sohn Simos zur Seite gebaut.

VILL.

Bist du ermüdet, o Wandrer, so setze dich unter die Pappeln,  
 Und von der Quelle Krystall trinke das kühlende Nass.  
 Sey auch fern noch des Brunnens gedenk, den neben des Sohnes  
 Gillus ragendem Grab Simos der Vater gebaut.

JACOBUS.

Beneath these poplars rest thee, passer by !  
 And cool thy parch'd lips in my gushing wave :  
 Nor let this fountain fade from Mem'ry's eye,  
 Which Simus built to mark his Gillus' grave !

J. W. B.



## DXXII.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ.

Εἰ καὶ ἐπὶ ξείνης σε, Λεόντιε, γαῖα καλύπτει,  
 Εἰ καὶ ἐρικλαύτων τῇλ' ἔθανες γονέων,  
 Πολλὰ σοι ἐκ βλεφάρων ἐχύθη περιτύμβια φωτῶν  
 Δάκρυα, δυστλήτῳ πένθει δαπτομένων.  
 Πᾶσι γὰρ ἦσθα λίην πεφίλημένος, οἷά τε πάντων  
 Ξυνὸς ἐὼν κοῦρος, ξυνὸς ἐὼν ἑταρος.  
 Αἰ αἶ, λευγαλέη καὶ ἀμείλιχος ἔπλετο Μοῖρα,  
 Μηδὲ τεῆς ἥβης, δύσμορε, φεισαμένη.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Multa tuo tristes lachrymas fudere sepulchro  
 Lumina: multa ob te pectora luctus habet.  
 Nam cunctis dilectus eras, quasi filius esses  
 Omnibus, aut junctus lege sodaliti.  
 Ah nimium crudelis erat, nimis impia Parca,  
 Ætatem quæ non est miserata tuam.

Grotius.

Sæpe tuum in tumultum lachrymarum decedit imber,  
 Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor;  
 Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,  
 Cuique esses natus, cuique sodalis, eras.  
 Heu quam dura preces sprevit, quam surda querelas  
 Parca, juventutem non miserata tuam.

Sam. Johnson.

Grabſchrift auf einen Jüngling.

Viele Thränen benetzen dein Grab, ſie träufeln uns allen,  
 Uns, die der Jammer verzehrt, über die Wangen herab.  
 Allen wareſt du theuer, und wareſt allen, o Jüngling,  
 Freund, und Bruder, und Sohn, da du auf Erden noch warſt;  
 Ach, es erbarmte ſich nicht das unerbittliche Schickſal  
 Deiner Jugend, und, ach! unſeres Jammers ſich nicht.

Gottsched'sche Anthologie.

Far from his native land Leontius lies ;  
 Far from his parents' sight he closed his eyes.  
 Yet tears for him, unnumber'd tears were shed ;  
 And many a breaking heart bewailed him, dead.  
 For all in him beheld a loved one's end :  
 A son, the aged ; and the young, a friend.  
 Alas, dear youth ! how stern the doom must be,  
 How cold and stern, which spared not even thee !

F. W. B.

## DXXIII.

ΕΥΦΟΡΙΩΝΟΣ.

Οὐ Τρηχίς λιθιαῖος ἐπ' ὅστέα κείνα καλύπτει,  
 Οὐδ' ἡ κυάνεον γράμμα λαβοῦσα πέτρῃ·  
 Ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν δολιχῆς τε καὶ αἰπεινῆς Δρακάνοιο  
 Ἰκάριον ῥήσσει κύμα περὶ κροκάλαις·  
 Ἀντὶ δ' ἐγὼ ξενίης πολυμήδεος ἡ κενεὴ χθὼν  
 Ὠγκώθην Δρυόπων διψάσιν ἐν βοτάναις.

EUPHORIONIS.

Non lapidosa viri Trachis complectitur ossa,  
 Nulla tegunt nigris indita saxa notis ;  
 Sed Drepani in longum surgentia littora circum  
 Icarii volvens conterit unda maris.  
 Me tumulum mœrens hospes conguessit inanem,  
 Pascua ubi Dryopum torrida sole patent.

G. S.

No native Trachis, land of many stones,  
 Nor rock with dark inscription shrouds his bones ;  
 Tall Drepanum, thy promontoried steep  
 Beneath, he welters in th' Icarian deep,  
 And I his cenotaph by friendship's hand  
 Upreared 'mid parch'd Dryopian pastures stand.

G. S.

## DXXIV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Ἀπόλλων περὶ Ὀμήρου.

Ἦειδον μὲν ἐγών, ἐχάρασσε δὲ θεῖος Ὀμηρος.

INCERTI.

Hæc ego dictabam magnus scribebat Homerus.

Omero scrisse : dettò Febo Apollo.

Salvinius.

Cantava Apollo : l' udì Omero, e scrisse.

Angelo d' Elci.

Quand Apollon vit le volume  
Qui sous le nom d' Homère enchantoit l' univers :  
Je me souviens, dit-il, que j' ai dicté ces vers,  
Et qu' Homère tenoit la plume.

Charpentier

*Sur Homère.*

Quand la dernière fois dans le sacré vallon,  
La troupe des neuf Sœurs, par l' ordre d' Apollon,  
Leut l' Iliade et l' Odyssée,  
Chacune à les louer se montrant empressée,  
Apprenez un secret qu' ignore l' univers,  
Leur dit alors le Dieu des vers.  
Jadis avec Homère aux rives du Permesse,  
Dans ce bois de lauriers, où seul il me suivoit,  
Je les fis toutes deux, plein d' une douce yvresse.  
Je chantois ; Homère écrivoit.

Brileau.

J' entonnai le premier ces chansons sur ma lyre,  
Homère qui m' ouït eut l' art de les écrire.

De la Mennoy.

Voici le double ouvrage en tous lieux si vanté,  
Homère l' écrivit, c' est moi qui l' ai dicté.

Id.

*A. M. le Marquis de La Fare.*

L'autre jour la Cour du Parnasse  
Fit assembler tous ses bureaux  
Pour juger au rapport d'Horace,  
Du prix de certains vers nouveaux :  
Après maint arrêt toujours juste  
Contre mille ouvrages divers,  
Enfin le courtisan d'Auguste  
Fit rapport de vos derniers vers.  
Aussi-tôt le Dieu du Permesse  
Lui dit : Je connois cette pièce ;  
Je la fis en ce même endroit.  
L'Amour avoit monté ma lyre ;  
Sa mère écoutoit, sans mot dire ;  
Je chantois, La Fare écrivoit.

J. B. Rousseau

*A. M. le Marquis d'Aubepin.*

Apollon quittant l'Hippocrène  
Vint rêver, au doux bruit que fait votre fontaine ;  
Et le long de ses bords, si rians, si fleuris,  
Il composa sur sa divine lyre  
Les vers que vous m'avez fait lire ;  
Vous ne les avez que transcrits.

Mme La Marquise de Simiane

*Anacreontic Epistle to Mr. Gay, on his Poems.*

When Fame did o'er the spacious plain  
The lays she once had learn'd repeat ;  
All listen'd to the tuneful strain,  
And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.  
'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,  
Th' harmonious frame the Muses strung,  
The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,  
And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung.

Part I.

## DXXV.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ἐννέα τὰς Μούσας φασὶν τινες ὡς ὀλιγάρως.  
Ἦνιδε καὶ Σαπφὼ Λεσβόθεν ἡ δεκάτη.

PLATONIS.

Musas esse novem referunt, sed prorsus aberrant :  
Lesbica jam Sappho Pieris est decima.

Th. Morus.

Esse novem quidam Musas dixere, sed errant :  
Ecce tibi Sappho Lesbica quæ decima est.

Grotius.

Esse novem Musas nonnulli quam temere ! aiunt.  
En ! decimam Sappho Lesbica terra dedit.

G. B.

Con poco senno alcuni  
Di nove Muse fer l' Aonio coro.  
Ve' che Saffo è la decima tra loro.

Pagnini.

How careless they, who say, "Nine Muses," when  
With Lesbian Sappho, as you see, they're ten.

W.

"The Muses nine" say some : how rashly ! when  
With Lesbian Sappho, here, we see they're ten.

G. B.

## DXXVI.

ΗΓΗΣΙΠΠΟΥ.

Ὅξεῖαι πάντα περὶ τὸν τάφον εἰσὶν ἄκανθαι  
Καὶ σκόλοπες βλάβεις τοὺς πόδας, ἣν προσίης·  
Τίμων μισάνθρωπος ἐνοικέω· ἀλλὰ πάρελθε,  
Οἰμώζειν εἴπας πολλά, πάρελθε μόνον.

HEGESIPPI.

Hunc circa tumulum surgunt spinæque sudesque,  
Si prope sis, referes saucius inde pedem.  
I procul hinc : Timon moror hic mortalibus hostis :  
Meque jube, si vis, flere, sed i procul hinc.

Grotius

Disteln umstarren das Grab; scharfstechende Dornen verwunden,  
Wandrer, den eisenden Fuß, wenn du zu nähern dich wagst.  
Timon wohnet darunter, der Menschheit Haßer.—Vorbey denn,  
Wandrer! so viel dir beliebt scheltend. Nur gehe vorbey.

Jacobs

Sharp thorns and stakes beset this tomb all round :  
Stranger, approach it not ; your feet you'll wound.  
Timon the misanthrope dwells here. Pass on :  
And vent your curses as you pass. Begone !

W.

## DXXVII.

ΙΩΑΝΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΒΑΡΒΟΥΚΑΛΛΟΥ.

Αἶθε σέ, Πίνδαρε, μᾶλλον ἐμοῖς ἐκάθηρα ῥέεθροις,  
Καί κεν ἄριστον ὕδωρ τοῦμὸν ἔφησθα μόνον.

JOANNIS BARBUCALLI.

Te nostris utinam lavissem, Pindare, lymphis,  
Optima, dixisses, res aqua, me celebrans.

Grotius.

Si lavisse meis te, Pindare, dicerer undis,  
Laudasses solas fluminis hujus aquas.

Joh Daniel Schulze

Had my waters been, O Pindar,  
But a bathing-place of thine,  
Surely then, ἄριστον ὕδωρ  
Thou hadst sung of none but mine !

J. W. B.

## DXXVIII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΛΙΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ.

Οἱ συναγωνισταὶ τὸν πύγμαχον ἐνθάδ' ἔθηκαν  
Ἄπιν· οὐδένα γὰρ πώποτ' ἐτραυμάτισεν.

LUCILLII, VEL LUCIANI.

Appius hinc pugil est : pugiles posuere sodali ;  
Vulnera quem pugili nulla dedisse ferunt.

G. F. D. T.

Grati locaro i giostrator qui in mostra  
Api, che a nullo mai non nocque in giostra.

Pagnini.

To Apis was this statue rais'd by his com-pugilists,  
No one of whom at any time he damag'd with his fists.

W.



## DXXIX.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Δούλος Ἐπίκτητος γενόμεν, καὶ σῶμ' ἀνάπηρος,  
Καὶ πενίην Ἴρος, καὶ φίλος ἀθανάτοις.

INCERTI.

Servus, Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,  
Pauperieque Irus, curaque summa Deum.

Sam. Johnson

Io Epitteto servo fui; storpiato,  
Povero d' Iro al paro,  
E agli Immortali caro.

M.

Ich war Epiktet, ein Knecht, und hinkend am Fusse;  
Arm wie Iros, und doch waren die Götter mir hold.

Herder.

A slave was Epictetus, who before thee buried lies,  
And a cripple and a beggar, and the favourite of the skies.

G. S.

## DXXX.

Κ' Υ Ρ Ι Α Δ Ο Υ.

Πάγκαλόν ἐστ' ἐπίγραμμα τὸ δίστιχον· ἦν δὲ παρέλθῃς  
Τοὺς τρεῖς, ῥαψωδεῖς, οὐκ ἐπίγραμμα λέγεις.

CYRILLI.

Versibus ex geminis bona sunt epigrammata; quod si  
Tres excedis, epos non epigramma facis.

Grotius.

Optima, quæ bini versûs, epigrammata; trinum  
Si superes, epos est, non epigramma facis.

G. B.

Keep to one couplet; epigrams are good on that condition:  
Exceed three lines; your epigram becomes a composition.

W

A perfect epigram should lie within a single distich,  
But loses, when beyond three lines, its true characteristic.

W

To make a perfect epigram, your thought within a distich cram!  
Beyond that size, you rhapsodize, and do not write an epigram.

J. W. B.

An epigram, in proper taste composed,  
Should ever be within *two* lines enclosed:  
For epigrams, extended beyond *three*,  
Are more like compositions, as you see.

W.

*And lines of 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.*

## DXXXI.

ΚΡΑΤΗΤΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΥ.

Χαῖρε θεὰ δέσποιν', ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀγάπημα,  
 Εὐτελίη, κλεινῆς ἔγγονε Σωφροσύνης·  
 Σὴν ἀρετὴν τιμῶσιν ὅσοι τὰ δίκαι' ἀσκοῦσιν.

CRATETIS.

Vive, fave, Dea sancta, piis gratissima, frugi  
 Vita, parit nobis quam bona temperies :  
 Te venerantur enim, queis cordi est jusque piumque.

Hail, goddess-queen ! whom all good men adore.  
 Thee Temperance, a noble mother, bore :  
 And such thy virtue, o Frugality ;  
 None practise justice but they honour thee.

Frugality, of glorious Temp'rance sprung,  
 Mistress divine, the good man's favourite,  
 All hail ! Exalted is thy worth among  
 The just, and all whose lives are train'd aright.

## DXXXII.

ΑΝΥΤΗΣ.

Φριξοκόμα τόδε Πανὶ καὶ αὐλιάσιν θέτο Νύμφαις  
 Δῶρον ὑπὸ σκοπιᾶς Θεύδοτος οἰονόμος.  
 Οὔνεχ' ὑπ' ἀζαλέου θέρεος μέγα κεκμηῶτα  
 Παῦσαν, ὀρέξασαι χερσὶ μελιχρὸν ὕδωρ.

ANYTES.

Ruricolis donum Nymphis, Faunoque piloso,  
 Theudotus upilio rupe sub hac posuit :  
 Propterea quod cum torrente fatisceret æstu  
 Præbuerint manibus pocula dulcis aquæ.

PROTIUS.

To shaggy Pan, and all the Wood-Nymphs fair,  
 Fast by the rock this grateful offering stands.  
 A shepherd's gift—to those who gave him there  
 Rest, when he fainted in the sultry air ;  
 And reached him sweetest water with their hands.

W. B.

## DXXXIII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ἄλσος δ' ὡς ἰκόμεσθα βαθύσκιον, εὔρομεν ἔνδον  
 Πορφυρέοις μῆλοισιν ἐοικότα παῖδα Κυθήρης.  
 Οὐδ' ἔχεν ἰοδόκον φαρέτρην, οὐ καμπύλα τόξα·  
 Ἄλλὰ τὰ μὲν δένδρεσσιν ὑπ' εὐπετάλοισι κρέμαντο·  
 Αὐτὸς δ' ἐν καλύκεσσι ῥόδων πεπεδημένος ὕπνῳ  
 Εἶδεν μειδιῶν· ξουθαὶ δ' ἐφύπερθε μέλισσαι  
 Κηροχυτοῦς ἐντὸς λαγαροῖς ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι βαῖνον.

PLATONIS.

Itur in Idaliæ tractus, felicia regna,  
 Fundit ubi densam myrtea sylvā comam.  
 Intus Amor teneram visus spirare quietem,  
 Dum roseo roseos imprimit ore toros;  
 Sublinem procul a ramis pendere pharetram,  
 Et de languidulâ spicula lapsa manu,  
 Vidimus, et risu molli diducta labella,  
 Murmure quæ assiduo pervolitabat apīs.

Th. Gray

Ginst, da ich wandert' im schattigen Hain, erblickt' ich Kythere's  
 Schönen Knaben, er lag auf Rosen und schlummerte lächelnd;  
 Seine Wangen glühten, so glühet die Wange des Apfels;  
 Unbewaffnet ruht' er; an wankenden Zweigen der Ulme  
 Hing sein Köcher, und hing mit schlaffer Sehne der Bogen;  
 Um ihn schwärzten die summenden Bienen, und lasen des Honigs  
 Süßeste, lauterste Tropfen auf seinen duftenden Lippen.

Christian von Stollberg

Als wir jense des Hains tiefschattendes Dunkel betraten,  
 Fanden wir Kypris Knaben, den purpurnen Aepfeln vergleichbar,  
 Nicht mit dem Bogen bewehrt, und dem Pfeilumhüllenden Köcher;  
 Sondern es hingen die Waffengeräth' an den laubigen Bäumen.  
 Aber er selbst lag schlummernd, auf duftendem Keleche der Rosen,  
 Lächelnd im Arme des Schlafes, und über ihn summten die Bienen,  
 Gmüth, des Honiges Seim von den thauigen Lippen zu sammeln.

Jacobs.

To a thick wood we came ; and there we found  
 Young Love, as ruddy apples fair to see,  
 And fast in slumber's silken shackles bound.  
 Nor bow nor quiver full of shafts had he ;  
 Quiver and bow hung on the greenwood tree.  
 The boy himself with rose-leaves cradled round,  
 Lay smiling as he slept with half-closed lip,  
 Whose nectarous juices oft the brown bee stooped to sip.

G S

DXXXIV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΣΙΜΜΙΟΥ.

"Τστατα δὴ τάδ' ἔειπε φίλην ποτὶ μητέρα Γοργῶ  
 Δακρύνεσσα, δέρης χερσὶν ἐφαπτομένα·  
 Αὔθι μένοισ παρὰ πατρί, τέκοις δ' ἐπὶ λῶονι μοίρα  
 " Ἄλλαν, σὼ πολὺ γήραϊ καδεμόνα.

SIMONIDIS, VEL SIMMIÆ.

Colla super, manibus Gorgo complexa tenellis,  
 Hæc matri illacrymans ultima verba dedit :  
 Hic maneat cum patre diu ; sitque altera Gorgo  
 Post me, cui senium sit pia cura tuum.

W.

Flebilis hæc Gorgo caræ dedit ultima matri  
 Verba, simul nexa colla premente manu :  
 Hic maneat cum patre : sit, at meliore sub astro,  
 Nata tibi, canam quæ pia curct anum.

G B.

Die sterbende Tochter.

Weinend schlang die letzte der Töchter, die sterbende Myrto,  
 Um die Mutter den Arm : " liebende Mutter, o bleib',  
 Bleibe bei meinem Vater und gieb mit besserem Schicksal  
 Ihm eine Tochter, die euch spät noch im Alter erfreu'."

Herder

Feebly her arms the dying Gorgo laid  
 Upon her mother's neck, and weeping said :  
 Stay with my sire, and bear instead of me  
 A happier child, thine age's prop to be.

G. S.

## DXXXV.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἀριάδνης.

Οὐ βροτὸς ὁ γλύπτας· οἶαν δέ σε Βάκχος ἐραστὰς  
Εἶδεν, ὑπὲρ πέτρας ἔξεσε κεκλιμέναν.

INCERTI.

Non te mortalis, sed qualem in rupe jacentem  
Vidit amans, saxo rettulit ipse Deus.

G. S.

Non umana arte, no, ma Bacco stesso,  
Bacco amator, che te mirò sedente  
Sul duro masso, egli ha veracemente  
Tue belle forme in questa pietra espresso.

Laquini.

Keiner der Sterblichen war's, wer dich bildete. Nein, wie entzückt dich  
Sah an den Felsen gestreckt Bromios, stellt' er dich dar.

Erichson.

No mortal artist chisell'd thee ;  
Bacchus th' enamour'd Deity,  
Such as he view'd thee laid upon the rock,  
Sculptur'd thy living form upon this block.

W.

## DXXXVI.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν.

Ἄνθος ὁρᾷς γαίης τό ποθούμενον ἐν στεφέεσσιν·  
Οὔνομα μοι τόδ' ἔφυ, Ὑάκινθος ἐνθάδε κείμεναι.

INCERTI.

Si tibi flos notus, sine quo fit nulla corolla,  
Nomen habes nostrum : jaceo hâc Hyacinthus in urnâ.

G. S.

A flow'r of earth, most mourned of flow'rs that die,  
And Hyacinth my name, lo, here I lie !

W.

Name me the flow'r to every garland dear ;  
That name I bore ; for Hyacinth lies here.

W.

## DXXXVII.

ΑΡΧΕΛΑΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ.

Εἰς στήλην Ἀλεξάνδρου τοῦ Μακεδόνα.

Τόλμαν Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ ὅλαν ἀπεμάξατο μορφὰν  
 Δύσιππος. τίν' ὀδὲ χαλκὸς ἔχει δύναμιν ;  
 Αὐδασοῦντι δ' ἔοικεν ὁ χάλκεος ἐς Δία λεύσσω·  
 Γᾶν ὑπ' ἐμοὶ τίθεται· Ζεῦ, σὺ δ' Ὀλυμπον ἔχε.

ARCHELAI, VEL ASCLEPIADIS.

Rettulit audaces animos Lysippus, et omnem  
 Finxit Alexandrum : numquis in ære vigor ?  
 Suspicit ille Jovem, dicturus ut æneus, " orbem  
 Hunc mihi subjeci ; Jupiter, ista tene."

G. B.

Come Alessandro in questo marmo scolto  
 Degli indomiti spirti arde di guerra !  
 E' par che dica, eretto agli astri il volto :  
 O Giove, abbiti il ciel, ch' è mia la terra.

Saverio Bettinelli.

In questo bronzo altier vive e si move  
 Pien di foco Alessandro e gagliardia ;  
 E al ciel rivolto, par che dica : o Giove,  
 Tienti pure il tuo ciel, la terra è mia.

Roncalli.

Alexanders edle Gestalt, sein wagender Muth lebt  
 Ganz im Bilde Lysipps. Königlich mächtiges Erz !  
 Auf blickt er gen Himmel, als spräch' er zum Gotte des Himmels :  
 " Mein ist die Erd' o Zeus ! habe du deinen Olymp !"

Herder.

What power, Lysippus, hath thy bronze ! The conqueror's daring mien,  
 All Alexander's glorious self embodied here is seen.  
 The living metal seems to say with eyes uplift to Jove :  
 Mine are the realms of earth below, thine be the realms above.

G. S.



## DXXXVIII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ι Ο Τ Ο Ν.

Ἑλπίς καὶ σύ, Τύχη, μέγα χαίρετε· τὸν λιμέν' εὖρον.  
Οὐδὲν ἐμοὶ χυμῶν· παίζετε τοὺς μετ' ἐμέ.

INCERTI.

Inveni portum ; Spes et Fortuna valete :

Nil mihi vobiscum, ludite nunc alios.

G. Lilius.

Avete multum, Spesque, Forsque ; sum in vado.

Qui ponè sint illudite : haud mea interest.

G. F. D. T.

Speme e Fortuna, addio ; chè in porto entrai.

Schernite gli altri, ch' io vi spregio omai.

L. Alamanni.

Glück, nicht kummerst du mich ; ich entsage dir, leidige Hoffnung.

Segliche Täuschung schwand, seht ich zum Hafen gelangt.

Jacobs.

Mine haven's found ; Fortune and Hope adieu,

Mock others now, for I have done with you.

Burton.

*Paraphrase.*

At length to Fortune, and to you,

Delusive Hope ! a last adieu.

The charm that once beguiled is o'er,

And I have reached my destined shore.

Away ! away ! your flattering arts

May now betray some simpler hearts ;

And you will smile at their believing,

And they shall weep at your deceiving !

T. Mocre.

Fortune and Hope, a long adieu !

I've entered into port :

I've nothing more to do with you ;

Make others now your sport.

W.

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# ERRATA.

- Page 43, line 9, *for* ISIDORUS ÆGEATES. *read* ISIDORI ÆGEATÆ.
- 104, line 16, *for* Lord Grenville *read* Grenville, Baro.
  - 141, line 3, *for* to *read* be.
  - 143, line 9, *for* ADRIANI *read* HADRIANI
  - 210, line 34, *for* Lord Grenville *read* Grenville, Baro.
  - 158, line 3, *for* Αι, ει, *read* Αι, αι,
  - 215, line 31, *for* Q. Septimii Florentis Christiani. *read* Q. S. Fl. Christianus.
  - 216, line 11, *for* tutus, *read* tutus
  - 219, line 19, *for* Cosi *read* Cosi
  - 433, line 30, *for* Νήιδες εἰσι μέτρων οἱ *read* Νήιδες ἐστὲ μέτρων, ὦ
  - —, line 31, *for* μάλα *read* σφόδρα
  - —, line 32, *for* R. Porson. *read* Anon. Etonensis.
  - —, line 37, *for* All but friend *read* All; save only
  - 454, line 9, *for* Salvinius *read* Salvini









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